

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OVER 220,000 COPIES SOLD EVERY WEEK

FREE NOVEL

Vol. II. No. 52.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for
transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1935.

48 PAGES

PRICE 3d.

SYDNEY



*Caroline
Anne*

*SUCH a coquette was Caroline Anne,
But no one would wonder at that—
With her eyes that laughed fleetly,
And lips to pout sweetly,
And the quaint little tilt to her hat.*

*So sweet with her frills and her bustle
And ringlets of old-fashioned curls;
Now demure and shy,
Now a laugh in her eye,
In the days when our mothers were girls.*

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

B. Trapp.

POTPOURRI of Gay Jubilee GOSSIP

Australians Figure Among the Parties in London

From MARY ST. CLAIRE—By Beam Wireless

The first reception given at Archbishop's House by Archbishop Hinsley, of Westminster, the new Roman Catholic Primate, was attended by more than three times the number of people who usually go to such functions. The party was entirely without invitation.

Doors were thrown open at 9 p.m., and the hundreds of people waiting outside for nearly an hour swarmed in.

BLACK uniformed footmen ushered me up the stairs. All manner of people were there, from men in evening dress with their womenfolk in dark frocks, high at the neck, and their hair covered by black mantillas, to workmen in their Sunday suits, and old ladies being helped through the crush by Boy Scouts.

Presently the crowd was diverted into the vast cathedral hall, and from the platform there the Archbishop gave the two blessings, his own, and that he had been delegated to give for the Pope. Those who could find room knelt for the blessings, but most people had to stand with bent heads.

The doors had to be closed eventually, and a tremendous crowd failed to get in.

Mr. J. A. Lyons was one of these, but I hear he has since seen the new Archbishop at a private audience.

A Pretty Australian Girl

One of the first of the Jubilee parties was the reception given by the Breakspere Club, a Catholic social club organised for the entertainment of overseas visitors to England. The guests of honor on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lyons.

Lord and Lady Howard, of Penrith, received the guests in the ballroom of the Kensington Palace Hotel, which was a very pleasant spot in spite of the crowd, as all the balcony windows were open, and one got delightful glimpses of Kensington Gardens.

Mrs. Lyons looked perfectly sweet in a blue frock, silver fox fur, and a large blue hat to match. Mr. Lyons spent all the afternoon greeting friends, Irish and Australian, whom he hadn't seen for years.

Miss Abbie Dynon was voted quite the prettiest Australian girl there. She wore a very becoming ensemble in green and brown. She is the daughter of the late Mr. James Dynon and Mrs. Dynon, of Melbourne, and is being chaperoned for her first season by Mrs. Ralph Mansel-Pleydell, who is giving a dance for her at Sunderland House on May 21.

Miss Dynon is a very attractive blonde of Irish extraction. She was christened Abigail, but is always known as Abbie.

PRETTY Miss Margaret Gilruth, of Melbourne, has arrived in London again. Two years ago she reached England as a seaman on a Norwegian tramp steamer. This time she comes as a first-class passenger in a liner.

She plans to hike all over the British Isles and the Continent. It won't be her first experience of walking in Europe, as one one occasion she left her ship at Naples and tramped through Italy and across France to Paris.

Miss Gilruth has her aeroplane pilot's certificate, and she is also an authoress. She told me that she is in England seeking adventure, and doubtless she will find it—girls like this always do!

Sailors Ashore

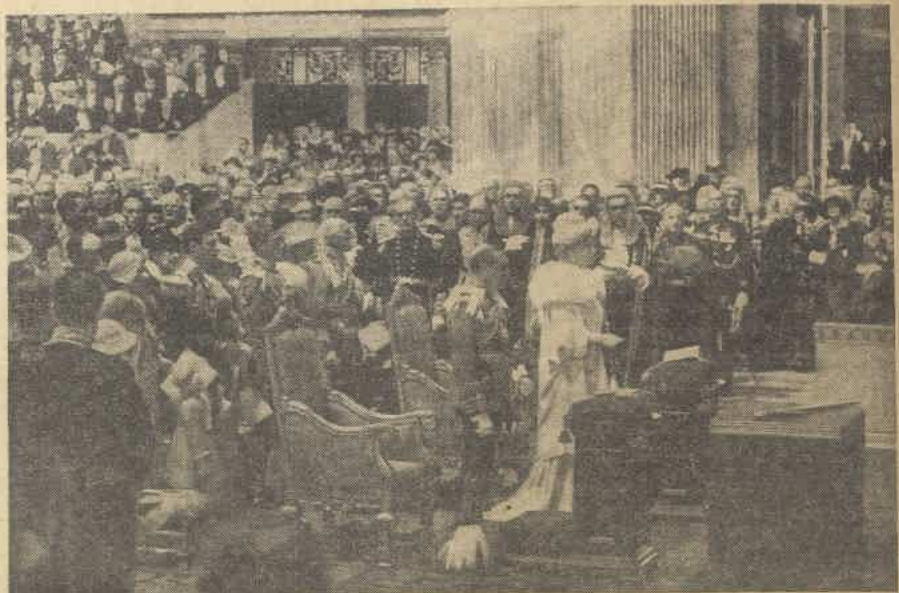
A VERY cheery tea-party was given recently by the Empire Society when, after their luncheon with the Lord Mayor, one officer and 56 men of H.M.A.S. Australia were entertained at the Society's Headquarters (temporary only) in Carlton House Terrace.

Lady Ellbank, Lady Sandeman Allan, Mrs. J. A. Lyons, Mrs. Bruce, Lady Colebatch, Mrs. A. E. Heath, Mrs. R. H. Pike, and Miss Margaret Baxter were among the ladies presiding at small tables and pouring tea.

Lady Ellbank, speaking on behalf of the council of the Society, welcomed the guests of the good ship Australia and hoped they would carry back with them friendly memories of the people they had met.

ON Jubilee Night, the members of the British Government entertained the visiting Prime Minister and Premier and their wives to dinner at Claridge's. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald presided, and all the High Commissioners for the Dominions, including our own Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, were among the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyons were there, of course, the latter looking lovely in white, and also Mr. and Mrs. Butler, of South Australia.



AT THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE at St. Paul's Cathedral. In the row behind the King and Queen are the Duchess of York and her two little daughters, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, the Duke of York, Princess Victoria, and the Prince of Wales. Australia's Prime Minister, Mr. Lyons, is seen close to the Prince of Wales. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Lord Sankey (in wig) can also be observed.

—Women's Weekly Air Mail Photo.

UNCENSORED Magazines are Danger to YOUNG AUSTRALIANS

Stop Dumping of Disgusting Overseas Publications!

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Disgusting foreign magazines, featuring terrible crime and sex stories, luridly detailed and illustrated, are now being dumped in millions in Australia.

They constitute so grave a source of pollution for our young people that it is urgently necessary their importation should be checked forthwith.

THIS aspect of imported foreign literature seems to have been overlooked in recent controversies regarding book censorship. An Anglican Synod has just passed a resolution asking the Federal Government to abolish the censorship of books, while prior to that London papers featured stories on "the idiocy of Australian censorship and its inconsistencies."

Among the books barred in Australia are many of the classics and many modern books which competent authorities declare possess outstanding literary merit. What an amazing anomaly it is that such books are "obscured" entry while this stream of gutter-type magazine comes through apparently unchecked!

These magazines are being displayed prominently for sale in all our cities and in country districts as well.

Over a year ago Great Britain, realising the danger to her young manhood and womanhood, closed her doors to this disgusting literature that is now flooding Australia. The year before she did so, American enterprise unloaded between 12,000,000 and 20,000,000 of these cheap magazines on her. Canada, too, now bans them. Australia alone is left the only English-speaking export market, and unless action be taken, the influx, had as it is even now, will increase.

Difficult as it is to convey to what depths of morbidity and brutality these magazines descend, the titles of some of the stories they contain will give an idea of their general contents and of the class of mind to which they are catering in America and seeking to create here. Here are some:

"The Beach Cottage Shambles—How Six Persons Were Brutally Butchered in the Fiendish Bremerton Tragedy"; "The Third Degree Vindicated"; "The Woman-Chopper's Midnight Carnage"; "A Wretched Wife's Terrible Vengeance"; "Blood in the Dust—The Sanguinary Saga of Harry Tracy"; "How the Sex-Drunk Murderer was Brought to Justice in Wilkes-Barre's 'American Tragedy'; "Mass Murder."

Sickening Details

THE stuff that masquerades as entertainment under these headings is, however, even more debasing than the headlines would indicate. Replete with details real or "reconstructed" of the way in which some of America's bloodiest and most inhuman crimes have been committed, the writers of the

stories do not hesitate to give sickening details of the condition of the victims when found.

Imagine the reaction of impressionable boys and girls in their teens to this depraved literature, which is everywhere being offered for sale.

Experts who have investigated the importation of "dumped" American publishers' remainders and second-hand and back-number magazines have discovered

that over 300,000 per month are entering Australia; the actual figure is thought to be half a million. All these are bought, and, further, are lent to others, thus enlarging their vicious circle of influence.

When the Anglican Synod passed its resolution relative to the lifting of the book censorship, it was stated that existing laws regarding obscene publications were a sufficient safeguard to public morals. This is true so far as books are concerned; not so true in regard to miscellaneous magazines.

The Police, the Public Health Department, and the Customs Department—all three could take steps, under their present powers, to seize particular issues of these cheap and deadly magazines on the grounds of indecency or because of the nature of many of the advertisements.

So great is the flood, however, that action against isolated numbers would be ineffectual. There are but two remedies: either an absolute ban by the Government on all imported reading matter of this nature, or a prohibitive duty that would make their importation economically impossible.

Exclusive News of the Dionne "Quins!"

Radio-phoned from Canada and cabled from our London office to Australia, this latest news of the Dionne babes has travelled almost round the world in less than a week to reach our readers. Special pictures are shown on opposite page.

Calenda, Ontario.

THE mere survival of the Dionne Quintuplets at birth was little short of a miracle, but an ever greater miracle is that now, a year later, they are in almost perfect health—sturdy, strong, normal babies for their age.

Not only were these five human mites handicapped by being quintuplets, but they were born prematurely by two months; thus their first months on earth occupied a desperate struggle to make up leeway. When born, these girls weighed less than two pounds apiece. To-day their weights range from Yvonne, seventeen pounds, to Marie, fifteen pounds. As was to be expected, their development has been somewhat behind that of ordinary babies, but the rate of that development has been so swift that they are now practically abreast of the average year-old baby.

Annette, supporting her little body on the back of her neck and heels, can make a "wrestler's bridge." She then plumps back with a joyous smack that shakes the whole cot and smiles as if to say, "Now, wasn't that clever!"

Marie is trying valiantly to talk. The sounds she utters are as intelligible to Doctor Dufoe and Madame De Kiriline—their devoted attendants since birth—as those of any year-old baby to any doting parents.

Cecile has already started the great experiment in locomotion. Most parents would say she is crawling, but it is as yet only a compromise between a wriggle and a crawl. It nevertheless "takes her places" round the cot.

Annette was the first to cut a tooth, but all are now well into their teething. All, too, sit up, and their general bodily strength makes certain they will not be far behind the general baby parade in standing and walking.

No one who has seen them splashing about in warm baths can question their wonderful physical development. Their glowing health, the way they have defeated a series of colds recently, their pink-and-white complexions, long, soft eyelashes, their even tempers, ready smiles testify to the care Doctor Dufoe and their nurses have lavished on them.

This care which brought them through precarious first weeks to their present state of mental and physical health, which compares favorably with the best average babies, is a tribute to Dr. Dufoe's understanding of modern hygiene and a triumph for his methods of rearing children.

It is almost unbelievable that these cooing, laughing, toe-biting, hefty infants were, a year ago, formless little bits of humanity wherein the spark of life only faintly flickered.

LONDON, PARIS AND SYDNEY

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22-23-24

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



LIP READER.

MISS E. M. BAIRD, who is well known both in Sydney and Melbourne, has been teaching lip reading for about 16 years. She is quite deaf herself and "listens" with her eyes.

The average person, she says, can learn to lip read in about 36 lessons, but many do it in 12. Her youngest pupil was 16 months old. In her opinion individual tuition is vitally necessary, as she does not believe it possible to teach lip reading successfully in classes.

Miss Baird has lived and taught in most countries of the world, and has had some most amusing experiences, lip reading in public.

Not content with making a life study of this wonderful work, she has also seriously studied character reading.



—Brotherton.

WOMAN COUNCILLOR.

COUNCILLOR ELIZABETH BLEAZBY, now nearing the end of her sixth year as a councillor of the Victorian City of Brighton, is a daughter of the late Sir Thomas Bent, well-known figure in State politics, so legislative ability is probably hereditary in her case. She assisted her father a great deal before her marriage, and gained an insight into men and affairs which stood her in good stead when she sought and obtained municipal honors.

A grandmother, this public-spirited woman has an impressive record of service. Honorary correspondent of the Child Welfare Movement for 25 years, president of the Victorian Association of Ladies' Benevolent Societies, she has yet found time to be officially connected with cricket, football, croquet and bowling clubs in the district.



CAPABLE SECRETARY.

RUTH GORDON, who is accompanying her father, Rev. Dr. Charles Gordon, on his lecture tour of Australia, is a very busy and capable person.

Rev. Gordon is the famous novelist, Ralph Connor, and his daughter acts as secretary and companion to him.

Dramatic work is her one hobby. She is a member of the Little Theatre in Winnipeg, and has produced plays for her father's church.

HERE THEY ARE AGAIN! The "Quins" in THE BATH!



"HEY, LOOK OUT, I'M GOING UNDER!" seems to be what Annette would be saying but she could talk. Yvonne is having a first swimming lesson behind. The daily bath is a momentous happening in the lives of the five little "Quins."



ANNETTE AND YVONNE, the heroines of this particular spotlight on the private lives of the quintuplets, are seen above taking part in an "after-the-bath" rest. "It's a great life being a baby," says Annette. "Hope we'll always be babies," Yvonne meditates.



ABOVE: "Might I inquire," says Yvonne (left), "why you are looking so coyly at the camera-man? Are you not aware it is not done by the best people?" But Annette is too engrossed even to reply.



RIGHT: "Dis-dainful? I should say so. So would you be if a man held you like this in full view of the camera. What will my children say in another 30 years? I ask you!" Dr. Daffoe is giving Yvonne her daily overhaul.



"AH, THIS IS GOOD—lying in a sandpit in the sun! Hey, Doc, stop tickling!" The doctor can't resist stroking the cuddlesome Annette as she lies with Yvonne taking an artificial sun-bath, another feature of the "Quins" daily routine in their specially-built nursing home.

—Pictures exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly. Copyright reserved.

World-Famous Babies For "Weekly" Readers

Aren't they wonderful, these quintuplet babies? Every woman who loves babies—and what woman does not?—must adore these darling little things.

FROM week to week, for a period, The Australian Women's Weekly intends to publish a series of photos concerning the "Private Lives" of the Dionne quintuplets.

This is an exclusive Women's Weekly feature, and will not be found in any other Australian paper.

When the "Quins" were born, a year ago, their birth created a sensation.

It was not the first time a set of quintuplets had been born, but it was the first time a set had

lived; all five being strong and healthy.

When the Canadian Government took over the care of the babies in order to prevent them being exploited as a side-show, they became even more famous.

Now they are earning their fame by their own engaging personalities, and every penny they make is being saved for them by a trust. Their first birthday was celebrated this week. A special cable from Canada appears on another page.

Take 3 Inches Off Your Chest-Line!
REDUCE YOUR BUST this NEW Easy Way!

ARE you embarrassed by a large oversize bust that hangs in shapeless, unsightly fat? Do you want to reduce your bust and restore the firm, shapely contour of youth? Now you can reduce that chest-line by 3 to 5 inches. Let me tell you how—FREE.

Take Off Flabby Sagging Fat!

Don't let a large ugly bust spoil your figure, make you old, and give you that settled effect. It is now so easy to regain that slim, trim figure of youth.

Try This To-day!

Test this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't reduce your bust it costs you nothing. I want you to try it. I want you to PROVE as hundreds of other women have proved that you, too, can reduce your bust with this wonderful new treatment.

Sent FREE!

If you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to yourself. Hurry.

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Jan Powell Studio, Ws.
187 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
Please send me, with no obligation, your "Amazing Something." I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.
Name
Address
1/6/35.



Read This Genuine PROOF!

"I am delighted with the results. I have lost 3 inches in my bust measurement, and hope to lose another 3 inches. Thanking you."
Mrs. F. Allan, W.

"I have been using it for little over a week now, and can feel and see the difference in the bust already. They are getting firmer and rounder."
Mrs. C. Clark, U.

"I am very pleased with the reduction. My bust is quite small now."
Miss L. Fetter, A.

"I am very delighted with the result."
Mrs. D. Book, W.

"There is a great improvement."
Miss R. Heath, B.

"I am thrilled with the results and have already lost over a stone in weight since starting."
Miss M. Castle, F.

"My busts have become a better and firmer shape."
Mrs. Hosking, A.

NOTE!

These letters and many more are open for inspection at my offices any time.

STRANGE New Craze in Australian BALLROOMS

"Scat Singing" Bright Trimming for This Season's Dances!

Improbable as it sounds, it was bound to come. Cab Calloway, "The Highdy Highness of Hoodi Hoo," and negro conductor of danceland fame, started it in London's West End, and now Australia is fast getting the "Scat" craze.

Last week it broke out in half-a-dozen places among smart sophisticated dancers, and those who know their dance horizons predict that a devastating "Scat" epidemic is on the way.



THE "SCAT" of which is—

"Waddle-a, waddle-a, waddy. Womp. Bomp. Pomp.
Ski-bom, ski-bom, ski-bom. Ush-cash.
Wun-dun-diddy. Zee-bom, zee-bom, zee-bom.
Hoodela, doodela, doodela. You jab!"

Of all the trimmings for dancing, this "Scat" singing is surely the strangest. Yet it has achieved tremendous importance abroad, and is even now getting a grip on Australia. Highbrows in general will naturally deplore such effusions as signs of degeneracy and so forth, but the "Young Lovelies" of the moment and their partners declare that the oddity adds verve and enjoyment to the evening's fun.

Strictly speaking, "Scat" singing is merely a mumble-jumble of words. To the past generation they seem devoid

of both rhyme and reason, but the Bright Young Things of to-day have found buried beneath the quaint verbosity a hidden syncopation, and it is this which "gets" them.

The originator of "Scat" singing seems to have been, not Cab Calloway, but the lady with the piping voice heard in "Boo-Boopoo-deep" numbers on the talkies. Cab merely cleverly developed her brainwave.

One of Australia's best known exponents of the modern dance, Mr. Carl Thomas, is considerably intrigued with the new "Scat" symptoms. Before being interviewed, he explained that listening

to American dance records, crooners and "Scat" singers from nine to five has interlarded his conversation with "Scatisms," but he does claim to "know his onions."

"Rumbas?" he said, "Cariccos, Continentals, and all such-such? Forget them. As ballroom dances, they are plain blah. They were originated by individual dancers for their own exhibitions, and haven't a hope of getting a stranglehold on the vogue. Ninety per cent. of these dances go to the ash can. The rest do influence dance fashions."

Tired "Hot Dogs"

MAYBE, Australians are becoming rumba conscious, but it's a long way from taking the newest American crazes to their heads and hearts as well as to their feet. By the way, the latest slang for tired feet is 'hot dogs.' No popular ballroom dance is synthetic in origin.

"Publicising by means of photographs and movies and stage plays cannot make a dance take on. A new dance rhythm is occasionally evolved from such method, but that's the most that can be hoped for."

"This new 'Scat' singing is the most interesting of the modern dance trimmings, and I anticipate that it will become very popular."

Mr. Thomas insists that it takes brains to become a good dancer.

"Quite mistaken," said he, "is the idea that if you can't use your brains you can at least use your feet. Show me a quick thinker, alert, humorous, and emotional, and I will show you a good dancer."

"Fully 80 per cent. of dancers who essayed the Charleston gave up in despair before mastering the simplest steps, because of its undoubted, but slight, rhythmical difficulties."

"Foreigners," continued Mr. Thomas, "especially those of Latin origin, who for the most part have a keen appreciation of music, and are emotionally on the qui vive, are excellent dancers. Their style of deportment and fashions do not appear smart in our eyes, but their essential balance and dance sense are much more advanced."



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT making their first public appearance together, after their return to London from their honeymoon tour. They are shown at the great Empire Ball at Grosvenor House during the jubilee celebrations.

—Women's Weekly Air Mail Photo.

SHOULD We Have FILMS in CHURCHES?

Women's Opinion Divided, but Sunday School Films Favored

Women's opinion is divided on the suggestion of the Commonwealth Film Censor (Mr. Creswell O'Reilly) that films should be shown regularly in churches.

In his remarks to the Methodist Conference he supported his appeal with the statements that Christ, if he returned to earth, would use the cinema to emphasise his message; for twenty-five years films had been commercialised sometimes for evil; and the churches' message should be rejuvenated with films.

Instead of canned criminality, films should be allowed to portray the glories of virtue.

HE suggested that talkie equipment could be bought under group schemes, by which several churches could be served by the same apparatus. Sunday services could be interrupted to show films accompanied by dialogue and music. Carefully-

selected films produced by British and American studios could be shown first, and later the churches could combine in establishing their own studios.

Mr. O'Reilly's suggestion will be investigated by a special sub-committee, which will make its report to next year's Australian Methodist Conference.

A number of representative churchwomen object to the suggestion on the ground that the showing of films would be incongruous and unsuitable to the spiritual atmosphere of the church. Most of them are agreed, however, that films would be an excellent adjunct to Sunday School work.

MRS. JOHN DOWNING, secretary of the Baptist Women's Association, and president of the Collins St. Baptist Women's Guild, said that, although she stood for the old standards of religion, the old truths and old morals, she felt the time had arrived when changing conditions demanded that the church should be made more attractive.

"The introduction of films to Sunday Schools and Bible classes would be an excellent move," she stated.

The Congregational Women's Association has never considered as an organisation the possibility of using films in the church. The president, Mrs. F. Howden, said she did not favor the suggestion personally, but added that there was a big field for educational films in the Sunday School.

The Right View

Some moral could be found in any film shown in the ordinary picture theatre, but not all films would be suitable for showing in a church.

That spiritual as well as educational films would assist church work was the opinion of Mrs. R. M. Weldon, acting-

president of the Mothers' Union of the Church of England, but their success would depend on the type of films available.

Pictures like "Oberammergau" or "The King of Kings" were helpful to those seeking a spiritual message. Many people could grasp more fully the moral meaning of a story if they saw it instead of reading it, and the moral was more deeply impressed on their memory. But it would be necessary for those producing a film or speaking while it was shown to have the right point of view about the story and the moral meaning themselves. Films would assist Sunday School teaching.

MRS. I. H. MOES, president of the National Council of Women, and a regular churchgoer, supports the Censor's suggestion.

"Any thinking person must agree that the Church is losing its hold, particularly on young people. We must move with the times and adapt ourselves to changing conditions. If by the intro-

duction of pictures to the churches we can bring people into them, and if we can bring only one person in a hundred to see the light, it will be worth it."

At St. Stephen's Church, Garrydale, scriptural films are shown for children on several nights and Sunday afternoons during the year. Adults are also admitted.

Films have been shown at St. Mark's, Fitzroy, for the past twelve years by the Rev. A. G. Nichols. They were shown in the church until the advent of the talkies and the scarcity of appropriate films made it necessary to transfer the films to the church hall, where there is now talkie equipment.

During the twelve years, the films shown include "Over the Hill," "The Man that Played God," "King of Kings," "Sorrow and Son," and "The Ten Commandments."

H. OST HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.***

CRAVEN "A"

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Moisture-proof "CELLOPHANE" keeps the moisture-content of CRAVEN "A" Cigarettes UNIFORM, ensuring fine smoking under all conditions of weather and stock-keeping. CRAVEN "A" reach you FACTORY-FRESH, wherever and whenever you buy them.

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AMATEUR LADY

Continuing Our Enchanting Serial

By...
Barbara WEBB

Author of "Three Who Were Strong"



Illustrated by
BOOTHROYD

IN the small country town in which he proposed to begin his civil engineering career, Philip Ransome had heard much of the strange Grant household. Gilead Grant, veterinary-surgeon for many years in the country, his wife Kate and her herb garden, the orphan girl Christine, the boy Sandy, were perennial topics of conversation in the town.

Christine, Philip thought, was the most curious and fascinating girl he had met. Her lack of background contrasted sharply with Philip's family life, his aristocratic parents—Sir John and Lady Ransome—their centuries-old house, his debutante sisters.

It did not occur to Philip that he was falling in love, so wide was the gap between himself and Christine. But when he met Simon Fielding, an elderly and influential widower, who was reported to be practically engaged to Christine, he disliked him immediately.

Philip grew more and more determined that he would win Christine, and Simon, used to regarding Christine as his, felt anxious. He seized every opportunity to tell Christine stories of the Ransomes' position in society and their money. He begged Christine to marry him, saying that he needed somebody to look after him and the children, and that Christine would still be as free as she had been.

But Christine, though she believed him, sensed the passion underlying this, and refused to give a definite answer till the autumn. She knew, too, that Gilead hated Simon for reasons she did not know. And lastly, Christine, though she would not admit it, was in love with Philip.

PHILIP drove back to Watten Town, stopped long enough for some supper and to change into riding clothes, then went in search of Christine.

She was talking to Sandy, when Philip rode up. "Come riding with me," he called. She shook her head.

"Not to-night. I'm tired, Philip. Take Sandy."

"I can't go," said Sandy hastily. "I've got to look after some of my animals."

"Please, Christine," Philip said out

of the saddle, "I want to talk to you." "Don't let's ride, then, I'd have to change. Let's walk, and talk as we go."

"I'll take Tuck; let me ride him to the stable," Philip offered.

Philip agreed, and Christine went in to get a sweater, for the evenings are cool in the hills. They started out across the field, their feet turning naturally to the path that led up the hill to the oak tree, the place where Christine, weeks before, had taken her decision to accept Philip's friendship.

They spoke very little as they climbed, and paused at the summit to listen to the rustle of the wind in the oak leaves, and to watch the sun sink out of sight. The last light lingered on Christine's face, touched her hair, and Philip thought again of how the light seemed to love her, seemed to compass her even when she stood in shadow. His heart began to pound, his hands felt cold; his mouth dry. She did not look at him. She was bent forward, a little to catch the last glimpse of the ruddy circle whose disappearance brought an instant chill into the air.

Philip spoke without preamble.

"I love you, Christine."

The light left her face. The gaze she turned on him was bleak, no answer to his words showed in her eyes. He took her hands and said again, "I love you, Christine."

She bowed her head, suffering him to keep her hands, inert and nerveless in his clasp. So they stood, in an attitude of strange hopelessness, until her nearness roused Philip to take her in his arms, to hold her close against him, and feel the sudden wild leap of her heart against his.

She struggled, murmuring, "No—no," in a heart-broken tone, but Philip held her easily, triumphantly now, and with one hand lifted her face to his.

"I love you, Christine," he said again, and bent to kiss her.

THERE was no response in Christine's lips. She shivered, closed her eyes, and, with a gesture infinitely pathetic and passionless, leaned against Philip, her face hidden on his shoulder. Philip drew her close, soothing her as though she were a child, and in tenderness lifted her down beside him on the grass beneath the tree.

"Say that you love me, Christine," he pleaded at last. "You do—I've loved you since the first moment I saw you. You knew that—didn't you?"

She shook her head mutely. Her lips moved.

"No, no." And still there was heart-ache in her voice.

"Look, Christine," he took her two hands again and kissed them gently. "I know what you are thinking. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters except this—"

He kissed her mouth, and this time felt her lips tremble in response. She knew nothing of love. His touch, his young passion for her, destroyed all the wall of logic and circumstance she had reared between them.

She clung to him, shaken to the depths of her being, believing for one splendid moment that nothing did matter save their nearness to each other.

"I'm in love with Christine Grant," he said quietly. "I'm going to marry her." Sally's eyes opened wide. Cecilia sat bolt upright in her chair.

Presently they were calmer, a little shy of each other, and sat shoulder against shoulder, watching the lights of the town shining below.

"We'll build a home there some-where, Christine," Philip said. "Outside the town, on a farm perhaps. I want to stay here now; you needn't be far away from Gilead and Aunt Kate."

She moved away from him and shook her head.

"No, there mustn't be anything more than this—just this one evening. Oh Philip, think—of what your people would say, what they have a right to say. Of how it would affect your whole life—"

"I want it to affect my whole life. A man's wife should affect his whole life."

"No."

He talked to her then, urged the force of their love for each other, made light of family objections, painted a future glowing bright for them, his voice ardent, his words sincere and convincing.

When he paused, she sighed:

"You make it all sound so simple, Philip. But it isn't. There's still your family—Simon—Gilead—"

"Gilead won't object."

"Not to you, now. He likes you. But he will be furious if your family does."

"Hang my family! Oh, Christine, don't let's talk about that now. We have this evening—our first since we both knew. Don't let's spoil it—the future will take care of itself."

She plucked some grass blades and studied them a long time. Then in a strained and anxious voice she said:

"Philip, will you make me a promise? Just one?"

"Yes, it's made. Now tell me what it is."

She paused to choose her words.

"Philip, what does a man like you value above all other things when he makes a promise?"

"His word of honor."

"Then, Philip, I want you to promise me on your word of honor that if at any time you think this is a mistake you will tell me so. I can stand it, you know. I'll have this—this lovely evening—beautiful beyond anything I've ever dreamed of. Will you promise me that, Philip?"

"I promise you, Christine, on my word of honor, that if I ever believe we are making a mistake to marry, I will tell you so."

Philip woke the next day to a fuller realization of the step he had taken. He must write now to his mother about Christine, must take her home to meet his family. He had suggested an immediate marriage, taking her there as his wife. But Christine had refused in a voice so full of fear that he had changed the subject hastily.

It was a dreary, rainy day, and for

an hour after breakfast he sat staring at a blank sheet of paper, searching for words in which to make his announcement. How could he make his mother see that Christine's loveliness, her gentleness, the sound sweetness of her character, more than compensated for her nameless birth.

At last he gave it up. He would see Christine again, and then he would write. He drove out to the Grant house and found her busy in the stable.

Her manner towards him was casual and gay, though when he touched her hand he saw the underlying happiness that shone in her eyes.

"Hello, Philip. Sandy and I are cleaning harness this morning. Want to help?"

"Saddle soap and a sponge," he answered. "They're my meat."

They worked together unobtrusively. It was plain that Sandy suspected nothing of what had happened, and a little later when Gilead strolled out to watch them and give the finished saddles and bridles a grumbling and minute inspection it was clear that Christine had kept her own counsel there, too. Philip thrilled to this secret understanding between them.

Gilead turned to leave. The rain had stopped and a misty sunshine lay on the fields.

"You might do that old saddle in my surgery, now there's so many of you at work," Gilead said from the doorway.

"I'll go up with you and bring it back," Philip offered. "I have something I want to say to you, anyway, sir."

But Christine shook her head at him.

"Let Sandy go. You haven't done nearly as much as he has."

"Yes, I've done two bridles and

you've only finished one," Sandy said accusingly, laying down his sponge.

He followed Gilead out, and Christine said hurriedly:

"Please, Philip, wait a day or so before telling anyone. Please—it's our secret, just for these next few days."

She was so in earnest that he nodded in agreement, and then looked up to see Gilead standing again in the doorway.

"Somebody's coming this way, Christine, two young ladies. Better see if it's anyone you know."

Christine went to look over his shoulder.

"No. Perhaps somebody who wants to buy a dog. They're very pretty, aren't they?"

Philip glanced out of the window, and then gasped half in welcome, half in dismay:

"Good lord—it's Sally and Cecilia—my sisters."

He brushed past Christine and Gilead and went to meet them. Christine, in overalls, with smudges of lather and saddle soap on her bare arms, her

hair ruffled, her face flushed, watched Philip's progress. After a few moments of affectionate greeting he turned to bring Sally and Cecilia to the harness-room. Gilead gave Christine one sharp glance, then stepped forward on the path. Sandy, overcome with shyness, disappeared.

Philip stopped to introduce Gilead, who had gallant manners when he chose, then called to Christine:

"Please come out," he said. "I want you to know Cecilia and Sally, Christine."

SHE emerged from the doorway in answer to his call, and shook hands with the two tall, handsome girls, smartly dressed, whose faces showed their kinship to their brother.

"I used to clean saddles when I was small," Sally remarked, when the introductions were over. "I always loved to squeeze the soap out of the sponge between my fingers."

"Come to the house," Gilead suggested. "You will want to see the garden."

"Yes, they'll love it," Philip replied. "Cecilia will go into raptures over the herb garden."

"I would like to see that," Cecilia admitted. "I've heard about it lots of times. But we can't stay long. We started very early this morning, Philip, and we want to be back by six. There's a big dance to-night."

Sally giggled.

"Cecilia drove over," she said, "and you know how slow and cautious she is. It took us hours and hours, but I'm going to drive back. And when I drive we get there!"

"You promised mother you wouldn't be reckless," Cecilia warned. "I wish she hadn't told you you could drive home."

"Sally's driving's all right," Philip said good-humoredly, then added to Christine, "Sally's a girl who was born taking risks—but nothing ever happens to her."

"She goes so fast," Cecilia complained.

"Like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously," said Gilead, speaking with a chuckle.

Both girls stared at him.

"My goodness!" said Sally. "Is that out of the Bible?"

"Second Kings, nine, twenty," said Gilead gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye.

Christine laughed.

"Gilead can always find something just right to quote from that book," she said. "and if you go and look the verse up, you'll find it just where he says, too."

Sally continued to stare admiringly.

"Say it again," she commanded. "I like the sound of it."

"Like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously," Gilead repeated. "But don't you trouble yourself, Miss Cecilia. The secret things belong unto the Lord, and one of the most secret is the way some people tear round and stay safe, while others who take no risks get hurt just the same."

"I think you're marvelous!" Sally cried. "Mother reads the Bible, but she does it as a duty, you know, one chapter a day if it kills her. I don't think she gets any pleasure out of it."

"Sally!" Cecilia's voice was sharp, her expression outraged. One glance at her sister and Sally grew meek, but she hooked her arm through Gilead's and walked to the house.

Even Cecilia was softened by the sight of the herb garden. She talked eagerly with Aunt Kate, who came bringing a jug of lemonade out to them. If Christine, in her worn overalls, felt at any disadvantage she failed to show it. She spoke little, but the group was large, and she did contribute much pleasantly and easily. At the end of half an hour Cecilia said they must be leaving.

Please turn to Page 45

Christine Meets Philip's Sisters

She paused to choose her words.

"Philip, what does a man like you value above all other things when he makes a promise?"

"His word of honor."

"Then, Philip, I want you to promise me on your word of honor that if at any time you think this is a mistake you will tell me so. I can stand it, you know. I'll have this—this lovely evening—beautiful beyond anything I've ever dreamed of. Will you promise me that, Philip?"

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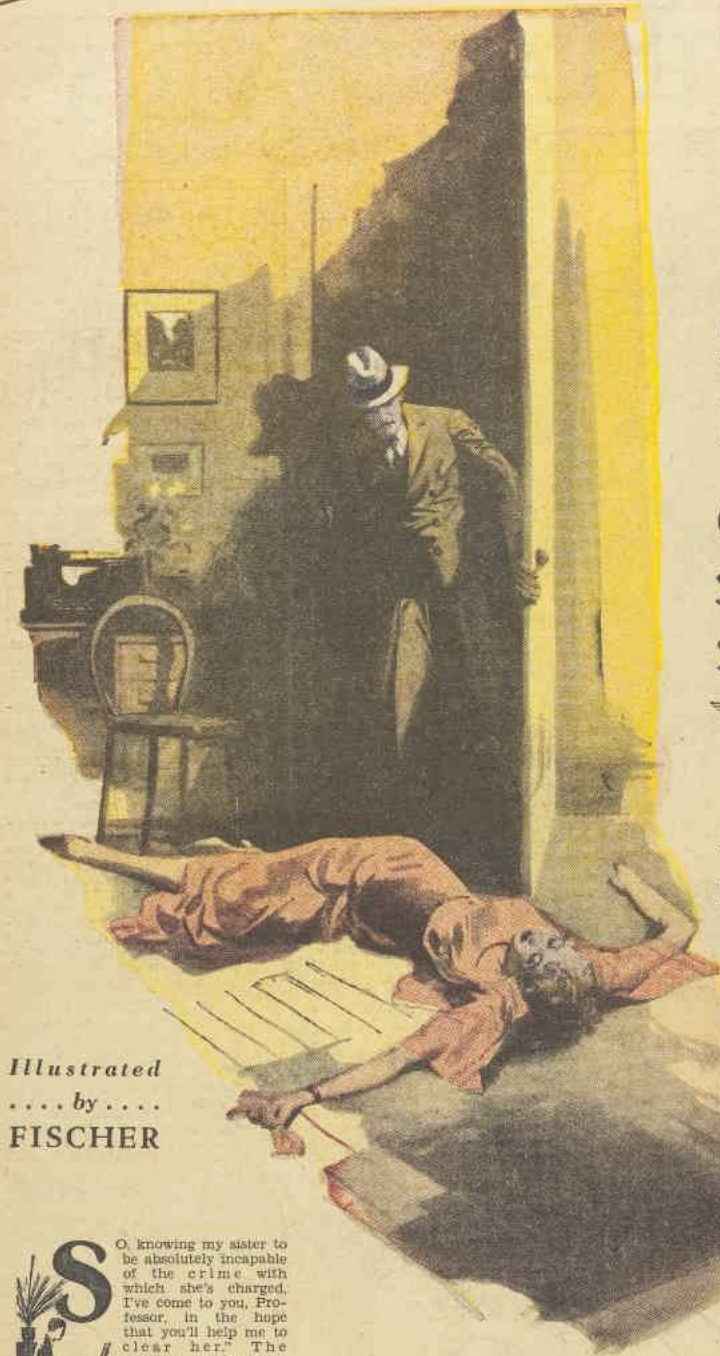
WHILE on REMAND

Only a week to find the real criminal and save a delicate woman from the ordeal of a murder trial... but Professor Harkness did not despair!

- BY -
Valentine GREGORY

Complete SHORT STORY

...The girl was stretched on the floor—dead. She had been stabbed!



Illustrated
.... by
FISCHER

SO, knowing my sister to be absolutely incapable of the crime with which she's charged, I've come to you, Professor, in the hope that you'll help me to clear her." The speaker, a refined and intellectual-looking man of between thirty-five and forty, bent forward in his chair and regarded the scientist with anxious, earnest eyes.

Professor Harkness leaned back and puffed furiously at his pipe.

"At the risk of hurting your feelings, Mr. Chatteris," he said, gravely, "I must say that the evidence, so far as it's been disclosed, weighs heavily against your unfortunate sister."

"I say, unfortunately," he went on, "because your belief in her innocence—based, as you say, on your knowledge of her character—inclines me to the same opinion."

"Otherwise, I tell you candidly, I would not stir a finger to save her from what, on the face of it, would appear to be well-deserved punishment."

"The evidence—circumstantial, I grant you—points to her as having been a callous and calculating murderess."

The professor's caller moved impatiently.

"That's exactly the point," he said. "She's either entirely innocent, or else, as you say, she's a callous, calculating murderess."

"Well, I've known Myra since the day when she was born, and would stake my existence that she's no more capable of murder than—than your pipe is."

Immediately Rawlings had left the study, the professor turned again to his visitor.

"Suppose we go over the ground again—briefly," he said. "I want to make sure I've got the salient facts clear in my mind. Correct me if I go wrong, won't you?"

Chatteris nodded eagerly.

TEN years ago," began Harkness, "your sister Myra married Jasper Stone, an outside broker with an office in Eagle Court, off Moorgate Street, in the City."

"Although there were no children of the marriage, they appeared to you to live reasonably happily together at their home in Golders Green, until about two years ago, when you noticed that your sister showed signs of nervous strain."

"I think it was nearer eighteen months than two years," interposed Chatteris.

"Very well," said the professor. "Exercising your right as her only brother and, I believe you said, her sole surviving near relation, you asked her whether anything was wrong."

"After some hesitation, she admitted that she was concerned about her husband. Their relations, it appeared, were not what they formerly had been."

"They had had no quarrel, and he kept her well provided with money, but his manner had changed. He had become cold and indifferent, and spent less time at home than he had been used to do."

"My sister did not complain of her treatment until the Sunday following," interposed Chatteris, "when she merely said she wondered what sort of work it could be that kept an outside broker at his office night after night until the small hours."

"Jasper instantly flew into a violent rage. He stormed, and asked her what it was she dared to insinuate. He said that he expected the next thing she would do would be to spy upon him; but that, if she did, it would be the worse for her."

"As a matter of fact, he displayed so much passion that it strengthened her half-formed suspicions, and she flatly

taxed him with being interested in another woman."

"That, I believe," interposed Harkness, "he as flatly denied."

"Not only that," confirmed Chatteris, "but his whole manner changed. He apologised for having lost his temper—put it down to frayed nerves due to overwork."

"In short, there was a sort of reconciliation; and during the following week he showed my sister more attention than he had given her for months past."

"Twice he took her to the theatre, and passed the other evenings at home. He invited me round on the Friday evening, and I was relieved to find my sister looking more herself, and to notice that their relations appeared to be perfectly friendly if not exactly affectionate."

"And that was the last time you saw your sister prior to the commission of the crime?"

"Yes. The next time I saw poor Myra she was in custody, charged with the murder of her husband's typist at his office in the City."

"A little more whisky?" suggested Harkness, in an attempt to check his visitor's emotion, which threatened to "escape control."

CHATTERIS waved the offer aside and furtively dabbed his eyes with his handkerchief.

"Anyhow," said the professor briskly, "what you've told me very usefully supplements the bald reports in the newspapers, and enables me to approach the crime with a clearer understanding of the circumstances that may have led up to it."

"Now, suppose you give me, once more, your account of what you assume

to have happened on the Monday evening."

"I can only repeat what was told me by my sister, whom, you understand, I believe implicitly."

Harkness nodded.

"Go on," he said.

"At about six o'clock that evening—the night of the crime—my sister received a telegram. It was signed 'Jasper,' and was to the effect that she was to call for him at his office at seven-thirty sharp, as he had tickets for a show."

"She was pleasantly surprised. The wire was a striking contrast to those she had been more accustomed to receive from her husband."

"Allowing herself ample time, so as to assure punctuality, she travelled by tube to the Bank, and walked from there to Eagle Court."

"She knew the way quite well—having visited the office on two or three previous occasions—and turned out of Moorgate Street into Eagle Court just as the City clocks were beginning to chime the half-hour."

"Stone's offices occupy the whole of the first floor of a small, old-fashioned, three-story building that stands about midway up the narrow court."

"It was dark by this time, of course; and in the court especially so. A single street lamp shone dimly at the far end, where she could just discern a shadowy archway that leads, I believe, to a series of similar courts and alleys, with which the hinterland of Moorgate Street appears to be honeycombed."

"A police constable passed her as she approached No. 7, and as she entered the open door of the building she glanced back, and noticed the policeman's form silhouetted against the brightness of Moorgate Street."

"She had an impression that he had been looking back at her; but as she paused for an instant on the step, she saw him turn away and merge in the traffic of the busier thoroughfare."

"The offices on the ground floor—occupied by some financial firm—were closed and in darkness; but a single electric lamp burning at the top of the staircase afforded a dim but sufficient light."

"She ran up, crossed the landing, and approached the glass-panelled outer door of her husband's suite of offices. As she drew near, she heard the rattle of a typewriter within."

"When she entered the lobby, which is partitioned to the ceiling on all four sides, and shut the door behind her,

By a Girl of 17

Moon Idyll

THE lake unbares her glassy breast
To lure the Moon from out the skies.
But only little winds drop down
To touch her moon-white eyes.
The lake unveils her loveliness
To stir the Moon from his eclipse—
But only little winds swoop low
To press her moon-white lips.
—YVONNE WEBB.

the sounds of typing ceased suddenly, and she heard light footsteps approaching."

"The next moment, a hatch in the partition was opened, and, framed in it, appeared the face of a girl."

"Myra told me she was struck equally by the girl's unusual beauty and the startled expression in her eyes, which deepened into a look of positive terror when my sister announced herself as Mrs. Stone and asked that her husband might be informed of her arrival."

"The girl replied nervously that Mr. Stone had left some time ago; but my sister said she would wait, since he was sure to be back, having wired her to meet him there."

"On hearing this, the girl opened the door alongside the hatch, came out into the lobby, and conducted Myra

through another door into the waiting-room, switching the light on as she did so."

"My sister was then left alone, while the girl, judging by the sounds that followed, resumed her typewriting."

"Presently the tapping ceased, and was followed by muffled sounds of movement in the room or rooms beyond, which were succeeded by a thud."

"After that, there was complete silence, save for the loud ticking of the wall clock in the waiting-room."

"Glancing upwards, to find it was by now ten minutes to eight, Myra began to feel not only impatient, but a little nervous."

"She was certain her husband had not returned, else she would have heard him and he would have come to her."

"His inexplicable delay, combined with the surprise and dismay depicted on the pretty typist's face, began to make my sister imagine all sorts of possible and impossible things."

"In short, she soon worked herself up into a highly nervous state; and when the clock started to strike eight she believes she screamed involuntarily and sprang up out of her chair."

ONCE on her feet, she could not compose herself sufficiently to sit down again, and for a while she paced up and down the little room, wondering what was best for her to do.

"Finally, she began to shed tears—tears of vexation and disappointment—perhaps of alarm as well. To add to her discomfort, if not to her distress, she found she had lost her pocket handkerchief."

"At last indignation mastering her other emotions, she determined to go home, and there have it out with Jasper, if—and when—he should return."

"Too angry to stop and leave a message, she hurried into the lobby, opened the outer door on to the landing, and slammed it behind her—thinking that would be sufficient notice of her departure for such of the staff as might still be on the premises."

"When, tired and with her nerves on edge, she reached home, Jasper Stone was there, awaiting her. He had got back, he said, at six forty-five, expecting dinner as usual. And he emphatically denied all knowledge of the telegram that had purported to come from him."

"A violent quarrel followed. He insinuated that she had herself arranged for the wire to be sent, to provide her with an excuse to pry about his office; she retorted that he had purposely sent her on a wild goose chase, so as to get her out of the flat for some reason best known to himself."

THE following morning he left home for the City as usual, omitting, however, to say good-bye. And at four o'clock in the afternoon detectives from Scotland Yard arrived and arrested my sister on suspicion of having wilfully murdered Sandra Wade between seven-thirty and eight o'clock the previous evening at the Eagle Court office."

"That's my sister's story, Professor; and, for my part, I believe every word of it. You will take up the case?"

"Yes," replied Harkness. "It presents features which arouse my interest. Moreover, I shall be only too happy to do all I can for your most unfortunate sister."

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The MAN who HATED FUSS

A Complete Story by
John Hastings
TURNER



JIMMY HAYDON was known as an easy-going man who hated any form of fuss, so that when his wife Marjorie ran away with young Prentice—a thing which had become inevitable long before Jimmy even realised that they knew one another—he appeared to accept the thing as a fait accompli. He made no change in his habits. He even made no change in his will. It remained as it had been made five years before, leaving everything of which he died possessed to his wife.

All that is to say, except the vicar. Not that the vicar was tactless or ill-bred, but the matter vaguely pricked at his conscience. Lady Haydon was undoubtedly living in sin. Being a broad-minded man who believed in divorce as the lesser of two evils, he felt that something ought to be done about it.

Said the vicar to Jimmy, "Look here, Haydon—I don't want to jump in where I'm not wanted, but—er—don't you think Lady Haydon ought to be given a chance to marry this fellow Prentice?"

"Why?" asked Jimmy. The vicar explained why. Jimmy shook his head. "I'm afraid," he said, "that I no longer believe either in marriage or divorce." That, and the way Jimmy said it, finished the conversation.

One of Jimmy's habits was to go abroad in the early spring. Punctually in the second week of March Jimmy left Haydon Court for an unknown destination. The vicar, a conscientious man, was worried about Jimmy Haydon, and (for he considered this one of the mitigations of the married state) he discussed his worry with his wife.

"You see, Myra," he said, "the poor fellow is embittered."
"I don't blame him," answered Myra. "I should be embittered."
"But you would not lose your religion?"

Myra said:
"I don't know a bit, Henry. I'm extremely fond of you, and I might lose my religion quite easily."

"You can't mean that, Myra," said the vicar.

"To have lost my religion then," she answered, adding quickly, "and I'm not going to argue about it, either."

"We will leave that particular point for the moment, Myra," he said. "My present worry is about poor Haydon. I feel that a man who loses his faith in men and things is bound to deteriorate."

"You don't mean men and things at all, dear," said Myra, "you mean women."

"The same thing! The same thing!" said the vicar, testily.

"Quite a lot of men must have deteriorated then," smiled his wife.

"DON'T be trivial, Myra," he replied. "It is part of my business to try to see that men do not deteriorate."

"How are you going to do it?"
"In this case? I don't know. If I did, Myra, I should hardly have bothered you with the matter!"

"Ever hear, dear, of leaving people to work out their own salvation?"

The vicar snorted, but gently, as he did everything.

"That, in the case of a clergyman," he said, "is merely a phrase to cover the avoiding of one's responsibilities. I am very much afraid that poor Haydon will go abroad, lonely and miserable, and—er—do himself no good."

"Meaning more women? Well, you may be right, dear, but I rather think he's had his bellyful!"

"I do wish, Myra," said the vicar, "that you could put your thoughts into English more suitable to a rectory."

They went to bed. While Jimmy, driving his own car, at the steady forty miles an hour beyond which he never went, was somewhere in the rain between Paris and Savoy.

And his thoughts, as he stared at his headlights along the straight uncompromising roads, might well have echoed the vicar's anxiety for him. His love for Marjorie had been the dominating thing in his life. She had been almost literally part of his own self. She represented to him the culmination of all the creeds and codes of honor, which he had accepted, as his class will accept them, lazily and without thought.

Gerald Prentice, in love with her from a rather different angle, provided the something which was lacking at Haydon Court, swept her off her never very steady little feet, and spirited her away in a Bentley, with a note left on the library table. When Jimmy Haydon read that note, he did



"I want to arrange to be married," said Jimmy.
"But," stammered the vicar, "you ARE married!"

a very odd thing. He kissed it before he threw it into the fire. He took for granted that, in some way or other, he had failed her. So he had, in a sense, for he should not have been so hopelessly inarticulate. But then, he hated fuss. He had suffered horribly from fuss during his childhood. His love for Marjorie remained the same, and caused him agonies of loneliness, at which no one of his friends ever guessed.

But his religion crashed, and his view of the general code of honor installed during his boyhood crashed, too. For he could not see that there was any fairness in this; and he had not a brain sufficiently mobile to realise that "fairness and justice" are only words after all, with more or less arbitrary meanings.

He became aware that it was growing late, and, catching sight of an illuminated sign, "Hôtel de la Poste," he turned the car up the newly gravelled drive and went in.

The manager greeted him with bows and the rubbing of hands. In his Public School French, Jimmy demanded some sandwiches and a bedroom.

"Monsieur speaks French like a native!" crowed the fat little man.

"No, I don't," replied Jimmy. "I speak it like a damn fool!"

He hated lies almost as much as he hated fuss. The manager, somewhat depressed, said, "But no." He said it, however, without enthusiasm, and was not a little relieved to fling himself into the business of the garaging of

the car, and looking after the luggage, the sandwiches, and the bedroom. These Englishmen! Always the wrong thing! Never would they play the game of polite conversation! But—

the rain—no doubt it was the rain. They crossed the Channel and expected Utopia. It was always the same. He knew that Jimmy was an aristocrat because when asked to register he had given his card, "Sir James Haydon, Bt."

But long before lunch Jimmy was in the Boulevard again, heading south. There was a village, not very far from Chambéry, high up among the hills, where he had once been with a reading party. He remembered it as pleasant, and very lonely. It suited his mood. From there one could go long walks down the valley of Navoy, or up into the mountains, as the fancy took one. Or one could sit in the little square, under the awnings of the inn, and watch reflectively the slow activities of other people. This



Illustrated by
FISCHER

perhaps, more pleasant than anything. At any rate, Jimmy had been at Lapot-le-due for two days before he felt the urge to go outside the village itself. And then he went and got himself lost.

He had wandered on and on, hardly noticing where he was going until, at last, he realised that he did not know where he was. Moreover, in another

twenty minutes it would be dark. And then the chances of finding the road and getting back to Lapot-le-due would be very small indeed. It was annoying. It looked like spending the night on the hillside, which would be confoundingly cold. This was the result of going about wool-gathering. But it was no use. He had not the faintest idea where he was. True to type, there being nothing to do, he did nothing. He sat on the grass and watched the falling rays of the sun blot out the outline of the hills across the valley. After that, he still sat on, watching the glow of his pipe, and thinking.

It was really dark now, and amazingly so. A train whistle far away, came as a shock. Jimmy supposed he had been asleep. He was cold, anyway, and he got up and stamped his feet. It was then that he heard a woman scream.

There was no question about that sound. It was a woman screaming with terror. He plunged down the slope in the direction from which he guessed the sound had come. He saw no one. Halting, he listened again, but there was nothing but the old silence. He went on, slipping and stumbling down the grass and hidden rock. Suddenly he was brought up short. He was on a rough path round the face of the hill.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,
sketched by Petrov



FOR POLO and COUNTRY WEAR

Comfort-Cum-Elegance for Spectator Sports

IF you contemplate enjoying the polo this season, you will want to be suitably clad. You will not enjoy your role as a spectator unless you have warm clothes and feel that you are correctly dressed.

Even though you are not interested in polo, the following article will serve as a guide to correct country clothes or any spectator sports wear.

You will need a topcoat and a wool dress or suit or jumper and skirt beneath. If you happen to own a "sporting" fur coat (musquash, beaver, or possum), made on tailored lines, this would do over tweeds.

Most suitable of all is the "polo" coat—one of those double-breasted, pocketed, wide-lapelled types. These are made of camel-hair, tweed, or rough woollen, the collar and lapels are big so that the back of your neck is shielded from the wind. The sleeves are straight and rather wide, allowing ample room for a tweed suit beneath. You can have a wide belt going right around the waist, one across the back, or none at all.

The color of your coat will be beige, brown, green, grey, or navy. If it is tweed, then any color at all except bright red or pastel. Fur collars are not suitable—have lapels of flat fur if you like.

BENEATH your coat, if it is exceptionally cold, you could wear a suit and sweater, otherwise a wool dress or a skirt made of the same material as the skirt, and a colored jumper.

Suits should be plainly tailored, either double or single breasted. The jackets are slightly shorter this year and fitted at the waist. Plain, striped, checked, or flecked tweeds are used. They can match the topcoat, or be in a direct color contrast. If the suit and coat match, have a contrasting sweater or shirt; if they differ, use one of the two colors for the sweater.

FOR instance, a topcoat of nigger and beige Harris tweed in a broken check is worn over a suit of the same material with a tomato wool sweater, a brown or tomato sports felt hat, and low-heeled brown brogues, white gloves. A navy-blue rough tweed coat, a grey flannel suit and a navy shirt blouse, navy or grey sports hat and navy oxfords with Cuban heels.

You might prefer the coat, skirt, and sweater combination. A mixed tweed coat can have a matching skirt and contrasting sweater, a plain coat can have a matching sweater and plaid or checked skirt. For example, a flecked tweed in brown, white, yellow, and red makes a

long coat and trim skirt—the sweater is bright yellow. A plain, rough kasha colored woollen coat has a brown and beige or green plaid skirt and a natural wool sweater, brown accessories.

DRESSES to wear beneath polo coats can be brightly colored. They are made of jersey, angora, or sheer wool; they have leather belts, buttons, or monograms. They have long sleeves and high necks. Good colors are coral, navy-blue, yellow, or bottle-green under a grey coat. Yellow, tomato, green, beige or turquoise-blue under a brown or a brown flecked tweed coat. Nigger-brown, tan, green, navy-blue, or beige under a natural colored coat. Navy and white plaid, pale grey, bright green, or yellow under a navy coat.

There are many unusual tweeds and color combinations this season. From America comes a model suit in violet tweed, the jacket tight and single-breasted, with a dark purple blouse to match the violets on the lapel. A checked brown-and-beige tweed jacket comes over a blouse of natural kasha jersey, with a pigskin belt and a brown skirt. There are black tweed dresses with pigskin buttons, belt, and gloves. There are suits with waistcoats just like a man's; a brown-and-beige finely-

striped suit has a yellow duvetyne waistcoat.

There is a skirt of men's grey checked worsted, which material also faces the revers of the navy double-breasted jacket.

Sports Accessories

YOUR accessories are just as important as your clothes for spectator sports. No high heels, a three-quarter Cuban heel is permissible, lace-up oxfords or brogues are smartest. No very fine stockings. Stitched fabric or doe-skin gloves in white, chamamois, brown, beige or navy.

Hats either of felt or the coat fabric. Brims are generally worn, and low or slightly high folded crowns. Bright little feathers can be tucked into the hatband.

Scarves are important, and will brighten up an otherwise colorless costume. Jersey, foulard, velvet, or fine wools make these; they tie high to the throat. You can embroider your initials on one end and fringe the edges.

Bags are very large this season. To go well with sports clothes they should be of plain leather the same color as your shoes.

• A FULL-LENGTH polo coat in blue ridged woollen is worn over a matching skirt and canary-yellow wool jacket. Blue sports hat, blue brogues, blue spotted scarf, and blue leather belt are accessories.

• A TRIM tailor-made suit in black-and-white finely striped tweed. White violets are worn on the lapel. The sweater, hat, and bag are dark red. The gloves black fabric, and black oxfords.

• A DRESS of yellow Angora woollen has a matching scarf. With it is worn a green suede jacket. The hat is green, the gloves yellow chamamois, and the shoes and bag brown.

• TWEED in pale and dark grey is used for a smart ensemble. First there is a tailored suit with four pockets worn over a raspberry blouse, then a hip-length cape. Dark grey hat, bag, gloves, and oxfords.

• BEIGE rough woollen for a three-quarter coat and skirt. The coat is belted with its own fabric. Brown sweater and accessories.

FASHION FLASHES

... FROM PARIS



• ABOVE: A dark blue woolen ensemble trimmed with silver buttons and worn with a white lingerie blouse. The piquant hat is from Sazy.

• RIGHT: An evening wrap for spring made by Lucille Paray is made of old bleached linen twined in a wavy-line weave. It is white with incrustations of plain royal-blue spiral spun linen, and is worn over an evening gown of the same material and color scheme.

• THE CHARMING girl in the be-feathered creation by Ronald Morrell is Miss Helen Bruce, an Australian girl and niece of the High Commissioner, Mr. S. M. Bruce. Miss Bruce is making a striking success in the London fashion world.

AERIAL MODES

ON Ronald Morrell's thirty-second birthday he gave a fashion show which added much lustre to his reputation of being one of the five young Englishmen who have put London on the world map of dress designers.

Helen Bruce, niece of Australia's High Commissioner, was modelling for him. She is a lovely red-head, with an elegant figure and a ton of brains. She interviews and advises clients as well as doing a spot of mannequin work.

The feature of the collection was the "Indian Flight Troussau," specially designed for the craze among brides for flying to India for their honeymoon. These "air" garments would be equally appropriate for Australians who are keen on flying holidays. In the way of these clothes there must be considered the durability of the material, the cleaning qualities, the minimum weight, and the adaptability of interchanging garments.

Take, for instance, Morrell's "Bagdad Ensemble." There is

a little printed dress with a matching jacket to add when it gets chilly or to shield the arms from the sun, and in the evening, there is a dressier coat which makes the whole thing suitable for more formal wear. Another versatile garment is, very suitably, called "Compactum," and can change from afternoon dress into dinner gown and then further change into a full evening dress. These ensembles are all made of a very heavy uncrushable shantung and have charming stamped shantung coats which may be worn as wraps or as part of the frock for hostessing.

Clever cutting defies the copyist throughout the collection. One frock is made from 80-inch wide marocain, with skirt and bodice cut in one and no seams in the skirt, and I really can't explain how it's done, but the effect is as neat and moulding as though there were a hundred seams and gussets.

The gown you see Helen Bruce wearing is called "Ceremony," and is Morrell's interpretation of the perfect presentation of formal gown for a dignified, gracious lady.



• THE BEAUTIFUL dinner dress at the left is of dull black satin trimmed with turquoise motifs.

Photographs by air mail from our special fashion representative abroad.

• RONALD MORRELL designed the tailored Ascot ensemble above in heavy white marocain. The stock and belt are of green grosgrain ribbon, and the luxurious trimming of double white fox.

Amazing

The delightfully soothing effect of Hearne's is positively amazing. Even the most obstinate coughs and colds yield at once. Any soreness in the chest or throat rapidly disappears. Safe for children. Famous for fifty years.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

C12

An Editorial

JUNE 1, 1935.

ARE WOMEN HARD ON WOMEN?



THE present century has seen a notable advance of women into positions of responsibility.

The law, however, is still, on its administrative side, a man's

prerogative.

No woman in an English-speaking country has been appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court, or even one of the lower courts. The theory is that woman has not the right temperament, nor the sufficiently detached outlook, for that kind of job.

So far it is only a theory. Until some qualified and intelligent woman has been given a seat on the Bench we shall not know how her performance compares with that of the average male judge.

When the opportunity comes her way, as sooner or later it almost certainly will, the hostile critics may be confounded.

England has gone further than Australia in giving semi-judicial office to women. She has done this by making them eligible as jurors.

"Women on juries are excellent" is the opinion of an Australian judge who has just returned from a two years' visit to England. One of the reasons for their excellence is, in his opinion, that they are "shrewd" in dealing with women accused.

Behind the Judge's praise is the belief, shared by most men, that women are harder on their own sex than is the ordinary male judge or jurymen.

It is commonly held that most women prefer the leadership of a man to that of another woman. It is also widely believed that many women, when placed in positions of authority, are not as considerate for their own sex as they might be. Most people could adduce a good deal of evidence in support of these beliefs.

The reason for this state of affairs is probably to be found in the fact that woman is a comparative newcomer to positions of command. For centuries the exercise of authority has been a man's privilege.

The woman leader in business, like the woman juror, has scarcely had time to find her feet. Public opinion still looks upon her as a sort of curiosity.

Not feeling quite sure of herself she is apt to make mistakes and to jar on the susceptibilities of others. These failings will disappear with time.

Meanwhile we should get away from the idea that women, as a sex, are devoid of judicial qualities or that they are harder on their fellow women than man is upon man.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by A. J. BUCHANAN

Should He Tell?

WHETHER or not a doctor should be compelled by law to give away the secrets of his profession is a much debated question. If you were to ask the average doctor he would probably tell you that he didn't know himself what the position was.

A recent case in the Divorce Court raised the question again, but threw no fresh light on it. "Do you request me to tell?" a doctor called as a witness asked the Judge. "Yes, I ask you to tell the Court," was his Honor's reply. And the doctor told.

The Judge's direction was in the form of a request. He "asked" the medical man to tell. But suppose the witness had politely declined—could the Judge have forced him to speak?

The sooner an authoritative answer is supplied, the better. There is nothing in the Statute or Common Law of any State to furnish one.

Hughes Is Heard Again

CONSIDER the activities of Mr. W. M. Hughes whom, a year or so ago, we were disposed to regard as a back number. We were wrong, of course, because men of his type are never back numbers. In rank he is a subordinate member of the Lyons Cabinet, but in vital force, in attitude to important questions, he is a whole Cabinet in himself.

Here are some of the matters about which Mr. Hughes has been declaiming:—(1) Maternal mortality; (2) declining birth-rate; (3) squalid conditions of living; (4) disunion of religious bodies. About all these things he talks in a trumpet voice. You can agree with him, or disagree, but you are bound to take notice.

The number of politicians in Australia who ever get outside the rut of politics—who can talk with authority on anything except their eternal budgets and taxes—can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Hughes is more than a politician. He is a Thinker, with a Voice!

Our Sportswomen

RATHER a curious fact that in the realm of international sport Australian women have most of their laurels yet to win. It is curious because the Australian girl is praised everywhere for her physique, her intelligence, and her grace of movement.

Thirty years ago men from this country reached the top in cricket and tennis, and quite lately young Walter Lindrum has made billiards history.

Miss Joan Hartigan is bravely carrying the flag at Wimbledon, and perhaps next year our girl cricketers will bring back the Ashes (or some equivalent) from England, as Murdoch's men did more than 50 years ago.

Knew His Arabs

THE strong, silent man whom you meet in Elhel Delle's novels is a rarity these days. Lawrence of Arabia was one of the species. His reserve was unbroken to the last.

Lawrence was an exception to all rules. There are plenty of people who will "savour delights and live laborious days" if they can see world fame in prospect. Lawrence did not even want fame. He spent most of his adult life in the desert. He did more than any man living to free the Arabs from Turkish rule, and he hated to be praised for what he had done.

Beds of down and luxuries in the way of food and drink meant nothing to this man. We salute him as he passes on.

Lyric of Life

Lost Ideas

Great dreams have come
And greater ones have gone.
They stay a moment in the human
ken;
Some have we held,
But most of them pass on
Beyond the fifth dimension once again.
And whence they came,
Or to what sphere they go
With all their urges to the worst and
best
Within ourselves,
We cannot ever know.
We are the sport of dreams and fates
that jest.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

FROM SUE TO LOU

Likes Them Sitting Up!

THAT gifted young man, Menuhin, has his own point of view about the audiences that follow him everywhere. He viewed with approval the hard, comfortable chairs that he saw for the first time in Melbourne Town Hall. "I like people to sit up and take notice while I play," was his approving comment.

Just that. No note of sympathy for the luxury-lovers who want seats to lounge in while they are lulled by "discord of sweet sounds."

Not all of us can live up to the Menuhin standard. In an audience of 3000 such as he is accustomed to in London or Australia, perhaps 10 per cent. are absorbed enough in the music to be indifferent to their seating accommodation.

Reminds us of the Emperor Nero who, according to Suetonius, had the exits to the Roman amphitheatre barred when he gave a singing performance. The seats in that theatre were hard—and the musical Emperor was assassinated not long afterwards.



A PHOTO, recently taken, of a modern Arabian girl. It is of particular interest in view of Mrs. Littlejohn's article on this page and her recent investigations into the rights of Arabian-Turkish women.

Chance For Hypnotists

QUITE recently there has been a move to give the cult, or profession, of hypnotism a scientific basis. Doctors are saying that it has its uses as a salve to mental disorder. It can be employed to banish pain; it is even a remedy for things like sea-sickness and dipsomania.

If the claim is established, every first-class passenger ship will carry a hypnotist. A wonderful new field for operators—especially women operators—is opened up!

The Broken Promise

IN England they have been reviving the ancient subject of breach of promise actions with a view to their abolition. But the reformers got no change out of the British Attorney-General.

"It is too controversial a matter," he told a questioner in the House of Commons, "to be the subject of legislative action at this stage."

In Australia there are the same differences of opinion as there are in England. Anyone can quote instances of blackmail, but in most cases the jilted persons, both men and women, have suffered in silence.

While the callous go-getter and promise-breaker is at large, this form of action is worth preserving.

A Bright Girl's Letters

"Ataturk," the Man Who Freed Turkey

By LINDA P. LITTLEJOHN

I write this in Istanbul, in a city and a country which have experienced the most amazing changes in the past twelve years, in fact, one might call the changes unbelievable did one not see them and experience them.

BUT the most outstanding point is that, unique as they have been, they have come to pass smoothly and quietly, have been accepted and appreciated by all—both men and women—without any celebrations, any flag-waving, or any outward show.

The twelfth International Congress of Women met this April in Istanbul. The fact that this conference assembled in Turkey is of great significance and is a commentary on the advance that women have made. There has never before been an international women's meeting in a Mohammedan country.

Not only that, but the Government has joined in the invitation and provided the place of meeting, in addition to placing Government professional guides at the disposal of the delegates, allowing free train rides, excusing the delegates from paying the Turkish visa fee, which is about \$1, and affording them Customs facilities by passing their baggage unquestioned through the Customs, a sum total of things which has never happened in a Christian country.

The Reason

NOW, why has the Government been so splendid to these women? Because it believes in the power and ability and force of the women working beside the men. But such was not the position twelve years ago.

Previously to the regime of Mustafa Kemal, here always called Ataturk, and as such I shall refer to him, women suffered under polygamy, had to go veiled, received little education, no free University education, were married at 12, and were not companions for their menfolk; in fact, as in most Mohammedan countries, were of no account.

Now, in Mohammedan countries, the civil law is all governed by the religious law, the law of the Koran.

Ataturk immediately saw that he must break this close relationship of the civil law to the religious law, for all the ancient tabus and restrictive customs, especially for women, prevented Turkey being a progressive country.

When a prominent official was asked how it happened that Turkish women were given such freedom when the new national regime was established, he replied, "The framers of the new order looked over the countries of the world and found that those where women had freedom and power were the countries which were most successful. So we followed their example."

Once the women began to receive education and acquire themselves successfully, Ataturk deemed the time had come to give them the municipal suffrage, and about a year later he granted them the parliamentary suffrage and stated that he wished some to be in the new Parliament which was elected last January. Seventeen were elected.

No Festivities

THERE were no celebrations to mark this unique election of women, and seventeen at that, for Ataturk desires every new move to be quiet and dignified, wishes it to be taken as a natural sequence.

Further, all women who do the same work as men, and all women in Government service, receive the same rate of pay as do the men.

I felt so ashamed of my country when I heard this; to think that a country like Turkey, which has just found herself, realised justice before we in Australia.

This new freedom, and this divorcing of the civil and religious codes, have affected the religious life of the country enormously.

As I write, the band is playing in the hotel, and the young Turkish women are dancing with the young Turkish men, a happening that would have been inconceivable in a Mohammedan country only a decade ago.

Ataturk has realised, as some other countries are forgetting, that the mark of civilisation should be stimulation rather than inhibition.



TEACHING Wives to PLAY CARDS!

Shuffling and Dealing Leads to a Domestic Row

A MACHINE GUN FOR CONTRACT

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by
WEP

I'VE been teaching my wife to play cards. That's why I've got hollows under my eyes and jump at the slightest sound.

The first step towards a nervous breakdown was the shuffling. She shuffled them while I crawled about on the floor picking them up. Then I said, "Now cut them." Then she went for the bread-knife.

FROM then on it went something like this: "Now euchre is an easy game to learn. Deal out five cards each. . . not like that! Oh, all right. That'll do. Now turn one up."

"Any one I like?"
"No, dear. The one on top of the pack. . . No! That pack! Now let me have a look at your hand."

"I didn't know you had to do that. It doesn't seem fair. I thought other people weren't supposed to see your hand."

"Dash it all, I just want to show you the game!"

"Oh!"
"Now you've got the jack of clubs there and . . ."

"Is that the black one with the knobs on it?"

"Yes. Well, as you've got the ace of spades turned up, that makes the jack of clubs the left bower."

"Why? And what is a left bower? Is that one of spades anything to do with it?"

"Now listen, we'll shuffle 'em up and start over again."

"Oh, no you don't! Just because I've got a good hand and you're afraid I'll beat you, you want to muck them all up again. If that's the way you play, I'm surprised you get anybody to play with you."

"Arrgh! Well, look at my hand. I've got the left and right bower. . ."

"You just told me I had the left bower. I don't believe you know anything about the game."

"WILL you shut up until I've finished! I've got the left and right bower of hearts if a heart was turned up, or the left and right bower of diamonds if a diamond turned up. If

a black card was turned up, they'd be just two jacks, that's all."

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"Can't you understand that. . ."

"Oh, don't start all that rambling nonsense about bowers. I'm not interested in them. All I want to do is to learn the game."

"But you've got to know the value of the cards before you can play!"

"I know the value of them perfectly well. Didn't I buy them? Two and six they were, and I saw the same kind of pack in Oopworth's for two and fivepence three farthings not ten minutes later. I could have kicked myself."

Wrong Bowers

"It's a dashed pity you didn't. Do you want to learn this damned game or not?"

"How can I learn the game when you keep on mumbling about bowers? If you'd only stop talking for a couple of minutes I might be able to pick it up. And another thing! Don't you talk to me like that! Kick myself, indeed! Take your rotten cards. I don't believe you know how to play, anyhow."

"Well, there's no need to lose your temper about it."

"Lose my temper! Ha! Ha! I like that. Why, you're actually

THINGS THAT HAPPEN

Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

Clever Parrot

A PRIVATE school at Cairns, North Queensland, possesses a parrot which can carry on an intelligent conversation in either French or English. So good is its French accent that the headmistress, when teaching French, brings the bird to the classroom and has it repeat various sentences after her so that the pupils may obtain the correct pronunciation. This is perfectly true, and can be vouched for.—C.H.W.

Economising

HAVING missed the bus to her home, three miles away, and not wishing to pay car hire, a woman in a Queensland country town resorted to this means of gaining her objective. She visited the local store and inquired if they had some good lucerne chaff; mist have a bag immediately, as they had a sick cow at home. When told they had, she asked how they would send it for her. "Oh, the truck will take it at once." "Could I go out in the truck?" "Oh yes, certainly." And she did so.

Next day the chaff was returned to the store with the explanation that she found the cow was better when she got home.—A.R.



Lower's card club breaks up in the usual manner.

fuming with rage."

"Me! If ever I lost my temper over a trivial, paltry. . ."

"That's enough. Try to control yourself. There are other people in the street, you know."

"Damn the other people in the street!"

And so out to the club.

When things cool down a bit I'm going to buy a machine-gun and teach her contract bridge.

Don't DEFY NATURE

for Constipation leads
to endless trouble

Nature has decreed that the Bowels shall operate regularly—at least once a day. Defiance or neglect of this law leads to many kinds of suffering, including Headaches, Bad Breath, Biliousness, Indigestion, Pimples, etc.

Constipation also makes you look and feel dull, bad-tempered and livery.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are a proved remedy for regulating the bowels and restoring the system to proper working order in a thorough, yet gentle manner.

A course will convince.

**DR. MORSE'S
INDIAN ROOT
PILLS**
For the Liver

WHOOPYCROUP



"Awright Mum
it's nice"



Mother knows she'll take it readily; but it must be instantly effective, also, for those "whoopy" coughs. Bonnington's Irish Moss has all these qualities—it is demulcent, it SOOTHES, it will abate any slight FEVER, it quickly stops the COUGHING, removes phlegm and makes breathing easy.

IMITATIONS: These won't do. Get "Bonnington's"—1/9 and 3/6

**Bonnington's
IRISH MOSS**
FOR COUGHS and COLDS

"CONSTIPATED till LAXETTES gave wonderful results"

says a South Melbourne user

"FOR SIX DAYS I HAD BEEN ILL WITH CONSTIPATION—



THEN I TOOK LAXETTES AND WITHIN ONE HOUR THEY GAVE JUST WONDERFUL RESULTS"



Don't suffer the agony of constipation—turn to Laxettes to relieve you immediately without distress. Laxettes assist the bowels to function normally without upset, without strain. Children and adults appreciate their delicious taste and their gentle action.

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"PARADE OF VIRGINS." Elliot Crawshaw-Williams. A very frank picture of the private lives of several young women, each of whom Peter Wayne, a somewhat serious-minded young man, considers in the light of a possible wife. The book aims at ultra sophistication, but in reality is very dull. (John Long. Our copy, Swains.)

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

DISTINCTION ... COLOR ... UNDERSTANDING!

Mary Ellen Chase's Novel

There is a conviction which is only born of sincerity of purpose, clearness of thought, and an artistic sense of proportion. In a book, this quality carries the reader beyond the bounds of time and place, away from the world of familiar surroundings. Mary Ellen Chase's novel, "Mary Peters," bears this stamp of high attainment.

Miss Chase knows her characters, she knows their background, their thoughts, their possibilities in the face of great joy or great sorrow. It is this certain knowledge that gives her story that inevitability and significance which raise it far above the average novel that comes from the presses.

THE story is concerned with a seafaring family of the last part of the 19th century. Mary Peters was born in the stuffy little cabin of a sailing ship anchored off Singapore, under conditions that would call forth a series of horrified exclamations from the majority of post-war mothers. Sarah Peters already had a son, but rather than leave her husband, she undertook the education of both children, teaching them during the long voyages that took the family over the seven seas.

Mary passed the first fifteen years of her life on her father's sailing ship, and the author has given an absorbing account of the child's emotional reactions and development. She could not be quite like other children under these conditions; she was a solitary little figure, wholly dependent on adult companionship, her brother's occasional attention, and her own thoughts.

When the girl reached her fifteenth birthday her parents decided that she must go ashore to school. The father, a seaman by tradition rather than choice, made up his mind to settle ashore, in their own village, and to give up the life of ships. Reaching port, Sarah Peters and Mary left the ship. Some hours later the news was brought them that, during a sudden storm, the ship which for so long was home to them had been driven ashore, and Captain Peters drowned.

From this point Miss Chase builds up her action and incident around the widow. The construction of the story is solid and logical. We are shown the gradual growth of the characters of Mary and John Peters; the intrusion of Jim Pendleton, the son of Sarah Peters' first love. John's strong determination to establish himself on his own soil provides, in itself, an absorbing tale.

Analysing the story, examining below the course of events which make the tale, the author can be felt to be gathering together the threads of motives, characteristics, emotional reactions, and outside influences, weaving them into a

delicate cord which binds parent to children, brother to sister, past to present. The reader is drawn irresistibly into the life of these people; it is impossible not to be moved by their joys and sorrows, passions, triumphs, and tragedies.

Every woman who reads Miss Chase's book will find herself following with her whole attention the fate of Sarah Peters and her children. She will reach the last pages with regret, and read of Mary Peters' final gesture with understanding and sympathy.

A noteworthy feature of this novel is that although the action covers the war years the author has resisted the temptation to add her comments on civilised warfare to the millions of words that have already been written on the subject. Her work does not suffer by the omission.

Mary Chase is a professor of English Literature. This may account for the dis-



MISS MARY BORDEN, whose latest novel, "The King of the Jews," has aroused much controversy.

tion of her style, and her undoubted flair for the correct word. To these qualities she adds a rare sense of color and form; her story is constructed carefully, and leaves the reader, at its close, with a fine feeling of satisfaction. All of which explains, no doubt, why the London "Daily Mail" selected "Mary Peters" as its book of the month.

"Mary Peters." Mary Ellen Chase. (Collins; our copy Moore's Bookshop, 7/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"THE KING OF THE JEWS." Mary Borden. Readers of Mary Borden's "Mary of Nazareth" will welcome the latest book from her pen, "The King of the Jews."

The story deals with the events in Jerusalem and Galilee during the forty days following the Crucifixion. For the central theme the author has drawn her material solely from the Bible, but her brilliant portrayal of the political atmosphere of the period has been based on a close study of many important histories.

Keen sympathy, deep reverence, and finished craftsmanship are brought by the author to her task. The result is a book which, from the first page to the last, absorbs the interest of the reader. The portrayal of Mary Magdalene, the central character of the book, is an especially fine and sensitive piece of work. (Heinemann, London. Our copy Angus & Robertson, 7/6.)

"THE PEEL TRAIT." Joseph L. Lincoln. This popular American novelist continues to give us stories that are more than well worth reading. They have a taint of satiric humor, but one in which malice plays no part. "The Peel Trait" concerns the family affairs of Cyrenus Peel, last of a long line of sea captains noted for their common sense, their strength of character, and their perspicacity. These traits manifested themselves in varying degree in Captain Peel's three children—Erastus and Susan born of his first wife, and in Lettice, the daughter of his second marriage. Erastus and Susan, however, had a low cunning that was not apparent in Lettice, and which did not escape the notice of their father. Lettice, his favorite, was "all Peel," he said, which accounted for her attitude towards her father when she learned that he had been instrumental, through the best of motives, in separating her from the lover of her girlhood. Lettice eventually married to please her father, not knowing at the time of the part he had played in spoiling her first love affair, and the marriage was disastrous. His efforts to make amends were scorned by Lettice, but Cyrenus appreciated the reasons which influenced her. He knew that to a Peel manhood of action was unforgeable. With the death of Cyrenus affairs took a different turn—a turn which readers will appreciate. The story is set in a little village near Cape Cod, whose inhabitants contribute in no small measure to the success of the story. (Appleton-Century Co. Our copy, The Roycroft, 7/6.)

"THE LAUGHING BUCCANEER." W. Lawson. This adventurous novel of the South Seas is said to have its basis in fact. The island of Mooko, where women rule, and the menfolk are in subjection, is visited by three white men in search of a rich ocean deposit of pearl shell. They take charge of the island, and one of their number becomes chief after subjugating the women. There's lots of action in the story, and a pleasing love interest. (Angus and Robertson, 4/6.)

"PRIMAVERA." David Lanark. The author, a new Australian novelist, has written a pleasing story with Spain as the background. It is romantic, with a great love interest, and the characters well drawn. In 1910 a young English girl falls in love with a Spanish student at Oxford. Her parents drive the young man away, but the two meet for a brief space in Seville, and spend a few hours together the last time they ever see each other. Many years later an Englishman—Gordon Routland—holidaying in Spain meets the daughter born of their tragic love. He is engaged, but takes no count of such bonds, and in ensuing developments take place from this point in the story. (Published by Angus and Robertson, 6/-.)

HOT BOLSHROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the Sauce of the House of Bolshrook. The World's Appetiser.***

"BRAN TUB" No. 6

BEYOND DOUBT THE NUMEROUS

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"BRAN TUB" No. 6

£50 MUST BE WON

Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about DOGS, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "Beyond doubt," will tell you what it is all about—and for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three. Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—"BRAN TUB" No. 6, BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, 7th JUNE. The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided but the full amount will be paid. Solved Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd, Sydney. A postal note for £1- must accompany each initial entry and 6d. each additional entry. Stamps not accepted. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, 22nd June.

£50 WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 3

The winning competitors in this contest are:—Mrs. J. E. DICKINSON, 49 Victoria Road, Punchbowl. Mrs. HOMAN, 22 Scarborough Street, Kogarah. Their solutions, each containing three errors, were the most nearly correct ones received, and the PRIZE OF £50 IN CASH is therefore awarded to them. Each will receive £25. Prize money will be posted on Friday, June 14.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 3

"He is not fleet enough to catch a rabbit, but he lies in wait near the burrows until thoughtless bunny hops within his reach, when he pounces on his prey, which he carries off to his lair to regale his offspring."

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER "Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



ORATOR: The man who gives in when he is wrong is a wise man; but the man who gives in when he is right is—
VOICE: Married!



MRS. NEWLYWED: My husband admires everything about me—my voice, my hands, my eyes, my figure.
FRIEND: And what do you admire about him?
MRS. NEWLYWED: His good taste!



"No, Miss, I'm afraid you just failed to pass your driving test."



"Matilda, let me ask you a riddle. Why am I so unhappy?"
"You've got me."
"That's right!"



WIFE: I shall never forget how foolish you looked when you proposed.
HUSBY: It was nothing to how foolish I really was.

100 yards

of super quality mercerised sewing thread

are contained in every reel bearing the Dewhurst's "Sylko" label

Black, White and OVER 300 SHADES

Size No. 40



Sold by all leading Departmental Stores

Dewhurst's "Sylko"

(SILK SUBSTITUTE) MACHINE TWIST

Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used

"IS that a real bloodhound, Mr. Hunter?"
"A real bloodhound? I'll say. Here, Rover, bleed for the lady."

PROSPECTIVE PATIENT: Will I be able to see the doctor soon?
New Housemaid: I dunno. 'E's been called out to an eternity case.

FILM STAR: Got anything special on your programme to-day?
Second Dicto: Nothing special—just a race against death at a level crossing, and a leap for life from a burning building.

JONES: What sort of folk are they where you've gone to live?
Bones: Well, if anybody pays the rent three weeks running the police come to see where they got the money from.

A YOUNG lady, whose knowledge of cricket was not so great as she believed, sat watching the game that was proving very disastrous to the local team. When the first wicket of the visitors had fallen for two hundred, she turned to her escort and exclaimed: "Aren't our bowlers great? They hit the bats no matter where they are held."

BROWN had a bad habit of keeping late hours, and his wife hit upon a plan to end it. When he came in one night he saw a white-shrouded form glide along the passage in the moonlight.

"W-wh-what's that?" he stammered.
"I am the family ghost," a cold voice replied.
Brown heaved a sigh of relief. "Great Scott, how you frightened me! I thought it was the missus!"

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



Now she has become **POPULAR**

She is surrounded by admirers wherever she goes. Her sunny disposition, her zest for all she undertakes, her clear skin and radiant glow of health are irresistible! Yet not long ago she was dull, irritable and unpopular. What brought the change?

Constipation was stealing her freshness, she had headaches, slept poorly. At last she tried Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, eating daily two tablespoonfuls of this delicious, ready-to-serve cereal in cold milk or cream. Her health improved rapidly and her popularity with it.

ALL-BRAN contains "bulk" which clears the system of poisonous waste naturally. It promotes appetite and makes rich blood. It is not harsh or habit-forming like pills or drugs. Your grocer sells ALL-BRAN.

Sealed inside with the WAXTITE bag



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

FREE—Send your name and address to Kellogg's Pty. Ltd., Box 8, Botany, Sydney, for an interesting health booklet and diet series—they're FREE.
Made in Australia by KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY. LTD., Sydney

Why does she never look Her AGE

BECAUSE she keeps in perfect health with the aid of a regular nightly dose of Bile Beans.

Beauty is more than skin deep; bright eyes, a clear complexion and a sunny disposition all come from internal cleanliness.

A nightly dose of Bile Beans tones up your digestive organs, keeps the blood stream pure and ensures internal cleanliness by daily and completely eliminating all food wastes.

So if you want your friends to say "she never looks her age" don't forget to take that nightly dose of Bile Beans.

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Now! Ease Sore Throat Instantly!



Remember Only Medicine Helps Sore Throat

Modern medical science now throws an entirely new light on sore throat. A way that eases the pain, rawness and irritation in as little as two or three minutes!

It requires medicine — like BAYER ASPIRIN — to do these things! That is why throat specialists everywhere are prescribing this BAYER gargle in place of old-time ways.

Be careful, however, that you

get real BAYER Aspirin for this purpose. For they dissolve completely enough to gargle without leaving irritating particles. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 and 100. Be sure to get "BAYER" — Bayer means Better.



When you visit Sydney, stay at Petty's Hotel. The tariff is indeed moderate.

Wire or write for reservations.



PETTY'S Hotel

YORK STREET, SYDNEY R. J. Langley, Manager

Love Dances By

She had to make a choice. Could she give up her dancing? And then in that one terrifying moment it was decided for her.



TOMORROW, when the family is assembled here, Ariadne will be an appropriate time to announce your engagement to James." From her high-backed chair at the end of the stately mahogany table, Aunt Letitia's eyes gazed down at her young niece.

Ariadne said nothing. What was the use, when Aunt Letitia spoke? She clasped and unclasped her pink-tipped fingers under the shining silver and damask-set table.

"We shall be a large gathering," Aunt Letitia raised her head proudly. "This time she addressed their guests, Elwood, Ariadne's cousin by marriage, a member of Aunt Letitia's own aristocratic family who, however, did not let the fact affect him; family was all right, but one took those things for granted.

His cousin lifted her fluffy golden head. She tried to touch the floor with her feet, but only the points of her silver slippers came in contact with the oriental rug which had come down from an earlier generation of Wilmingtons.

She couldn't and she wouldn't marry grey-eyed Jim Courtney—James to Aunt Letitia—even if it was set-up figure topped by its well-brushed brown hair ensured the success and triumphant finish of any party, or if in a college team, put the college straightway on the map.

He was such an old story to her. She had almost grown up with him. He was, in a sense, part of her life. She could hardly imagine life without him, but to be his wife—never. She wanted to be a dancer. To set her feet to twinkling over the floor to the melody of strings and pipes. To float like a cloud—she shivered with delight at the thought.

"The telephone, Mrs. Remington," said a maid. Aunt Letitia rose majestically.

Her tall figure swept from the room. Ariadne pushed back her coffee-cup and stood up. "Wait," Elwood Remington flicked his cigarette ash against a fragile saucer. "Don't forget that I told you this afternoon you could dance to your heart's content if you would marry me." He gazed at her; she swayed towards the door. "Well, have you decided?"

Cheeks flushed, eyes downcast, she spoke under her breath. "Perhaps." Her hand was on the curtain dividing the drawing-room from the dining-room.

"When?" He was following her. She drew back, a butterfly, poised for flight. "Oh, I don't know—I'll tell you to-night—after the tea. No—after the theatricals." She turned and fled before his astonished look of delight.

ONCE in the shelter of her own room, Ariadne paused before the long, walnut-framed mirror. She inspected her reflection wistfully. She scrutinized herself for some evidence of the dark hair and eyes, olive skin, and lowering height of a true Wilmington. She sighed.

"A fluffy young thing," Aunt Letitia called her. Yes—everything about her emphasized fluffiness. Let it! A dimple played hide and seek in her shell-thin cheek and her blue eyes sparkled defiantly.

So Aunt Letitia intended to announce her engagement to-morrow—her eighteenth birthday. Announce her engagement to James Franklin Courtney. Not that there was anything wrong with Jim, unless it was his determined admiration for her and his persistent proposals of marriage, when he knew that heart and soul she wanted to be a dancer.

At dancing-class he'd counted when they'd danced. The agony of being partner to an audible "One, two, three!" True, if she'd glanced up at the dreaminess of his grey eyes and the tenderness of his whimsical mouth she'd forgotten, but she didn't want to forget.

"A fluffy young thing," was all she'd heard about herself since she'd come to live with Aunt Letitia in the big, brown stone house that had been built by a Wilmington so long ago that it made her head dizzy to think about it. It was the same with most of the houses in the neighborhood, including the Courtneys', of which Jim was sole heir and therefore, in Aunt Letitia's eyes,

a most desirable, suitable husband for a Wilmington.

Especially for one whose mother had been merely the wife of a Wilmington—a sunny wisp of an orphan, met and married by Aunt Letitia's only idolized brother during his travels in Europe. Italy had held them, but when their small daughter was twelve, pneumonia had snatched them both, leaving a numbed, bewildered Ariadne to be sent back home, to America—to Aunt Letitia.

She had been received with kindness but austerity. Used to the warmth and understanding of her parents' love and bubbling wit, it had seemed at first as if all the life had been crushed out of her.

In spite of this she had made valiant efforts to laugh, only to meet Aunt Letitia's stare of disapproval and such remarks as, "Heartless child! How can you laugh?"

Aunt Letitia didn't know she laughed to keep from crying, and once when she'd danced in the garden—her mother and father had always encouraged her to dance, "like flowers in the wind," they'd said—the horror of Aunt Letitia! She had only been trying to stop the aching in her heart. Aunt Letitia had called her in and sternly ordered her to her room until she could behave with decency in a house that was in mourning for at least one year.

This had puzzled Ariadne. How could you mourn for a certain time? How could you control the time of a heart? It still puzzled her. She lifted her head and gazed on the edge of the bed. She went to the window and looked down on the sparkling, white garden.

The whole world shimmered in a hush of holiness. The stars

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

— By —

EVA CALDER

seemed very close. Windows of heaven. . . . Was her mother close to-night? If she had mourned, as Aunt Letitia had the year they had worn black, would she want her mother less to-night than she had wanted her six years ago? Would her longing and yearning be less poignant? Perhaps this was punishment for not doing as Aunt Letitia had told her, but she had been too numb in those first days to realise always what Aunt Letitia was talking about.

THE loud ticking of the clock on the dignified walnut dresser made her turn. She frowned. How she'd love a frilly dressing-gable. "Seven-thirty-five." It would soon be time to motor to the party at the De Quincy-Smiths' and to-morrow—tomorrow, Aunt Letitia would still be planning her future. Would she?

She rose to her full five feet. She'd marry Elwood. He'd urged her to consent to marry him every day during his week's visit. Yes, she'd marry him. Not that she wanted to marry anybody, but Elwood had promised he'd let her dance. She pulled and patted her dress into place and tried to straighten her hair which resisted all her efforts to make it lie smooth according to Wilmington tradition. "Seven-thirty," chimed her clock.

She picked up her white fur wrap and went out into the hall on her toes, humming a tune. She stepped daintily down the broad stairs, like a snowflake wafted to the earth. Anyway, she'd escape being engaged to Jim to-morrow.

"Ready?" Eyes shining, head thrown back, brown hair ruffled as usual, Jim Courtney waited at the bottom of the stairway.

She couldn't help but return his whimsical smile—but she wasn't going to marry him. She was going to dance. He wrapped her cape about her and appropriated her before the amused eyes of Elwood and the approving glance of Aunt Letitia whose back, if possible, became a little less rigid as they seated themselves in the car.

Ariadne was demurely silent as they purled along the intervening fifteen miles. Past the various tree-shadowed

estates, enhanced to phantom beauty under the magical touch of scintillating snow and frost, overshadowed by a sparkling starlit glow.

They rolled up the broad driveway of the De Quincy-Smiths' and were ushered into the imposing stone house to remove their cloaks. They fell in line to pay their respects to their host and hostess and exchanged greetings with numerous friends and acquaintances. Then they ascended two wide stairways and joined the throng of guests already assembled in the festive, brilliant, ballroom.

Please turn to Page 28

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation.



ACTUAL PHOTO. (Unouched). Mrs. Helen Sugamora, Bondi Road, Age 37, before & after application of New Plasmic.



ACTUAL PHOTO. (Treated). Mrs. Helen Sugamora, Bondi Road, Age 37, after 4 applications of New Plasmic.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC.

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth. A Gentle but Powerful Curative of all Facial Imperfections and Blemishes.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or Letter. Full sufficient for ten treatments, sealed and so on any address for \$1.00. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them, with full directions for postal use of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN AFRIAT LTD., Pacific House, 298 Pitt Street, Sydney.

STOMACH PAIN

GOES: You Eat What You Like Without Upset — Your Stomach Wins Back Youthful, Healthy Vigour, Needing No More Help!

ACID STOMACH is unpleasant and dangerous. Gas, heartburn, indigestion—these are bad. But ulceration (maybe needing operation), is worse. Kill the harmful acid—bowl the ulcer conditions, by taking Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder, the remedy made famous by the work of Prof. H. Maclean, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London. Proven in millions of cases of stomach disorder, Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder is unobtainable for putting upset stomachs in young or old, to rights. A short course of Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder not only means stomach peace, but general well-being—and the end, usually of perpetual reliance on medicine for relief from pain after eating.

Get a packet, at better-class chemists—but beware of substitutes. Genuine Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder comes in White packages, with red and black printing. A strong stomach is the basis of all success and popularity. End your stomach weakness by taking NOW—



REDUCE SAFELY

Do as hundreds of women have done, take a course of

FORD'S CORPOREAL CAPSULES and gain correct and charming proportions. This is a scientifically correct treatment—2 weeks treatment, 4, 6, 8 weeks treatment, 10—Post free from:

NOEL F. FORD, M.P.S. (S. Tol.) Chemist, 247 King St., Newtown, Tel. 41713

All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

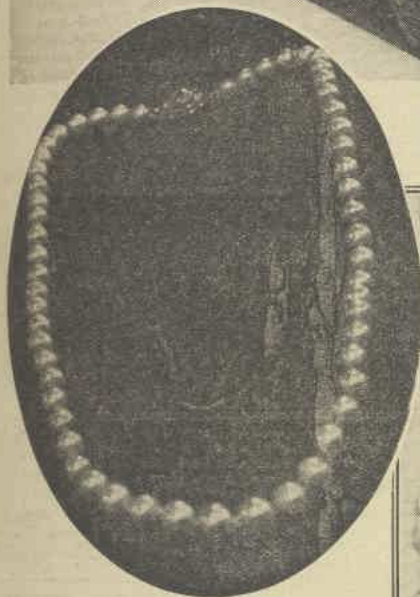
Modern Wonders of a Modern World



HERE'S the latest thing in electric motor cars. It has no clutch and no gears; you just switch it on and it travels at a speed of up to 30 miles an hour. Its battery can be recharged overnight at the cost of a few pence.



ONE OF THE new wonders of the new world. America's gigantic national memorial to her immortal leaders is being sculptured out of solid rock on the face of a mountain in South Dakota. The work, which is very difficult and dangerous, has been going on for some years now. The photo shows the head of George Washington taking shape, with a pigmy workman at work.



THIS PHOTO of the much-discussed Vivers pearls—which are said to be worth £14,000—was taken by our photographer in Sydney last week, shortly before they were sold by auction for £2500 to a dealer, Mr. G. G. Ross.



MRS. CHARLES CONNOR, wife of a waiter in Philadelphia, has had two sets of twins within ten months. She is shown in hospital with the newcomers.



THE OLD AND THE NEW in clocks were on show at a recent exhibition in America. The girl on the left is holding a clock made in 1750, while the girl on the right holds the very latest mystery clock, made mainly of glass, which appears to run without works.



IN NEWTON STREET, St. Helens, Lancashire, many houses are rapidly subsiding and assuming weird shapes owing to the underground colliery workings. Here is a Lancashire woman standing at the door of her crooked house.



PEOPLE all over the world have been baffled by railway time-tables ever since trains began to run. Now an English railway has invented this fool-proof timetable. You just press the button, bearing the name of the station you want to go to, and a card with complete information drops out of the machine.



TAP DANCERS are a feature on the air in countries overseas. You may wonder how a tap dance can be broadcast. Sally O'Brian, of Chicago, shows her method in this photo, which reveals a tiny microphone attached to her leg so that it can pick up every movement of her feet.



ANOTHER WONDER of to-day. The new telephone panel at the Carter Lane exchange, London, which connects Japan with Great Britain by radio-phone. The service was opened recently and this is the first photo of the girl on the switch talking to the exchange in Tokio 11,000 miles away.



Your Hair

Every woman should have lovely hair. YOU can have it by feeding the hair roots. Silken and glossy, luxuriant growth, beauty and attractiveness quickly follow the daily use of Barry's Tricophorous. It drives out dandruff, prevents greyness and falling hair. Use it also as a dressing. Fine for children's hair, splendid for men.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 4/- per bottle.

NEW 2GB "DUO" and THEIR BOX of TRICKS

Farmyard, Jazz Band and Orchestra all Rolled into One

There are probably no two more versatile entertainers in the Australian radio world to-day than Albert Russell and Reg Morgan of 2GB. Albert Russell is the comedian, impersonator, and community-singing leader, and Reg Morgan is the singer, musician, and composer of the duo. But it is not so much what they are as what they do that is so astounding.

Let us suppose that the two of them are locked in a broadcasting studio, with a piano and an organ. What with a jew's harp Albert Russell carries in his pocket and their ready fund of wit and ingenuity, you'll be surprised at the diversity of the entertainment that will come over the loud-speaker of your radio set.

To begin with you may hear a pleasant baritone voice singing, "I Love You Truly," with piano accompaniment and a cello obbligato. That will be from

Reg Morgan alone, but don't ask how it is done. That is a secret.

At the moment Albert Russell is quite likely at the other end of the studio looking after Toby the Dog, who is about to make his entrance and bark a song for you, or perhaps he is silencing Biddy the Hen who has just laid a double-yolked egg and regards it as an occasion for great and peculiar rejoicing.

Then a Scotsman may drop in and after a heated argument between himself and Messrs. Russell and Morgan he may render "Annie Laurie" on the bagpipes. Or the visitor may be a Cockney, a Frenchman, or a Yiddisher anxious to play "The Campbells are Coming" on the Yiddisher's fiddle, which is none other than a Jew's harp, so-called because there are no strings or bows to get out of order.

RECENTLY, in England, a mouth-organ virtuoso recorded Ravel's "Bolero" to the amazement of musicians, and whilst the playing of the Yiddisher may not be as remarkable as that, you will find it surprising enough.

Then you may hear a popular song of the day such as "Spring-time in the Rockies" played on the piano as a waltz, a fox-trot, a one-step, with harp accompaniment, and as a band would play it.

Another surprise may be an operatic selection as it is played on the steam organ of a merry-go-round, or a modern tango on the piano-accordion with piano accompaniment.

And the amazing thing, as was pointed out before, is that there is no one in the studio but Russell and Morgan, and no musical instruments but a piano, an organ, and a Jew's harp.

"Good-morning" Club

THESE two cheery newcomers to 2GB came to Sydney from New Zealand. Reg Morgan, as his name suggests, is a native of Wales, where music is in the blood of the people, and the only place where they really know the pronunciation of "Hallelujah".

Albert Russell is an Englishman. In New Zealand, these two gentlemen lightened the darkness of the depression by their "Good-morning Club." All you had to do to be a member was to greet everybody you met with a cheery "Good morning," with a rising inflection.

The idea spread like wildfire, and before long one-half of New Zealand was greeting the other half with a rising inflection in their "Good mornings."

They have often been described as the men with the smile in their voices. Russell is round and jovial. He wears a Rotary Club badge, a greenstone Maori tiki of the god of luck, and horn-rimmed spectacles. Morgan is thin—very thin—and also wears horn-rimmed spectacles. Whereby hangs a tale.

When they were first announced to make their appearance at a Sydney community sing-song someone in the audience asked how were they to tell Russell from Morgan.

"That's easy," said the announcer. "Mr. Russell wears horn-rimmed glasses." Whereupon the two of them entered, both wearing horn-rims, and were amazed at the spontaneous mirth that greeted their first appearance.

REG MORGAN is an accomplished performer on the Wurlitzer organ, and, besides singing opera, French and Welsh songs, popular and classic English songs, he can set to music, play, and sing any piece of verse within three minutes of reading it through for the first time—a feat few musicians in this world are capable of.

And if you would have further proof of Albert Russell's versatility, you should hear him sing "Ever so Goosy" as grandfather, the parson, the stuttering grumpsman, and as the younger generation might sing it at a wedding!

Lost 50 lbs. of Fat Reduced Hips 9 Inches in 10 Weeks



The Shapely Body Former Self

New Drugless Reducing Method
"I lost 50 pounds in 10 weeks taking BonKora. Reduced my hips 9 inches, bust 10 inches. Tired feeling gone. I look years younger."
Mrs. F. E. Fowler (full address on request)
BonKora, the new, safe Reducing Treatment, takes off fat the new "stage" way. Triple action: triple speed. Take BonKora. But fat melts as explained in package.
No dangerous drugs in BonKora. This treatment builds health while reducing fat.
Don't let only fat ruin your charm. Get BonKora from chemist to-day. 4/6 per bottle. If your chemist cannot supply BonKora, send Postal Order to BonKora & Co., Box 20327, G.P.O., Sydney, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you Post Free in plain wrapper.

Keep Perfect Health!

WITH

JUNIPAH

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Containing the Wonderful OIL of JUNIPER!



NO MORE CONSTIPATION

Constipation is considered by the majority of doctors to be the greatest evil affecting health. A clogged system spreads poison throughout every part of the body, causing headaches, dizziness, pimples, etc., and lays the foundation for far worse ailments.

Junipah Mineral Spring Salts clean the system gently yet surely. They contain OIL OF JUNIPER.

RID YOURSELF OF URIC ACID JUNIPAH MINERAL SPRING SALTS

ARE UNEXCELLED FOR KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES. WHY?

For hundreds of years Oil of Juniper has been recognised by the medical profession as a gift to suffering mankind from Nature's garden.

Listen to the radio sensation of 1935:

FRONT PAGE DRAMAS!!

2UW—Mon., Wed. and Fri., at 8 p.m.
2WL—Mon., Wed. and Fri., at 8.30 p.m.
2KO—Tues., Thurs. and Sun., at 9.15 p.m.
2MO—Wed., Thurs. and Sat., at 8 p.m.

YOU GET THE SAME QUANTITY FOR LESS MONEY!

The many expensive ingredients in Junipah Mineral Spring Salts would necessitate a considerably higher price than for ordinary mineral salts but for the fact that they are sold in simple yet perfectly effective containers which are waxed and airtight with patent fastener. Genuine Junipah Salts are packed in orange and red coloured cartons.

DEFINITELY DIFFERENT TO ANY OTHER SALTS

Junipah Mineral Spring Salts are not "just another salt"—they are new and entirely different. They contain different ingredients, such as the precious Oil of Juniper. This salt functions in a safe, efficient way. "Junipah" is the Perfect Mineral Salt. Junipah Salts are the only mineral spring salts recommended by the New South Wales Society for the Promotion of Public Health.

Junipah Mineral Spring Salts do not recrystallise in the blood and are the perfect mineral salt.

Distributors:

GROSVENOR LABORATORIES LTD.
SYDNEY

DOUBLE SIZE

2'

THE EYES HAVE IT!

But They Must Be Right

Nothing else is so important as your eyes and the preservation of their efficiency.

To preserve sight, prescribe correct glasses when necessary and only when necessary, and attend to all errors of vision is the life work of the trained optometrist. He is registered by the Government and fully qualified.

Where definite errors of refraction are found, these can only be corrected by glasses, and only the optometrist or oculist is permitted by law to attend to this.

For your eyes' sake, consult an optometrist once a year.

Inscribed by the
Eye-sight Preservation
Council

Such a Variety of Puddings!

Steaming hot puddings for cold winter days—puddings made with Copha. They're lighter and have lots more flavour. And as Copha is purely a vegetable product, Copha puddings (cakes and pastry, too) will not rather than spoil your digestion. To begin with, make—

COPHA STEAMED DATE PUDDING

2 ozs. Pure Copha 1 Egg
1 ozs. Sugar 6 ozs. Plain Flour
2 tablespoons Milk 1 medium tea-spoon Baking Powder
2 ozs. Dates (washed and cut into quarters) Pinch of Salt

Cream the Copha and sugar. Stir in the egg and the milk (slightly whisked). Add the dates, also the flour, baking powder and salt (sifted). Mix well. Turn into greased basin. Cover with greased paper and steam for 1½ hours. Serve hot with white sauce.

—then send for the Copha Recipe Book and make Copha Ginger Pudding—Spanish Pudding—Sponge, Canary and Princess Pudding—all of them will raise even the best cook's reputation! Use Copha in all your own recipes too—they'll taste much more delicious! And remember, Copha contains no moisture, therefore you'll need only 1 lb. to 1 lb. of any other shortening and add 2 tablespoons of water and a pinch of salt. You'll be delighted with the Copha Recipe Book—it's free and sent free, and you can get it by writing to—

EDIBLE OIL INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD.
Sydney.

If you haven't yet tried the Copha method of vegetable cooking, write also for the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder. This method not only retains the natural health-giving juices and the garden freshness of the vegetables, it also cuts down enormously on your gas-bills.

"NAME THE NOISE"—a novel radio competition. Listen in to 2CL every Monday night at 8.15, and to 2GB every Tuesday night at 8.30. First valuable cash prizes to be won every week!

"Few people have learned the art of collecting happy memories; they collect old china and prints and books—all good and pleasant, but fragile and perishable. But happy memories are indestructible possessions which nothing can take from us."—Isabel B. Rose.



Mandrake the Magician



The Characters in this new Mandrake Episode are:

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician, who is in Alexandria. With him is **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian slave. Mandrake and Lothar are suddenly attacked by strangers, but overcoming them, ascertain that they are the servants of a certain **PRINCESS NARDA:** A beautiful girl on whom Mandrake immediately calls for an explanation. Princess Narda apologises for

the attack, explaining that its real object was a man who had threatened her life, a figure she only knows as **THE HAWK:** A sinister humpback. Mandrake departs after promising the Princess his assistance should she need it. The Hawk then appears in Narda's room and tells her that she must get rid of Mandrake. The Princess calls on Mandrake on the pretence that she wants to tell him her story.



Yours... for only Sixpence!



STRONG, STURDY, BEAUTIFUL!

A thoroughly quiet pure bred Shetland pony and magnificent little buggy that delights all who see it, and strong enough for mother to use, as well as the kiddies—and talking of kiddies, do you know, Mother, that this winter, as in the past, will be very cruel to thousands of little ones. Diphtheria, pneumonia, bronchitis, etc., invariably bring to us thousands of children from all over the State. Will you help these poor little unfortunates, and in helping them you can, of course, win the little turnout, or

£1 A WEEK for TWELVE MONTHS

for, should it be desired, we will find a purchaser and guarantee to pay the winner the above in lieu of the turnout.

THE WINNER LAST YEAR was Mr. N. G. Woodley, of Tamworth.

SOMEBODY MUST WIN AGAIN THIS YEAR. Why not you?

The Secretary, Children's Hospital, Dept. D.,
Kensha Buildings, Margaret Street, Sydney.
I would like to win the Shetland Pony Turnout. I enclose
..... in stamps for entries (sixpence for each
entry), and 1d. postage.

Name

Address

WEAK KIDNEYS



No wonder you
look haggard
and old before
your time

IF EVERYBODY realised how vitally important to general health was the naturally healthy working of the kidneys, not one case of kidney weakness would go a day untreated. Every drop of blood in your system must pass through the kidneys, there to be filtered of all impurities and poisons—chief amongst them being uric acid. If the kidneys are too weak to discharge this duty properly the blood stream carries the uric acid all over the body. This uric acid will then form jagged crystals that settle in joints, causing painful swellings, stiffness and finally the stabbing agony of rheumatism. The crystals may actually lodge in the bladder, giving rise to gravel, stone or

chronic inflammation. Kidney weakness, which can be recognised by backache, heaviness and general lassitude, joint pains or baggy eyes, should be treated at once with De Witt's Pills.

DE WITT'S Kidney and Bladder Pills act directly on the kidneys, toning them up and assisting them to clear the blood stream of impurities. That the soothing, healing elements of De Witt's Pills actually reach the kidneys will be proved to you within twenty-four hours. Sold only in the white, blue and gold boxes, from chemists everywhere. Price 3/6, or the larger, more economical size, 6/6

Be sure you get the genuine—

DeWitt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

THEATRE ROYAL,
Nightly at 8. Matinee Wed. & Sat. at 2.
The Irrelevant Musical Comedy,
"HIGH JINKS"
Featured by MADGE ELLIOTT & CYRIL
RITCHARD.
Huge Supporting Cast headed by Ethel
Morrison.

CRITERION
Nightly at 8. Matinee Wed. & Sat. at 2.
COM. SATURDAY (JUNE 1) AT 8.
J. C. WILLIAMSON'S NEW ENGLISH CO. IN
"QUEER CARGO"
Blood-trotting Drama,
With FRANK HARVEY.
Sent in by T.R.H., Broken Hill,
N.S.W.

IF anybody had any real liberty, any real independence, and owed subsequence to no one, then the reluctance of people to be servants would be more understandable. But since we are all servants...—E. V. Lucas, in "Encounters and Diversions".

HARSH Treatment of MOTHERS!

Our Access Laws are in Urgent Need of Revision

During the hearing of an application before a divorce judge last week, it was stated that the mother of three little girls had been trying for six years to see her children oftener than the law permitted.

This case again brings under notice the question of whether a mother should be denied access to her own children. Does the fact that she has committed a breach of the marriage covenant justify the penalty that is so often inflicted in Australian courts?

THE question is an urgent one in these days, when enlightened opinion is against anything that involves the innocent with the guilty.

Away back in 1929 this woman was the respondent in a divorce suit brought by her husband. The third party in the case was a medical man. During the husband's absences from home an attachment had grown up between the wife and the doctor.

When the then Judge in Divorce gave his decision he awarded custody of the children to the petitioner, and ordered that the mother should be permitted access to them no more than once every month.

The little girls were taken out of their mother's care and handed over to their father.

Following the divorce, the respondent and co-respondent married. That marriage has been in existence six years. Husband and wife are highly respected in the country town in which the former is a medical practitioner.

Yet so far as her children are concerned, the mother is in the position of a pariah. If she goes to see them, except on rare and stated occasions, she must expect to have the door shut in her face.

Slight Concession

STRANGERS can mix with these children at will. Their own mother cannot.

Such is the state of affairs that our legal system has brought about. On what grounds it can be defended—whether of benefit to individuals or to the State—is another matter.

In the case under notice, the mother's affection for her children has in no way abated. She has pleaded in court on no fewer than five occasions for additional right of access. On each occasion she was refused.

Last week, in answer to yet another appeal, a slight concession was made by the presiding Judge. It was ordered that additional access to the extent of "once in every six weeks" should be granted.

This means that on all but 18 days of the year the children are not allowed to see their mother, and she is for 347 days of the year forbidden to go near them.

Thus, because of what happened seven years ago, three growing children are denied the ordinary right of intercourse between child and parent.

And the woman in the case, though she has made every atonement possible for an original error, and has been married for six years to the man to whom she gave her love, is told, in effect, that she must not associate with her own children.

It is surely time that a practice in which the tyranny of the old Ecclesiastical Courts lingers on should be revised or abolished.

The law in all the Australian States is that the question of custody of the children, when wife or husband has obtained a divorce, is reserved for the Judge. As a rule, the custody is granted to the petitioner, unless exceptional circumstances are shown. The degree of access to be granted the other side is then determined.

Some Judges are more considerate than others in dealing with requests of mothers who have committed matrimonial offences.

The enlightened viewpoint is that a mother's right to the care of a child she has brought into the world should be carefully safeguarded, both for her sake and that of the child.

Even if access is denied, or restricted, for a time, the ban should not be permanent. The day is past when it was thought sound policy to involve the innocent and the guilty in a form of punishment to which no period is fixed.

More particularly should a mother be given the right, free and unrestricted, to associate with her children when, by her conduct over a term of years, she has regained the good opinion of society.

H. G. HOLBROOK says: I have shared out ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?***

When You Feel TIRED...

When you feel depressed...
When you've got a headache...
Or "pains all over"
Or feel "all on edge"
When nothing goes right
And you're all upset
get a

LIFE with Cream of Yeast

Cream of Yeast is LIFE! It's a tonic, a stimulant, a natural medicine, made better than Nature alone could achieve. It's a handy pick-me-up for Men and Women. Better than Aspirin. Better than Alcohol. Better than old-time tonics. And, if you count results for anything—it's a good deal cheaper. All Chemists sell Cream of Yeast—24 Tablets, 1/11, 48 for 2/6, or 125 for 5/0. Pop up with Cream of Yeast—TO-DAY!

Lost 18 lbs. of Fat In 2 Short Weeks

New Drugless Reducing Method
"I have been taking BonKora only 2 weeks and have already lost 18 pounds. Reduced waist 4 inches, hips 3 1/2 inches. I feel fine, never tired now."—Mrs. Frank Cole (full address on request)
How many pounds would you like to lose? 20 lbs? 50 lbs? More? Take BonKora, the new and positive Reducing Treatment.

Takes off fat new "J-steps" way. Triple action; triple speed. Take BonKora. Eat big meals as explained in BonKora package.
No dangerous drugs in BonKora. This treatment builds health while reducing fat.
Don't let ugly fat ruin your charm. Get BonKora from chemist to-day. 6/6 per bottle. If your chemist cannot supply BonKora send Postal Note for 6/6 to Schaeffer & Co., Box 28522, C.P.O., Sydney, and the full sized bottle will be mailed to you Post Free in plate wrapper.***

TINS-17

CORNS!

FRENCH CORN-CURE

— SURE CURE —
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF
REMOVES HARDEST SKIN

ANTHONY HORDERNS SYDNEY

OVERWORKED NERVES

Lead To Misery And Distress

Most of us know what happens when the nervous system is overworked. We get irritable and worried, suffer from headaches, depression, and sleeplessness; nothing seems to go right, and we become discouraged and despondent.

If you are like this, take heed, or a severe nervous breakdown may follow. You must strengthen your nerves by giving them nourishment, and the finest nerve tonic you can take is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills supply the nerves with the very elements they need, and give increased energy, keen appetite, strong, steady nerves, and robust health.

One typical case is that of Mrs. E.A.U., of Lambton, N.S.W., who states: "I used to get very nervous and distressed, easily upset, and felt I was a misery to myself and all around me. I got pains in the head and body, and never wanted to go out anywhere. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and thanks to these wonderful pills I have fully recovered health and strength. I eat and sleep well, and my spirits are much brighter. All my friends tell me how well I look."

Let Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give you new health also; get a 3/- bottle now, and start taking them after your next meal. At chemists and stores. Say "Dr. Williams'" and take no other.***

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

So They Say

IT'S YOUR PAGE
The "So They Say" page is your page. You can write what you like in it, about what—and how—you like! No topic under the sun, if it is interesting, will be banned! So go ahead and get that pet theory of yours off your chest.

MONEY WELL SPENT

I AM quite convinced that the pleasure of shopping is not confined to the shopper with an open cheque. To one who has so much and no more to spend, it is a great joy to feel the money has been well spent.

To spend money well is not to buy shoddy, cheap, so-called bargains. Always remember that a few shillings more paid at the time for quality is well worth while. For this I have proved again and again.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. Alice E. Chinner, 3 Clendene Avenue, East Kew E4, Vic.

DANGEROUS HOOTERS

I WONDER if the drivers of cars and trucks with hooters that emit a piercing blast ever realise that, instead of warning people to get out of the way, they succeed in paralysing them with fear? I have often seen people crossing a busy street in a confident manner when suddenly a shrill shriek comes from a car. They give a nervous start, seem unable to move for a second or two, finally hurry, and sometimes run, to safety, feeling decidedly foolish. They give a hasty glance round to see if anybody has noticed, and hurry on, looking disgusted with themselves. If this type of hooter reacts on pedestrians in this manner it ceases to be a warning and becomes a menace to safety.

Mrs. R. S. Irvine, 20 Clifton St., Maylands, S.A.

A NATIONAL S.O.S.

DURING the Easter holidays a lad of 16 fell into a paddy near Daylesford, Victoria, broke his leg and, being unable to help himself, he "cree-ee-ed" for some time. Although his cries were heard by one man, no response was made as the man probably thought the cry was not one of distress. Eventually the unfortunate boy was found dead, having died from exposure and shock.

This sad occurrence set me thinking that a word or call should be adopted as a national distress signal.

It would be a pity to use the word "cree-ee" in this connection, because of its many other and happier applications, but we certainly should have a good, arresting, resounding call set apart as our national signal of distress.

Of course it would need to be quite distinctive, and one that could not be confused with any call of bird or beast. "Ka-wa," "ka-lee," or "loo-ba" all carry well with the broad "a" of the first syllable long and loud, and the second of higher pitch, short, and explosive.

Every man, woman, and child should be taught the call, and the misuse of it should be made punishable by law.

Will not some authoritative person or organisation take up this matter?

Mrs. A. E. Rutherford, 311 Raglan St., Ballarat, Vic.

BETTER EQUIPPED

IN my opinion, the experience of going out to work teaches a girl to become something worthwhile. She learns the market value of her abilities, which she cannot learn in her home, where, very often, they are over or under-estimated.

She learns to take her place in the rank and file; to be self-reliant; she learns the difficulties of bread-winning in competition with others; she understands discipline.

On marrying, she becomes a "home girl." Surely what she has learnt will be of some use. She is more fully equipped to become a pal to her husband.

Mrs. H. F. Pace, 26 Clarence Rd., Penzance, N.S.W.

MAKING FRIENDS

I CHANGED to hear over the air of a man, one of whose hobbies was the making and keeping of friends, and it struck me what a wonderful hobby it was—worthy and noble.

The making of new friends is not easy, except to a nature open, generous, fair, and the keeping of them—in the sense that we understand the word "friend"—is, in my opinion, a victory over oneself, and means the world conquered.

And after all... the joy of this world when you've summed it all up.
Is found in the making of friends.
Miss B. Nell, Wood's Flat, via Blanchetown, S.A.

Fortune-Telling ... Its Friends and Its Enemies

I WAS very interested in E. Crumlin's par (11/5/35). I would like to know why everything to do with fortune-telling is dubbed as "mystic." We know that the mind is but a very wonderful collection of sensitized matter, and has power to photograph impressions. Can we fail to believe that they can see distant events? And are there not good and bad cameras?

It is because so many condemn what they cannot understand that we do not see fortune-telling as it is. Too much credulity is not good, but why should we doubt the truth that to some is given the power to foretell certain events in the future?

Moreover, if we foresee a possible event it is not impossible to forestall it by other common-sense measures. The power of the mind is not doubted by some, and it is possible to use it both for good and evil. We need to use our own minds as well as the minds of others; and weigh up the results, as we would in any other problem.

D. K. Hughes, c/o Cremorne Junction P.O., N.S.W.

Definitely Against It

IN reply to Miss Crumlin's letter, I wish to say that I fail to understand how any intelligent woman can place faith in the so-called prophecies of a crystal-gazer, a tea-cup reader, etc. Why can't these women realise that a fortune-teller is just an ordinary human being, with limited powers, like themselves, and no more able to foretell the future than they are? Fortune-telling is simply another money-making racket, carried on by unscrupulous people who prey upon these foolish, superstitious women, and who are quite probably laughing up their sleeves at them all the while.

Mrs. L. Quilivan, 1 Cromie St., Murrumbidgee, Vic.

Will Grow Like Blacks

I CERTAINLY agree with Miss E. Crumlin (11/5/35) re fortune-tellers. Fortune-telling, in my opinion, is a crime and there should be a law brought in to stop it.

How many people have passed restless days and nights thinking of the future which has been told to them by some man or woman suitably dressed for the occasion?

If such superstitious belief continues, we will gradually grow as ignorant as the blacks and, in years to come, should any fortune-teller point a stick at us and mutter "die," we most likely will.

L. Knight, Yarraman, via Ipswich, Qld.

Screen Oddities

Press Reports Must Often Encourage Crime

AFTER reading the Press quotations given by Miss Gurr (11/5/35), I quite agree with her that such reports should be dispensed with.

It is just pure temptation to publish the fact that a ring worth £300 is worn by such and such a person. In some cases a good plan of the house is shown as well. It is really an encouragement to criminals and should be corrected.

M. Kay, 425 Kiewa St., Albion, N.S.W.

Vindictive Minds

I AGREE with Miss Gurr (11/5/35) re Press reports. One also often reads of an intruder being frightened away by an unloaded or even toy weapon. To the vindictive mind this would give cause to endeavor to "get one back" for this ridicule, and the criminal would probably try again and do some damage.

Miss R. Sparling, 398 Pacific Highway, Pymble, N.S.W.

"Tis Better To Have Loved and Lost"—Do You Think This?

THE poet says: "Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." Do you agree with this, readers? I do not. If you have loved and lost it is very sad, as some of us love but none. If you never have loved at all and have missed meeting the one and only man, don't you think you may have missed a lot of worry and, perhaps, disillusion as the years go by?

Miss Tessie Marshall, 84 Beach Rd., Darling Point, N.S.W.

Hinders Justice

I CERTAINLY agree with Miss Gurr (11/5/35) that the police should censor the Press reports of crimes. Policemen in various branches of their activities have complained to me how much they were handicapped thus. For instance, when beginning a search for a suspect murderer or burglar, by finding all their moves and future intentions advertised far and wide, so that the sought-for criminal had to be quite slow mentally if he couldn't evade them.

Agnes M. Boyle, 552 Pt. Nepean Rd., Brighton S8, Vic.

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

HUGH HERBERT
BOUGHT A HOLLYWOOD MOUNTAIN TOP INTENDING TO BUILD HIS HOME THERE, BUT SOON DISCOVERED HE WOULD HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL ROADS ARE BUILT TO THE SPOT.

JOAN BENNETT
MADE HER FIRST RADIO BROADCAST RECENTLY—AND HER HUSBAND GENE MARSH, LOST FOUR POUNDS WORKING ABOUT IT.

CHICK CHANDLER
RECEIVED ONLY ONE DOLLAR FOR HIS FIRST YEAR'S WORK IN THE MOVIES. HE WAS AN APPRENTICE CAMERAMAN.

GENE RAYMOND'S AUTOGRAPH
Gene Raymond

Do You Worry If You're Too Tall or Too Small?

I READ with interest Mrs. Walton's letter (11/5/35). I am myself over the average height, and I remember how as a child I was much taller than my special chums at school. This made me feel gawky and ill-at-ease. I wished, how I wished, that I were a few inches shorter! How dainty the other girls seemed to me! How I longed to be able to rush madly about in games as they did. But, being so tall, I was afraid that I would look ridiculous, and refrained from letting loose the wild spirit that was in me. This repression had a definite effect on me. I grew up a reserved sort of person, conscious of my height, especially when standing with or near other girls who were shorter of stature than I.

Miss Clarice Lambert, 344 Crown St., Sydney.

Oh, To Be Tall!

FOR one, have a complex with regard to height. It's no use envying those tall, graceful figures, but I do wish I was just two inches taller. I have always felt out of things because I was a "squib." Short people can be trim and neat, but don't you little ones all just wish to be tall and graceful? Clothes are worn to perfection, and I've noticed it seems to be an advantage also in dancing championships.

Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

Extra Inches Help

I CERTAINLY agree with Mrs. Walton re tall and short people. I am well over the average height for a woman and have never had cause to regret it.

From my experience in the ballroom, I consider that not only are they in demand more for dancing, but also a tall woman in evening dress can manage to look charming as well as dignified, whereas a small person, however well-dressed, can but seldom look dignified and carry things off so successfully.

J. Wilkins, 6 Tennyson St., Brighton Beach, Melbourne.

I Overcame My Worry

I LIKE Mrs. L. Walton (W.W., 11/5/35). I used to suffer from an inferiority complex because of my lack of inches. I am barely five feet in height. However, by dressing to suit my type I have made my shortness less apparent, and I feel much happier. I never wear bright colors, very tailored styles, large hats, or very high-heeled shoes. The latter particularly look silly (especially from the back view) on a short girl and give her an awkward gait. In the daytime I wear simple frocks of one color—never a jumper and contrasting skirt—and in the evening, soft, frilly frocks. My advice to small women is to choose pretty frocks in preference to smart, sophisticated ones.

Miss G. M. Sprule, Rouse Hill Rd., Kenthurst, N.S.W.

Make the Most of Your Height

WHY do we all take our own particular case as the only one in history? Human nature, I suppose. Were Mrs. Walton to look round, she would find thousands of women of "insignificant" stature. I am above average height and used to droop my knees to appear shorter when in company, but after analyzing the situation I drew myself to my full height and now draw attention to that of which I used to feel ashamed. To me, small people have that special appeal the dolly type usually has to big people, but why make myself look awkward because of that? Probably the Juncosque type is just as attractive to them. My advice is, make the most of your type and lose that inferior feeling.

Miss K. Bowie, 49 Bowman St., Drummond, N.S.W.

Tall—But Content

IT is terrible to be very young and tall. At seventeen, I was five feet seven, the tallest girl in the township, taller even than most of the men. I'd meet Mum's friends who would invariably remark, "Only seventeen; but isn't she tall" (emphasis on "tall"). I would become speechless with rage and embarrassment. At dances I'd tower over my partner and that gave me an inferior feeling.

If a man, I'd choose the girls as "high as my heart." But, although I'm a "five foot-seven girl," I'm quite content, for I can wear almost any hat or dress. Jean Lovely, Mt. Pleasant, Gympie, Qld.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

HAS anyone ever noticed that it is better to teach children to be obliging than to emphasise the need for obedience? A selfish and unobliging child is invariably disobedient, but if a child is taught from infancy to consider others he will hasten to accede to any reasonable request to oblige.

It is often fear of his loss of dignity which makes a child disobedient. For this reason it is better to make a request than to give a command. Any obliging child will comply with a reasonable request, and at the same time retain his dignity and self-respect.

Mrs. Sparkes, Thorold St., Woolwin, Brisbane.

ETIQUETTE



SHOULD you have contracted a cold, don't inform everyone you meet of a very obvious fact.

SUGGESTIVE PLAYS

WHY does the present-day stage play so often teem with suggestive remarks and jokes—often bordering on the disgusting? If the producers imagine that the public enjoy this kind of thing, I am quite convinced that (with a few exceptions) they are mistaken. I have purposely noted that playwrights very rarely signify approval of this questionable type of "comedy." The comment by three different men I know on a recent play was that it was "absolutely over the fence!"

Why not cater for the majority, instead of the few whose sense of humor is only stimulated by something nasty? Let us be broadminded by all means, but let us be decent.

Mrs. Maude Clark, 7 Calmaray Flats, Thorpe St., Croydon, N.S.W.

MOTHER'S DAY

WOULD it not be wonderful if you could have "Mother's Day" recognised on the almanac?

As a mother of a family, I am very appreciative of the thoughtful gifts given me by my children on Mother's Day, and the beautiful references made on behalf of mothers from our public platforms, etc. But, in spite of all the advertisements etc., quite a number of young people ask, "When is Mother's Day?" showing that it has grown in favor and is of national importance and that there is a strong desire on the part of our young people to pay tribute to mother.

I wish we could obtain recognition in a public way of Mother's Day, so that everyone would know its place on the calendar.

Mrs. W. Spooner, Box 416, Innisfail, Nth. Qld.

GLEE UNIONS

IT would be a great step forward in Australian culture if the big business houses and factories in the large cities formed glee unions and kindred societies among their employees.

There is a superabundance of talent running to waste, and works of a very high standard would soon be rendered creditable.

In any business house or factory having a fair number of employees there would be sure to be one or more quite competent to undertake the musical training of a choir.

There are plenty of choruses and madrigals from Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, and even more ambitious works could be essayed.

I should like also to put in a plea for more amateur orchestral societies. Here also there would be good leadership available, and the whole tendency would be to bring Australia more in line with Continental countries in musical appreciation.

Mrs. M. Ward, 50 Ashburn Place, Gladstone, N.S.W.

Send No Money - JUST THE COUPON
FREE OFFER EXPIRES 30th JUNE, 1935

Challenge BLANKETS

"No, I'm not broke," he said, which was obvious amidst so much grandeur. "But there are plenty of people for whom I haven't any money—you know those platoons of process-servers who are encamped in the lounge downstairs, broken-hearted actresses, indignant promoters. So far as all those people are concerned I'm broke. It's not all honey being the world's boxing champion.

"There was a trapeze-performer in New York who flew into Court with the greatest of ease—and a broken heart—to tell the Judge I'd promised to take her off her trapeze and put her in a cottage with roses round the door. She thought her disappointment was worth £40,000.

The above is a reproduction of an actual postcard sent from the Ross System to the Ross System. It shows the increase in my own height to 6' 3 1/2".

Write me to-day for Free Details and Convincing Testimony of the Ross System and enclose 10/- to defray postage.

A. W. MALCOLM ROSS,
HEIGHT SPECIALIST,
P.O. Box 15, SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

6 OTHER WINNERS TOO!

SIE.—6-volt Super Hat, Mantel	15 gns.	Console	14 gns.
AE.—6-volt Super Hat (It's a marvel)	Cons.		28 gns.
6IAW.—Triple Band All-Wave, Mantel	33 gns.	Console	38 gns.
6IGS.—6-volt Super Hat (Generator Battery type)	Cons.		38 gns.

HARRINGTONS LTD.

What Women Are Doing

Her Radio Career

VIOLET SEMPLE, who is to sing in a national broadcast programme on June 7, can trace her radio career back to the dim, dark days in the early 'twenties when, from the room of an amateur wireless operator in East Melbourne, listeners at the Show Grounds, Flemington, heard with amazement the contralto-singing nearly three miles away.

When her song was actually heard at Ferntree Gully, 22½ miles distant, the excited inhabitants of the Gully rushed to the telephone to inform her of this miracle!

C.W.A. President Returning From England

THE South Australian Branch of the Country Women's Association will undergo an important change in its presidency very shortly, as Mrs. C. E. Dolling, who was president before she went to England with her husband, Dr. C. E. Dolling, in the early part of last year, will be back in Adelaide at the end of June.

Mrs. Frank Rynall, who has been acting-president, has planned to go to England shortly, so Mrs. Dolling will resume her old job, spurred on by a great deal of information from the Associated Countrywomen of the World, who have been conferring in London. Mrs. Dolling represented South Australia at the conference, which was held about three months ago.

When she left for Adelaide last year, it was Mrs. Dolling's intention to do a post-graduate course in radiology in Vienna, but as both her husband and son had to undergo surgical operations, and she herself was ill, the stay in Vienna had to be cancelled.

Mrs. P. A. Ollstrom, who has been treasurer of the C.W.A. for Mrs. Dolling since her departure, says that the association will be glad to welcome the latter back, all the more so because of the news of overseas countrywomen's work she will bring.

Dr. and Mrs. Dolling have left England with their children, and are returning by way of New Zealand.

Worker for the Cause Of Helpless Children

RE-ELECTED president of the Brisbane Creche and Kindergarten Bridge Club, Mrs. Bruce Shearer was entertained by the committee at morning tea on the occasion of the annual meeting.

Being president of this club is not by any means Mrs. Shearer's only activity, for she recently acted as honorary secretary for the moister bridge party on the Largs Bay to assist the Missions to Seamen.

Her love of, and interest in children prompted Mrs. Shearer to join the Creche and Kindergarten Association, of which she was the organising secretary in 1930, and she has been a member ever since, being made an honorary life member for services rendered in 1933.

Continuing her work for children, she was honorary secretary of the Rotarians' Appeal for the Crippled Children in 1930, and is now co-convenor of the voluntary art instruction class at the Crippled Children's Home, which was made possible by this appeal.

For the last four years, Mrs. Shearer has been president of the Arts and Crafts Society, where she has exhibited her pottery work and has organised the exhibitions for the society for several years.

Native Woman Sings At Mission Conference

WHEN she came to town to sing at the United Aborigines' Mission conference, held in Adelaide recently, Mrs. Karpauy, a full-blooded aboriginal woman, delighted everyone who met her. Not only had she a delightful voice, soft and very true, but she also had quite a flair for good frocking and simply revelled in the shops—such shops, of course, are unheard of at Swan Reach Mission Station, her home.

Mrs. Karpauy saw Adelaide's "lights," and met a number of the women connected with the mission at the home base, and also delivered her quota of praise to the work the missionaries are doing in Central Australia.

The Lady Hore Ruthven Drive

WITH its two preliminary meetings over, the first meeting proper of the South Australian Women's Centenary Council, at which officers will be elected, is to be held on June 11.

The council will honor the wife of the State's former Governor by making its first topic of discussion the planting of the Lady Hore Ruthven Drive at Outer Harbor, and work on it will begin immediately.

Although no country town will be actually represented on the council, persons from all over the State will be invited to contribute trees to the Lady Hore Ruthven Drive, not only in memory of her stay in Adelaide, but also in memory of anybody else they desire, such as a hero of the war.

Mrs. Chapman thinks that the Women's Centenary Council will probably have nearly 200 members, and will include Mrs. J. Lavington Bonython and Mrs. James Leal, who are the only two women on the executive of the general Centenary committee.

Wielding the Baton For Choir and Orchestra

MISS HELEN BAINTON, the attractive younger daughter of the Director of the Conservatorium of Music, Sydney, essayed conducting for the first time in Australia at the production of "The Tempest" at the Savoy Theatre by Dr. Cardamatis.

Miss Bainton played the piano and conducted the small orchestra and choir for the music which Mr. Albert Cusack composed specially for this production.

Before leaving England Miss Bainton conducted in a similar way for a performance of Laurence Housman's "Prunella." She is, however, mainly interested in solo work, and is a clever pianist and violinist.

Miss Helen Bainton

Raises Chickens and Writes Poetry

AS well as looking after a poultry run at Oxley, near Brisbane, Mrs. Grace M. Buckridge finds time to write lyrics and children's verse. Mrs. Buckridge is an Englishwoman, having lived in Salisbury until three years ago.

Soon after she arrived in Queensland, at her first glimpse of the bush and the first time she had seen ringbarking, she wrote one of her most successful poems, "Ghosts of the Bush."

Mr. Eric John, the well-known pianist and composer, has composed the music to a great number of Mrs. Buckridge's verses.

Retires After Lifetime Devoted to A.W.N.L. Work

HUNDREDS of A.W.N.L. members and many prominent parliamentarians paid tribute to Mrs. C. E. Bolitho at the farewell party arranged in her honor when she retired from office as general organising secretary of the A.W.N.L. of Victoria.

Thirty-one years have passed since she first joined the League, and she recalled the fact that when she sent out the first batch of League notices her son stamped them with a toy rubber stamp.

The same son was present at the farewell party, and a message from his two children, Mary and George, was read.

Mrs. Bolitho inaugurated the Children's Cinema Council, and she still retains her interest in it as well as in quite a large number of other organizations, so there will not be much spare time in the days ahead.

Organised Women's Section of Mission Conference

BECAUSE of the prolonged illness of the secretary, Miss Violet Turner, Mrs. N. Anquetil organised among the women for the United Aborigines' Mission Conference in Adelaide.

Mrs. Anquetil was selected to take over Miss Turner's duties as she is an efficient member of the mission council, on which there are four women, all of whom were present at the conference. About 15 members of the home base auxiliary attended the dinner following it. Mrs. Anquetil has first-hand knowledge of the mission work being done in Central Australia, as she has visited Napaburna, Swan Reach, and Quorn stations.

Returned to Duty At Daubina Mission

A NEW GUINEA missionary, Miss Ida Kent, spent part of her furlough in Brisbane before leaving for Cairns, where she joined the Macdhuil, bound for Papua.

Miss Kent, who received her training at Rockhampton, has been matron of the home for half-castes, conducted at Daubina, which is a day's journey from Samarai, for the past eighteen months. The Anglican Mission is the only one in Papua which has a home solely for half-castes, and, in Miss Kent's opinion, it was much better for them to be cared for in a place by themselves than with natives.

At present, the home contains 21 girls and 5 boys, whose ages range from 6 years to 22. They are the second generation cared for by the home, which was started about 30 years ago, and most of their parents are half-castes.

Miss Kent is responsible for the housekeeping and for the health of the half-castes, and also teaches the boys wood-carving and the girls fancywork, and supervises their sport.

Before her appointment to Daubina, Miss Kent spent five and a half years at Taupota, about twenty miles from where she is now stationed.

Gathering Material for Lectures and Travel Talks

MUCH material for illustrated political lectures and travel talks to be given all over England is being gathered together by the Hon. Mrs. E. P. Hopewell on the world tour that has brought her to Australia. She provides the illustrations as well as the context for her lectures, for everywhere she goes she takes a camera.

A distant relative of Lord Huntingfield, Mrs. Hopewell has a reached Sydney, after staying with Lord and Lady Huntingfield at Government House, Melbourne. Later she will go on to New Zealand.

Mrs. Hopewell was disappointed at our lack of women politicians and municipal councillors, but unlike other visitors, she does not consider that Australian women are politically apathetic. Her brother, Lord Hampton, as Chief Scout Commissioner, is second in command to Lord Baden-Powell, so Mrs. Hopewell is naturally interested in Guiding, and she is also a prominent member of the Women's Institute Movement, which is the English equivalent to our Country Women's Association.

Hon. Mrs. E. P. Hopewell



Returns to Painting After 30 Years

AFTER nearly 30 years almost without touching a paintbrush, Miss Gertrude Britten, who had forsaken art for nursing, suddenly decided to return to her earlier career, became an associate of the Society of Arts in Adelaide, exhibited some of her work, and carried off this season's still-life prize at the recent autumn exhibition.

It was the first that South Australian artists had heard of her, as all her previous work was done in England, but they have plenty of opportunity to examine her pictures now, as she is holding an exhibition of her paintings, to last for a fortnight, at the Colonial Mutual Life building in King William St., Adelaide. Mrs. A. E. V. Richardson, who opened the autumn exhibition, also opened that of Miss Britten on May 21.

Miss Britten spared a few moments from arranging her pictures to tell of her early artistic career, which began when she was 11. She entered for a scholarship entitling the winner to attend the Wimbledon Arts College, and not only was she successful but she won the scholarship a second time. Design was her main interest, and at a very early age she won the English, Irish, and Scotch National Prize for design. Her entry was a design for tapestry.

When she became a nurse, she dropped painting. Later she came to live in Australia and it was only about three years ago that she decided she would like to return to her art work, and it immediately met with success. This is her first lone exhibition.

Wife of Australian Pianist-Composer

MRS. ROY A GNEW, wife of the pianist-composer, whose broadcast recitals are delighting Australian audiences, is an ideal wife for a creative musician. She is a serene and cultured woman with a rare personality.

Before her marriage, she was Miss Kathleen O'Connor, daughter of one of our first High Court Judges, and her family lives in Sydney.

Mrs. Agnew has accompanied her husband on his recent tour of Perth, Adelaide, Hobart, and Melbourne. They are now in Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. Agnew returned to Australia several months ago, after spending four years abroad.

Mrs. Roy Agnew

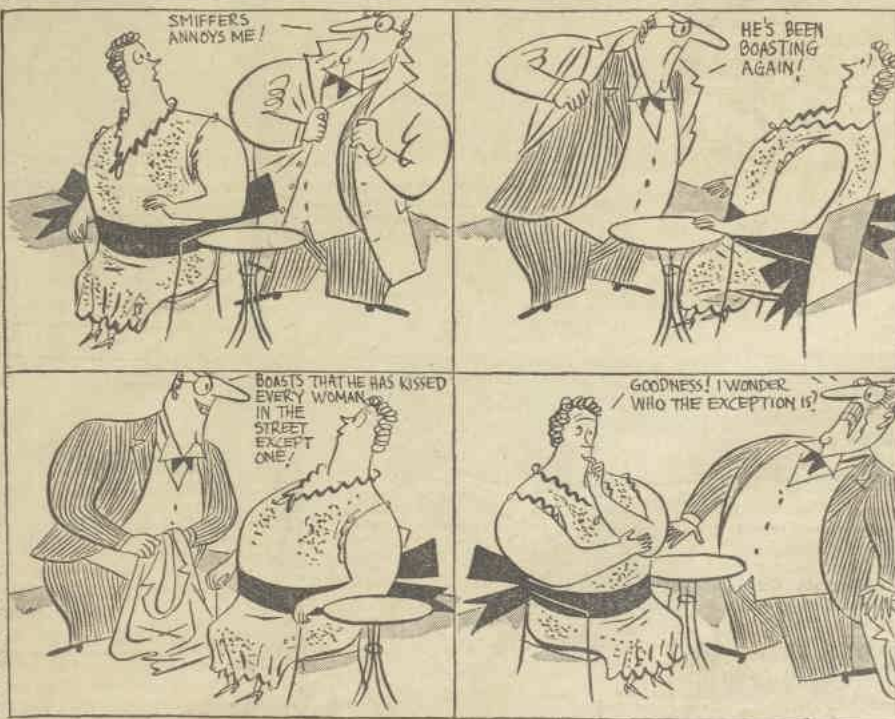
Artist Designs and Patents Convertible Cot

MRS. IRENE RONDELLO, a South Australian artist, has invited members of the medical profession and hospital authorities of Adelaide to inspect a new cot that she has invented and has just had patented. She says that she really invented it for the convenience of her small son, who could not sleep in summer-lions because of the heat, when it dawned upon her that it would be suitable for hospital use or for invalid infants.

It is constructed of light steel tube framework, and has a mattress hung on the suspension plan from the steel runners; it is collapsible, portable, and can be lifted in one hand, so light is it. Mrs. Rondello found that a sheep-skin lining for the mattress was much cooler than an ordinary mattress for winter and could be dispensed with in the hot weather. But that is not all.

The cot can be converted into a playground when the child is not lying down.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP.





with this Talon Front Gossard!

It's so easy to slip on and it takes just a second to close the Talon fastener. No side opening to mar that smooth line over the hips! This all-in-one is fashioned of peach figured batiste, with an uplift brassiere of lace. The back is of woven satin finished two-way-stretch elastic.

Gossard MisSimplicities, step-ins, and Lastex fabric garments also come with Talon fasteners.

GOSSARD

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GLACIARIUM

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Pneumonia tomorrow

Never treat a cold lightly. That is how gripe and pneumonia often develop. At the first sneeze, drop Mistol into your nose. Mistol is made from a famous formula, which prevents colds from spreading. Mistol quickly relieves the congested condition and opens clogged nasal passages. Soon you breathe easily again. Get a bottle of Mistol today with free dropper.



Mistol

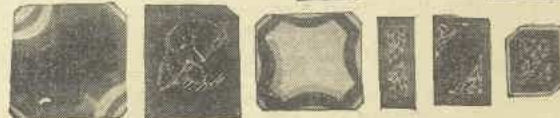
STOPS COLDS WHERE THEY START



ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA'S FAIR! ...

Decked in buttons and bangles artistically produced by her own countrymen.

With increasing interest we have watched the growth in importance of the once humble button. Not so very many years ago, buttons were considered merely as a necessity for fastening one's clothes. Gradually they assumed more important dimensions until they took the status of a lovely ornament.



JUST A PEEP at the many varieties of buttons being made in Australia to-day, all unusual and distinctive shapes, colors, and designs.

NOW they often form the very motif of one's attire—frocks and accessories subordinated to the beauty of buttons and matching bangle.

With the growth in the interest in buttons, we must hear with pride of button-production and button-engraving by hand in Australia—a new industry, and a very promising one.

And who would believe that such materials as synthetic resins, herculoid, and other casin products could be used to such decorative advantage?

All sorts of buttons—all shapes and sizes—are being made, each engraved

high efficiency reached is the product of long and intensive experimental research work.

Patterns are varied. On buttons and on bangles you'll find futuristic shapes, floral motifs, scroll work with chased engravings, initialled work, etc.



BRACELET, hand-engraved and colored, in unusual geometrical shape. Slips over the hand easily.



AT FARMER'S yesterday, we came across some intriguing buttons and buckles made from a variety of Australian woods. Thick, heavy ones are split from mulga and used in that natural condition to achieve a novel "barky" and splintery appearance. The back alone is polished and punched with holes for threading. These, shown above, cut like biscuits from wood, are punched with holes to take patterns in chenille thread. Australian manufacturers, however, have not yet produced the silver, chromium, and bone buttons that some favor at the moment, but wait a little!

by hand, each a delightful little cameo of perfect artistry. Each bracelet a matching circlet, perfectly carved . . . and by hand.

Have you noticed the extraordinary emphasis on button-ornament yourself this winter? For overcoats, there are special large-size buttons in a particularly attractive futuristic design, most exquisitely engraved, in answer to fashion's demands.

Colors are exquisite—thirty or forty in the Australian herculoid.

Both bangles and buttons are made in two-color tonings and, in many cases, as many as four different colors are blended together by highly qualified artists. All the cementing required for these color combinations is a matter of skilled handwork, and can only be carried out by skilled men who are experts in the intricate process involved. The



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will clear your skin of ugly blemishes



Don't be discouraged if your skin is dull and blotchy. Treat it nightly with Rexona Ointment and very soon you'll see a world of difference. Rexona's soothing, healing touch quickly banishes all skin troubles, and makes your complexion fresh and young again.

There is no better remedy for:—Blackheads, Abscesses, Cracked Lips, Rashes, Eczema, Ulcers and blotches.



Rexona

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the rapid healer

Send your name and address, and enclose 2d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage, TO DEPARTMENT N.W.V. BOX 3359FP, G.P.O., SYDNEY

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REXONA OINTMENT
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REXONA SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY, LIMITED

INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments Re-woven. Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc., INVISIBLY RE-WOVEN.

SYDNEY WEAVING CO.
90 PITT ST. Phone: BW4003.

Still BETTER BATH TOWELS for SIREN SOAP Crosses



FREE
Glasscloths too!

BATH TOWEL, extra large size, 46 x 23 ins.; beautiful heavy quality. FREE FOR 45 CROSSES (12 bars).

GLASSCLOTH, pure Irish linen, very long wearing; 32 x 23 inches. FREE FOR 24 CROSSES (6 bars).

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR GIFT

Take your crosses to: GIFT SHOWROOM, 365 KENT STREET (near King Street), or PARKES HOUSE, 9 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with crosses addressed to: "GIFT DEPARTMENT," J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD., BOX 1590B, G.P.O., SYDNEY. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

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(Cross out gift not required) 22.00.27

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(late Continental & Museum Fur Stores)

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BUY FROM THE MAKER. Select your own skins from our extensive stock, and have your winter coat or cape tailored to your measure according to Fashion's latest decree. Renovation a Speciality.

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A bright new dress.. adorns an old friend



And
EIGHT NEW
*Mother's
Choice*
PRODUCTS
TOO

"Mother's Choice" Self-Raising Flour
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"Mother's Choice" Jelly Crystals
"Mother's Choice" Rolled Oats
"Mother's Choice" Fruit Saline

LOOK FOR THEM ALL IN
THE SMART NEW PACK

Every new "Mother's Choice"
Packet contains Coupons. Collect
them for Useful Household Gifts.

TFFS

THERE'S a new "Mother's Choice" packet! Bright, gay and essentially modern, it waits to greet you on all grocery shelves and counters. What a happy reminder of the unfailing quality of your old friend, "Mother's Choice" Self-Raising Flour! And, what a happy introduction to eight new "Mother's Choice" products! With these on your pantry shelves you'll hear nothing but praise both for your cooking and your housekeeping! Look for them in the effective new "Mother's Choice" Packet when next you go a-shopping.

EVERYONE KNOWS how successful cakes and scones are when made from "Mother's Choice" Self-Raising Flour. Now you can buy "Mother's Choice" Baking Powder, Flavouring Essences, Mixed Cut Peel, Custard Powder and Jelly Crystals. There are also a deliciously spicy "Mother's Choice" Curry Powder, a refreshing and healthful "Mother's Choice" Fruit Saline, and wonderfully nutritious "Mother's Choice" Rolled Oats. You'll enjoy them all for their unfailing goodness. You'll know them all by the striking new packet.

"In
every
home" *Mother's
Choice*

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

*** THE IRON DUKE

George Arliss, Gladys Cooper, Lesley Wareing. (Gaumont-British.)

AS usually in British films, one feels here pleasantly secure about historical details; and the costumes, accoutrements and so forth are worn with easy naturalness. But such things are subordinate to the grand sweep of events and the high moments of a campaign and a diplomacy that were decisive for all Europe.

Special praise must be given to the able direction, which has achieved scenes of great beauty and significance. To name but a few—the arrival of galloping couriers by night; the Duchess of Richmond's ball, a really splendid function which is no mere dragged-in diversion but has its proper place; the thrilling synopsis so to speak, of the Battle of Waterloo, with its infantry squares, the charge of the Greys, and its famous "Up Guards and At 'Em!" and the execution of the gallant Ney.

We think that George Arliss has already re-created rather many characters of history in his own not very variable image. And he is hardly the stalwart figure of 46 years with whom the seductive Lady Frances Webster (Lesley Wareing) could fall swooningly in love. Nor is he the cold disciplinarian who earned the title of the film. Yet Arliss takes the centre of the stage with most telling effect, checkmating Madame (excellently played by Gladys Cooper), imposing wisely generous terms of peace, and vindicating himself in the House of Lords like a man resolute and strong. And the other characters are finely presented.

With so much beyond possible mention to admire, one must say of the whole that it is bravely done.—Embassy, com. May 31.

*** ROYAL CAVALCADE (B.L.P.)

NO film of ordinary length could compass all the interesting events of a reign that has witnessed not only the great cataclysm of the war, but also remarkable social changes, political developments, and a tremendous quickening up through scientific inventions of the means of communication. But this film deserves praise for touching on practically every aspect that future historians will find significant. And it has done this with a wealth of detail that faithfully illustrates the life of the King's subjects at certain dramatic moments. By the device of showing a busy scene, new minted at the beginning of the reign, and falling thereafter into various hands, continuity between several scenes has been preserved. And through the whole film, like a silver thread, runs the theme of our King's activities.

It is a film to see more than once, for the mass of material is so great that one would fain linger here and there. An unusual number of distinguished actors and actresses play their brief parts in the reconstructed scenes, and there are some actual film records, particularly those in which the King himself appears, interpolated at intervals. It is an inspiring drama, in which we can all feel we have our part. It is impossible to note more than a few of the incidents dealt with. But the King addressing his Privy Council, Scott's ill-fated Antarctic adventure, Sir Edward Grey's speech in the House, the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, the General Strike, and the sightseers at the Tower of London stick in the mind especially.—Lyceum, com. May 23.

*** THE MAN FROM THE FOLIES BERGERES

Maurice Chevalier, Merle Oberon, Ann Sothern. (20th Cent.; U.A.)

WHILE satisfying his countless admirers with a full measure of their familiar idol, Chevalier here proves his ability to be something besides his gay, good-humored self. Not that the parts he doubles, that of Charlier, a variety artist, and of Baron Cassini, a financial magnate, are wildly dissimilar; they share a penchant for pretty women and the faculty of getting round them. But the distinction between Charlier, as himself, and later impersonating the baron, and Cassini, as himself and pretending to be Charlier, is nicely drawn; and the alterations are enough to baffle Charlier's innamorata (Ann Sothern) and Cassini's wife (Merle Oberon).

This skilful juggling takes place against the background of elaborate stage spectacles at the Folies Bergeres and the elegant splendors of the baron's house. Merle Oberon, polished almost out of recognition, is no particular asset to this somewhat brittle production. Here is not a comedy gift. Nor is Ann Sothern's shrewish Mimì very attractive. Nor yet do we take comfort from the idea of swindling financiers being restored eventually to fortune by Providence and Government working hand in hand. But the film is a triumph for Chevalier, and it is meet that the final sequence should be built up on myriad straw hats, ranging from gigantic to ordinary size, forming a kind of personal signature to the piece.—State, com. May 31.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

*** Three stars—
excellent.
** Two stars—
good films.
* One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

* ONE MORE SPRING

Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter. (Fox.)

DESTITUTION in a big city is a grim theme. But we know that any picture in which Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter are starred will not harrow us by being fiercely realistic. After living for months of autumn and bitter winter on stray sticks of celery, hunks of bread, and cups of tea, with a Christmas dinner as a bonus, these waifs with their musician companion do not seem very wan. We notice also that the park footpaths they inhabit by favor of a kindly keeper is tolerably spacious. The good suit of the bankrupt antique dealer (Warner Baxter) only in the last scenes is frayed at the elbows; the fiddler still keeps his fur-collared coat; and the girl (Janet Gaynor), who says she is an actress, continues to be as fresh as paint—no doubt because she is so handy with an iron.

Yet a certain imaginativeness in the handling lifts the film above mushy sentiment. The actions and words of the characters have an inconsequence that reminds one of real life. They show some courage and philosophy. However, it is chiefly Grant Mitchell, as a banker who fails, and Roger Imhof, as the humble laborer, who touch on truth. One scarcely needs to say that it all comes right in the end. It would.—Plaza, com. May 31.

* THE QUEEN'S AFFAIR

Anna Neagle, Fernand Graaey. (B.D.F.)

EXILED heirs of Ruritanian kingdoms are favorite subjects of dramatic fiction. Here, however, a story of familiar outlines has been treated with a difference. Witty burlesque and a light sprinkle of satire provide a seasoning. The romance is not allowed to cloy, though at one stage the action drags somewhat. Anna Neagle, as the New York shopgirl who is recalled to the throne of her ancestors in Central Europe, only to be deposed before she has completed her first public utterance by the fire-eating young revolutionary (Fernand Graaey), who thereupon becomes President, makes a spirited young queen. She has unusual beauty and she manages to combine a regal poise with attractive gaiety and warmth. Graaey, too, shows an agreeable susceptibility to the charms of the fair unknown whom he meets in neutral territory and who is similarly unaware of his identity.

The setting for their idyll interrupted by summons for the queen to return to the capital, is the beautiful scenery of Lake Garda. There are also sumptuous palace interiors which might, however, have been more brilliantly photographed. Muriel Aled is excellent as a lady of the bedchamber whose previous experience leads her to ask whether she is engaged on a fortnight's notice or merely for the duration of the reign. Edward Chapman, as one of a pair of sentries outside the palace, vents some wry observations. The play of wit persists to the end. Graaey's final words are a superb drillery.—Mayfair, com. May 22.

* GIGOLETTE

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)
Adrienne Ames, Donald Cook, Ralph Bellamy. (R.K.O.)

BEHIND the scenes at a shady night club here offers a variation on backstage stuff. The story was supplied by a man who knows his New York, and aimed there instead of in Hollywood. The Bee-Haw Club, with its four professional "hostesses," flashy and common, but all "on the level," whose job is to get dollars out of the pockets of country visitors into the management's till, strikes one as genuine enough. Kay Parrish (Adrienne Ames), a society girl suddenly beggared and alone in the world, makes an incongruous fifth when she takes her only chance of a living by joining the staff.

The proprietor (Ralph Bellamy), though not scrupulous in his business methods, proves a chivalrous lover, and, his heart being in his work, meets his reward—not the hand of his new gigolette, but with her help promotion to a smart Casino on the Parisian model. As for Kay, she fixes her affections on Gregg Emerson, a wealthy habitué of pleasure resorts, and marries him in the end. Donald Cook gives a finished portrait of the young man, inebricated and otherwise.—Capitol, May 31; King's Cross, com. June 1.



A PORTRAIT OF PAT PATERSON in which the roguish tilt of her hat matches her smile.

PAT PATERSON'S Gay CHARM and Romantic CAREER

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

PAT PATERSON, the petite English actress who has already been seen by Australian audiences in four films from Hollywood, and will presently appear in "Charlie Chan in Egypt," has crowded a fair amount of change and adventure into her short life so far.

THIS vivacious girl has a particularly happy smile, and one may guess that a sunny disposition and a sporting willingness to meet all chances have considerably assisted her in her upward climb from a very modest beginning on the stage.

Miss Paterson was born at Bradford, the Yorkshire city of woollen manufactures, to which the thoughts of many Australians turn at certain seasons. Her father was a wool merchant. On neither side of the family, which is Scotch-English, was there previously any connection with the theatre.

But as early as ten years old, when she left her governess and went to her first school, the child showed great aptitude for singing and dancing. In accordance with the regulations which permit English children without disturbing the school curriculum to take part in the Christmas pantomimes, she appeared in "Babes in the Wood" at that age. And until she was fifteen she continued to give up two months of each year to the local pantomime.

Lure of Stage

SHE evidently had a taste for the work firmly implanted by that time, for she disliked the job found for her then in the office of a Bradford velvet mill, and pleaded to be allowed to go on the stage altogether.

As her parents objected, she ran away

when she was sixteen, and joined a musical show on tour, playing the part taken in London by the dancer, Adele Astaire, sister of Fred Astaire and his partner in many London and New York musical productions.

Since she had proved herself by this performance, her parents no longer put obstacles in her way, and Miss Paterson proceeded to other musical shows in London, and to a cabaret revue at Grosvenor House. This last won her a broadcasting engagement, and she was also chosen for a Command Performance.

Further stage musical shows and farces followed, and also supporting roles in English films, of which the part of the modern girl in "Blither Sweet" will be best remembered here.

Her work in English films attracted the attention of the general manager of Fox Films, when he was in London, and he induced her to go to Hollywood in November, 1933.

Romantic Marriage

IT was after the completion of her first role for Fox in "Bottoms Up" that she eloped to Yuma with the French actor, Charles Boyer, in January, 1934. This romantic wedding was the outcome of a whirlwind courtship that greatly intrigued Hollywood, where the recently-arrived French actor had come with a big reputation. He is considered in his own country, for his work on the Parisian stage and in French films, to be the equal, though in a contracted style, of his fellow countryman, better

known to the English-speaking world—Maurice Chevalier.

Boyer has already been seen here in that finely tragic film, "The Battle," and has recently appeared in "Carnegie." He will presently be seen playing opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Break of Hearts."

In appearance Miss Paterson is very fair, with pale gold hair, a dazzling complexion, and green eyes. She has a high, sweet voice. Her favorite colors are green and blue.

Miss Paterson is one of those fortunate people who do not have to worry about putting on weight. Her appetite is not large; but she has rather a fancy for that thoroughly English dish—fried whitebait.

She also likes such typical American confections as pies and corned beef hash. And she is prone to take her meals at quick-lunch counters. Whether it is cause or effect of such a diet we cannot say, but her weight is 7 stone 5 pounds. Her height is 5 feet 2 inches.

A Yachtswoman

BESIDES being a dainty dancer, Miss Paterson is keen on outdoor sports. She drives a racing car. Her favorite sport, however, is sailing. In this she is so experienced that she had the distinction on one occasion of steering the yacht, Mermala, to victory at Cowes Regatta against the King's yacht, Britannia, for the Coupe de France.

Miss Paterson is very fond of pets, especially dogs. She had to leave her cat and a fox terrier behind when she went to America. But she took with her a Scottie and acquired another pup of the same breed over there, which she gave to Maurice Chevalier, who coveted him greatly.

An interesting situation arises out of Miss Paterson's marriage to a Frenchman. She thereby automatically became a French citizen, and unless projected legislation about the Nationality of Married Women goes through the English Parliament, she will have to apply for film work, when she returns to England, as an alien.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Mrs. Glanville Satchell carries pattern of cushion silk when shopping for matching flowers for drawing-room?

Loyal Demonstrations

MUCH flag-waving and cheers for King and country on Empire Day. . . Captain Bonham Carter faced large audience of women when making speech for Victoria League's Empire Luncheon. . . Miss Macarthur Onslow presided. . . Royal Empire Society had festive dinner at Hotel Australia. . . Governor present and big wigs ad infinitum.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. C. L. Franklin, of Indian Army, have no wish to suffer chilly winds in Australia. Expected on Chitral and will make for Brisbane for holiday. Visitors are accompanied by daughter.

Sunday Tea Party

MRS. FINLEY and son Don entertained at Sunday afternoon tea party at Clifford, Potts Point. . . Floral bits and pieces most effective in autumn colorings. . . Lady Snowdon and daughter, well-known author J. H. Curle, Mrs. Ackroyd of Melbourne, and Mr. and Mrs. Deric Burnell among guests. . . Don always most punctilious about returning hospitality.

Holiday in India

MRS. ALAN HARNETT very thrilled about trip to India. . . Sailed on Saturday by Ormonde for short holiday. . . Is accompanying sister-in-law Mrs. N. G. Charley, of Coimbatore, Southern India. . . Will stay in vicinity of district where smallest copper coin in world in use. . . So tiny it gets lost in purse linings.

Pretty visitor from Timora is Betty Florance. In between outings staying at Clifford, Potts Point. Fiance Ewart Allen naturally pleased at holiday.

Reconditioned Features

JOAN BROADWAY gone all business-like. . . Having studied beauty treatment at exclusive London salon in addition to interior decoration, is making good use of knowledge. . . Does best to make others as well-groomed as herself at leading store. . . Wise clients receive free advice on color schemes for new house while having face re-conditioned.

Thoughtful Gesture

BED in Sydney Hospital for New Zealanders is object of many activities of Kia Ora N.Z. Club in Sydney. . . Members consider it a gesture of appreciation for living made in neighboring country. . . Very nice of adopted residents. . . One hundred members to guarantee ten shillings per year. . . Mrs. Stanley Hempton, with headquarters at Pickwick Club, on tracks of possible subscribers. . . N.Z. Government Commissioner heads list.

Many artists did their bit for afternoon party arranged by C.W.A. Hospital visiting committee at David Jones', Mrs. George King, Mrs. Oscar Gregory, Mrs. Nicholls, Florence James, and Marie Leard contributed numbers.

Good Deeds

N.S.W. every reason to be proud of being first State to inaugurate Junior Red Cross. . . Fifty nations of world now enrolled under same banner. . . Lady Hore-Ruthven, president of J.R.C., taking great interest in proceedings. . . Garments of all descriptions admirably made by clever little fingers. . . Soldiers' children will benefit.

Distant Fields

PETER OSBORN, son of Professor and Mrs. Osborn, left on Monday for London. . . History scholarship in one pocket and lots of farewell telegrams in t'other. . . Name down at Christ Church, Oxford. . . Hopes to join repertory company in between bouts of historical research. . . Peter has flair for acting and was winner of The Australian Women's Weekly film competition.

Actor-Playwright

MUCH applause and calls for author brought Frank Harvey to footlights at Savoy Theatre on Saturday. . . "False Colors" by this popular actor-playwright performed by Independent Theatre to appreciative audience. . . Atmosphere of spies, trains, intrigues and romance very thrilling. . . Jane Connolly took part of Estella Vobois and wore smart travelling costume in dark green, complete with cape. . . Long titian plaits still intact.

Captain Frank Hurley complete with new cream car ready for bush. Making films for South Australian Centenary is objective.

Manhattan the Vogue

CARL THOMAS collected all smartest dancing set for gala night at Manhattan. . . Decor most attractive setting for pretty frocks. . . Mrs. Reg Bettington danced with golfing husband in moulded frock of cream satin. . . Mrs. Bill Crossing also favored slim lines in mushroom crepe. . . Tiny shoulder-straps were plaited. . . With effective elegance John Broinowski held partners at distance. . . Gordon Wesches, George Watts, Dinah Hordern, and Mrs. Jim Ashton all present.



Bride from America

RUTH ANNIS and John Kreis principals at week's wedding of interest. . . Bride recent arrival from America and being welcomed with enthusiasm by circle of fellow countrymen and women. . . Pre-wedding party given by Mrs. A. L. Rae of Elizabeth Bay. . . Ruth was hatless and displayed charming smile and pretty blonde hair. . . Wore a smart confection of midnight-blue.

Seeing London

MANY Australians at Victor Stiebel's mannequin parade specially arranged for Jubilee occasions in London. . . Air mail letter from Marjorie Florance describes tremendously full shirred skirts of evening frocks. . . Little poses or bows to match frocks worn in hair. . . Marjorie present at opening night at Covent Garden. . . Royal Naval and Military tournament. . . Also had excellent view of Jubilee processions.

Subjects for Artist

MRS. HARRY HODSON, formerly Margaret Honey, of Sydney, is subject of painting by Christopher Perkins. . . Baby son also in picture. . . Is on view at Wildenstein's Galleries and causing much interest. . . Picture I mean, not baby. . . Mrs. Hodson expected busiest time for Jubilee season. . . Ever so many Sydney friends in London to entertain and be entertained by.

Dr. and Mrs. H. Leighton-Jones, of Eraring, Dora Creek, returned to Sydney this week by Nellore after tour of East.

Barbara's First Dance

MOST merry was dance arranged by Mrs. E. W. Fenner and Mrs. Garnet Halloran at Darling Point on Saturday night. . . St. Luke's Hospital to benefit. . . Cheer within doors happy contrast to rain without. . . Bort Fahy played extra hour in small hours just for fun. . . Barbara Fenner enjoyed first grown-up dance. . . Leaves shortly for Fiji home with trip to England to follow.

Cavalcade of Empire

WELL might all societies responsible for Cavalcade of Empire be delighted with success. . . Audiences increased nightly till Town Hall packed to doors on Saturday. . . Kindergarten Union benefits. . . Nanette Humphrey Bishop gave remarkably clever performance as Indian dancer. . . Most professional. . . Singing honors to Marjorie Neeld and Lobin Hodgin.

Fun in Country

RAIN much wanted but few cavil at holding off for picnic races. . . Wellington meeting great success. . . Visitors from far and wide. . . Cocktail parties numerous after races. . . Mrs. Norman Smith, popular matron of district, dispensed cheer at Bowling Club. . . Others toasted better luck at Royal Hotel. . . Gwen Stockwell centre of young things at five to seven party in own home.

Have You Noticed—

Little Anne Bevan's preference for white satin? Straight black fringe grows longer and thicker.

Jane Anne



SHARING A JOKE are Mrs. W. P. Engelbach, of Gladwood Gardens, and her son Bill. Mrs. Engelbach sails next month for a holiday trip to Hongkong. —Women's Weekly photo.

POSTAL SHOPPING PAGE

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A Queen's Choice!

Used and recommended by...
eminent SKIN SPECIALISTS

FAMOUS for their purity, reliability and exceptional QUALITY.
Moderately priced—

Astringent . . . 3/6, 5/-
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Skin Food . . . 2/6, 3/6, 5/6
Cleansing Cream . . . 2/-, 3/6
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Foundation Cream 2/-, 3/-, 5/-
Lip Salve . . . 2/-
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Ask for "COLOB CHART" and pamphlet "HOW TO MAKE-UP"

IF NOT PROCURABLE at your local STORE, send Postal Note to

ANNA ZELITA

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Splendid time to plant now for Spring Blooms. Our special Collection of 20 of the best named varieties is excellent value for £1 (or 15 plants of the same quality for 15/-). A cheaper collection of good garden varieties, 12 for 5/-. Packing in a special carton, which assures safe arrival anywhere in Australia. Carnations and packing is FREE in N.S.W. Interstate, 1/- extra. Only well-rooted and established plants supplied, and you may pay the postman on delivery if you wish. Interesting and instructive Catalogue POST FREE.

BAULKHAM HILLS NURSERY, Carnation Specialists, Windsor Rd., BAULKHAM HILLS, N.S.W. UWT43.

Make the Postal Shopping Page your mail-order guide. You will find many bargains in its columns.

SLIM BEAUTY ENERGY HEALTH

A PROMINENT Society woman of Sydney studied slimming methods in England and America. She evolved a super method from the good points of the best.

There are no drugs. You may eat and drink the things you like in a balanced way. You simply concentrate attention on removing fat from any portion of your body; not the whole of your body unless you wish it. You are directed how to do this. There is nothing laborious or exacting about it.

She submitted it to Sydney doctors, who welcomed it. Extracts from their letters will be broadcast from Stations 2UE and 2UW.

There is only one charge. Send 10/6 to

RUTH REED

SLIM-SELF MASSAGE

City Dept., Manufacturers' House, 16 Connell Street, SYDNEY.

FREE TO YOU!

Remuneration purchase of entire mill output of the famous "Red Lute" double dill silk stockings. All shades. This special is worth 5/11 pair. We offer to you three pairs for 3/-. Post free. Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs we will include, absolutely free, a box of Genuine "La Paillette" Face Powder, worth 2/6. Don't miss this opportunity. FURTHER SPECIAL FREE OFFER. Every person answering this ad. will be entitled to an opportunity of obtaining a pair of the finest quality shadow-stripe Milanese Bloomers, worth 4/6, absolutely FREE. Address only: THE SALVAGE STORES (Regd.), 36 York Street, Sydney. Mention the Women's Weekly.

Demco Adjustable Lamps

These 300 candle-power lamps burn paraffin, kerosene and petrol without any alteration. They can be used as table lamps, hanging lamps, and gasolene adjustable lanterns. They are absolutely safe and airtight. Sold in all sizes at very moderate prices.

Write for particulars,

DEMCO MACHINERY CO., 243 Cleveland-street, Sydney.



A new Australian Women's Weekly service, specially instituted for the convenience of readers who wish to shop by post.



USE ANGUS & COOTE'S FREE CATALOGUE

This Dainty Watch Is Yours For 69/6



It is 9ct. Gold with a Jewelled Lever Movement, warranted to give 10 years' wear, and kept in order free for a year. It is complete with a Dainty and Modern Gold-filled Mesh Band—all for 69/6. SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS FOR THE FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SHOWING WATCHES, RINGS, SILVER-PLATE, LAMINATE GOODS, CHINA, GLASSWARE, ETC.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEW MINIATURE CAMERA DIRECT VISION FOCUS PLANE FOTHA DERBY with 1/2.5. Sensational shutter speeds 1/20th to 1/2000th. Takes 16 exposures on V.P. Film No. 127. Price 55/15/-

Camera traded in part payment. See Windows for Bargains, or write for Catalogue. HERBERT SMALL PTY. LTD., 243 Pitt Street, SYDNEY.

Glassware designed by an artist . . . and modelled by a sculptor



NO PHOTOGRAPH can do more than indicate the beauty that belongs to Lalique alone . . . you glimpse grace and beauty of design as exemplified in the wondrous bowl shown above, but its opalescent glory must be seen to be fully appreciated.

There is Winter Comfort in Bed with a "Gilseal"

HOT-WATER BAG

These bags are unique, being the only ones on the market having a warm felt cover permanently moulded on. Unequalled for smartness and wearing qualities. 2 years guarantee.

Prices: 10 x 8, 6/6; 10 x 12, 7/6; 12 x 8, 7/-
Posted anywhere.

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312 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.
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HALLAMS have specialised in the dispensing of Doctors' Prescriptions for over 50 years and forward medicines by post to all parts.

MAIL us your SUITS... OVERCOATS... FROCKS...

5/6 PLUS RETURN POSTAGE.

for Cleaning and Pressing

ALL HAND-WORK.
Made Like New
RETURNED DAY FOLLOWING.

GOUGE

14 ROSEBANK STREET, KING'S CROSS, SYDNEY.

A Bale of Towels and Manchester

Post 17/6 Free
Two large-size, heavy-quality 48 x 24 English Coloured Bath Towels, Worth 5/11 pair; 2 White Admiralty Towels, worth 3/11 pair; 2 Linen-finish Tea Towels; 1 (48x48) Bangalore Tablecloth, with neat colour border, no dressing, worth 3/6; 2 extra large-size Pillowcases, worth 1/- each; 1 pair Single Sheets. THE LOT FOR 17/6. POST FREE. SALVAGE STORES, 30 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

WE GUARANTEE YOU LUCK OR REFUND YOUR MONEY!

If you have had luck in the Lottery, game, gambling, etc., just now, you should carry a pair of Ross Hynes' Highly-Branched Lotteries. These Lotteries are carried to assist Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil, and misfortune, and the other, to attract much good luck, love, happiness, and prosperity. Packed to return mail, price 4/4 (to mail, please 12, extra). Money refunded in 7 days if not satisfied.

Ross Hynes, Room 40 V.B., 1 Castlereagh St., Sydney.



Let ROSS HYNES COLLEGE Train you scientifically in

DRESSCUTTING Designing & Making

THE RIGHT TRAINING is GUARANTEED by the 25-year-old Ross Hynes College—famous for SCIENTIFIC METHODS, and many thousands of PROPERLY QUALIFIED graduates. Ross Hynes Students are in great demand—EMPLOYERS, and general public have always recognized the superiority of the practical Ross Hynes training. Free employment advice. Inquire daily. Success GUARANTEED. Tuition by Master Designer of world-wide reputation. Day, Evening, and Postal tuition. Beginners' course, 10/-. MOTHERS! Your daughter is guaranteed to be TRAINED to make her INDEPENDENT FOR LIFE. See the Principal to-morrow, or write NOW for full details. Ross Hynes College, Dept. W, over Fyfe's, at Pitt and Liverpool Sts. MA3876.



CHILDRENS RIDING BOOTS
No. 221—Tan Elastic Sides. Sizes 10-11, 16/6; sizes 1 to 3, 12/6. Post N.S.W., 1/-; Q and Vic., 1/6.
No. 222—Boys' Puttee Leggings, as illus, 12/6. Post N.S.W., 1/-; State call over pants. Child's Riding Pad, full Post 2/6; Q and Vic., 5/-. Write for Saddle Cat. WK 338.

Walther & Stevenson Ltd.
Saddlers, 395 George St., Sydney.

Lost 2 Stone in a Month!

NEVER FELT BETTER IN HER LIFE SYDNEY WOMAN PRAISES SLENDRENE WEIGHT-REDUCING CAPSULES
Mrs. G. of Woodthorpe, writes:—
"After the first week of your Slenidene treatment, the swellings in my ankles and pains in my legs disappeared. I was so pleased with the results that I continued taking Slenidene, and after one month I was amazed to find that I had reduced nearly 2 stone, which meant, of course, that all my frocks had to be altered. I can thoroughly recommend Slenidene. Does not contain Thyroid or any harmful drugs. 2/6 for 10 days; 6/6, month's treatment."

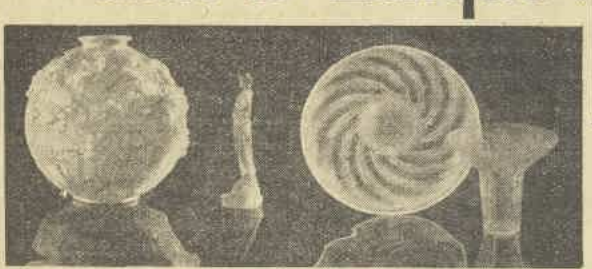
MYERS PHARMACY LTD., Consulting and Dispensing Chemists, 104 OXFORD ST., CITY.

Modern Products

Make extermination of domestic insect pests an easy matter.

OCCASIONALLY, even the most fastidious of housewives has been surprised and horrified to discover that vermin in some unaccountable way have invaded her home. These wretched germ-carriers make their homes behind skirting-boards, under loose wallpaper, in the crevices of bedsteads, cupboards, and even chairs. Once established, they breed rapidly, and their eradication becomes, apparently, an almost hopeless task. Fortunately, there are on the market many reliable products, which are guaranteed by the makers to completely eradicate these pests. Some of these products are in liquid form and some in powder. Since vermin can so easily and so unexpectedly be introduced into the cleanest home—for instance on clothing, in luggage, and library books, every housewife should make it her business to become acquainted with a reliable vermin destroyer so that she can quickly attack the pests on their first appearance.

The Beauty... that is Lalique!



STRIKING examples of the art of Rene Lalique, Grace Bros. are showing these bowls, vases, plaques, and exquisite figures—each piece in itself a poem of loveliness.

The name of Rene Lalique is associated with the best-known artistic glassware in the world. Working in what is, in fact, a new medium, he has created a new art, the beauty of which can never diminish, but will only be enhanced with the years.

GLASSMAKING to-day is one of the most flourishing arts. Following a long period of neglect in the nineteenth century, the world has now realised that glass, as much as paint or plaster, is an inexhaustible medium for the expression of new beauty. Not only in Australia, but in England, Sweden, France, Venice and Vienna, glass craftsmen are expressing their individual ideas of what glass should be. Their ideas, of course, vary according to race and climate, but they all create in terms of "glass"; that is, of natural forms, in keeping with the nature of the material. But it has remained for Rene Lalique to create a style that really gives full emphasis to the grace and beauty of his material. His glassware shows a fine consciousness of the value of refracted light—seen against the light each piece, no matter how small, possesses an astonishing kaleidoscopic iridescence. The pieces pictured here have just been received by Grace Bros., and although the photographs give an indication of the graceful form and design, they cannot reveal the essential quality—the translucent fire and radiance that belongs only to Lalique. This French genius is reviving a tradition of hand workmanship which mechanical methods had almost destroyed, for the greater mass of the world's glassware to-day is being made by machinery. But true craftsmanship can always keep ahead of the machine, and the finest glass in the world still is, and probably always will be, made by hand.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

June 1, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

27

THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS ... for Your Supper Table!

BERTHA MAXWELL recommends this design — which speaks of radiant summer, of flowers, of fragrance, of leisure and lovely needlework — and look at it, isn't it just beautiful?

VERILY, the most-loved piece of linen in our linen cupboards or boxes is always our best supper or tea-cloth... If we are lucky enough to possess a large, handsome cloth with good hand-needlework, we feel ready to face all kinds of parties or guests. These beautiful pieces of table linen are seldom available to be bought. Professional workers only make them to order, and the cheaper imported ones do not speak to us of loveliness and rich work as our own good embroideries do... The rose set shown on this page comprises all the most wanted pieces, in sizes which time has proved to be the most useful.

NOW, who will be able to resist this set of rose linens for supper or tea table? ... Available are all your favorite cloths in three sizes, with matching cosy, napkins, tray-cloth, and cake-mats. This most uncommon design follows the border in a smooth, reposeful manner, with worked insets of needlework to resemble lace; and then there are delicious little rosebuds scattered around the cloths inside from the border.

Easy to embroider — for Bertha Maxwell has reduced to a minimum the work while still keeping the good effect of roses and their buds — here follow the attractive prices:

In superb quality cream or white linen.

36 x 36in. Cloth price 6/-
45 x 45in. Cloth price 8/6
54 x 54in. Cloth price 12/6
Tray-Cloth, 14 x 20in. price 2/6
Tea-Cosy, suitable for average teapots ... price 2/6
Tea-Napkin, 12 x 12in. price 1/-
9in. D'oyley price 1/-
Sandwich-D'oyley, 5 x 12in. price 1/-

One corner of the 36-inch cloth is shown, with the two scattered buds which belong to that amount of cloth. In the larger cloths the border is the same, but there are more rosebuds on account of the larger amount of space inside the border.

This makes the cloths very easy to embroider and, as previously stated, the work has been reduced to a minimum while still keeping the good effect of roses and their buds.

The cosy is traced on one side, with a line of picot buttonholing to finish its bottom edge, which may be hemmed if liked. On the reverse side of the cosy — usually left unembroidered — there is one of the scattered buds, a very happy touch of work with little effort on the part of the needle.

The tray-cloth is a neat oblong, suitable for many sizes of trays. There is a rose with its leaves at each end, the corners being arranged to match the oven scalloping, which resembles

lace. It is a very pretty little tray-cloth, and simple to work. The tea-napkin has a rosebud at the corner like the sandwich-d'oyley, with a single line of buttonholing all the way round the edges, enlivened with a little picot here and there. The d'oyleys are shown on this page, light and lacy when finished.

The Linens

Fine white linen and a heavier cream linen are again used for this design. These two types of linen are very popular, and suit the worker who likes a sheer, snowy effect and the worker who prefers colors and bolder work. Both are of excellent quality.

Now—The Stitchery

BUTTONHOLING over one or two threads will carry out the whole of the work in a very lovely manner, giving ample scope for making the small needlepoint picots where they occur. Satin-stitch may be used instead, if it is preferred, especially on the roses where they lie well on the linen away from cut effects; but buttonholing must be used against a cut edge, as it is the only practical stitch against cutwork.

It should never be worked without one running thread for strength and to keep the form of the pattern from pulling out of shape.

If satin-stitching is adopted for the roses, carry it well over all the double lines which represent the curled edges of the petals, and place several rows of padding in these places to support the work. This kind of satin-stitching is beautiful when finished, as it places a lot of thread on the surface of the linen and so gives richness and lustre to the work.

The leaves are easily worked in buttonholing, which suits the serrations in their edges. Veins may be outlined or satin-corded. Eyelets may be open or satin-stitched; if open, they should be run once, cut across twice, turned under, and whipped — they are too large for a stiletto.

A very interesting feature of this design is the insets of laced

scallops between the rose motifs. They form the rose groups into well-defined areas, and lighten the edge with their open-work.

These scallops are very easily managed by simple buttonholing over one thread, but care must be taken to see that the buttonholing always has its knotted edge against the parts to be cut. Needle picots are inserted along these edges, but may be omitted if not wanted; they will then be cut away with the surplus linen.

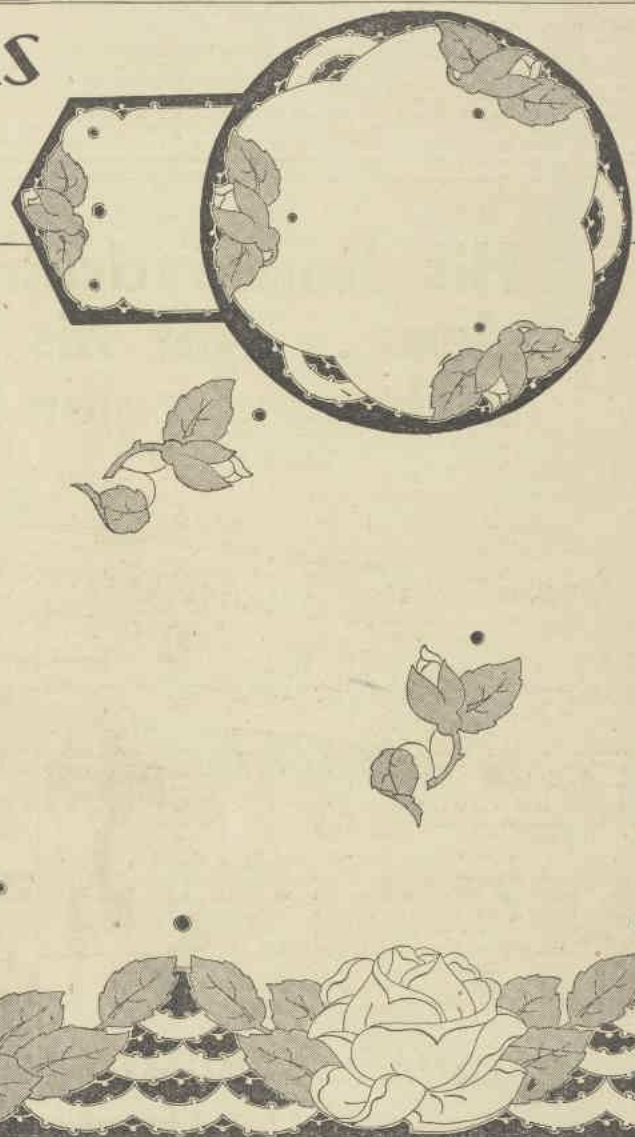
Tiny connecting bars appear in the scallop corners, as well as along the outer edges of all the designs; these may be omitted, but if they are worked with a picot hanging to their edges, they help to keep the design together, increase its strength, and add interest to the lace effect.

Satin-stitch or buttonhole the scattered rosebuds.

Colors and Threads

THE cream linen is very handsome when worked in ecru thread, Clark's F.609 and 610 being very satisfactory. For colored work use any good green on the leaves and lower parts of the buds, and any rose shade you prefer on the flowers.

Roses may be colored in pink, red, yellow, or tango shades to match one's china or furnishings. Embroidery cotton in



HERE YOU SEE a close-up of Bertha Maxwell's matchless design. You may obtain 36 x 36, 45 x 45, and 54 x 54 tea or supper-cloths in white or heavier cream linen; also sandwich and plate-d'oyleys, matching tea-cosy and napkins, and 14 x 20 oblong centre. See article for attractive prices and Bertha Maxwell's thorough, straightforward directions for embroidery. Bertha Maxwell's exclusive linens are procurable only at the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly.

white, a color which stands the test of time and launders perfectly.

Press well before cutting, then press again when the trimming is completed.

CLEVER IDEAS

STAINS ON STONE.
IF STONE steps or window-sills are stained, a little paraffin added to the hot soap and water with which they are scrubbed will soon remove the offending marks.

MOULD ON LEATHER.
MOULD on leather binding should be rubbed with a little oil of lavender. This not only removes the mould, but prevents more forming.

TO CLEAN RIBBON.
IF RIBBON is soiled, sponge gently with warm water and ammonia. Spread lengthwise on a table, cover with a thin cloth, and iron until dry.

STAINED PIEDISHES.
SALT OR coal ashes applied with a damp cloth will remove stains from piedishes. Ashes also clean steel, and take all stains out of it.

LEAKING PIPES.
UNTIL THE plumber comes, a hole in a pipe may be effectually stopped up with a paste made of yellow soap and powdered whiting, mixed together with a little water.

PUDDING HINT.
BATTER PUDDING will be lighter if a little water is added after mixing. Allow to stand for at least an hour, and beat thoroughly before baking.

BENT KNITTING NEEDLES.
IF KNITTING needles become bent — through months of long use or through careless handling — hold the needles in the steam of a boiling kettle or let them lie in boiling water for a few minutes. While still soft, straighten them with the fingers, and then place them in a jug of cold water. This will harden them back into their straight shape again.

LOVE DANCES BY

Continued from Page 14

"BEAUTIFUL," Jim Courtney commented, as he towered above Ariadne's chair. She looked up from her lap full of parcels and met his quizzical grey eyes. She returned to her birthday gifts.

Jim made her uncomfortable when he looked at her like this. She felt as if he could read her inmost thoughts. She hoped he couldn't read that she had decided to marry Elwood. He'd put up a fight if he discovered it. Jim always seemed to get what he wanted in his own persistent way, but he wasn't going to get her. She was going to be a dancer.

"Oh!" she exclaimed rapturously, as a picture emerged from a blue silver-stamped paper package. She held it up. A black background, and in the centre, like a spotlight, poised the sylphlike figure of a ballet-dancer. A symphony of motion, in color, daintily elusive. Ariadne breathed ecstatically. There was no card. Who could have given it

to her? Elwood? Of course it was Elwood. She glanced up. Jim's expression was more quizzical than ever, as if he were smiling inwardly.

She flushed and thrust the picture into its pretty paper. Her eyes filled with tears. It was dedication to let anyone see it who didn't appreciate it. Imagine marrying such a person! Yes, she'd tell Elwood she'd marry him. A wild thought popped into her head. She'd do it! She'd elope with Elwood. Elope this very night after the theatricals!

The room began to thin out. "I guess we're due in the billiard-room," Jim rumbled his hair. "Leave these here." He lifted the parcels from her lap.

"Yes... No, I'll keep this," as he grasped the picture she had tucked under her arm.

They went across the hall to the

billiard-room. At the door they were handed programmes. An orchestra played snatches of songs. The far end of the room held a stage, with rows of chairs in front of it, mostly filled by the guests. Aunt Letitia, seated by Elwood, motioned them to take the next two places.

They sat down, and Ariadne's toes kept time to the strains of music. She was going to elope with Elwood. She scribbled a note to him on the back of her programme. "Meet me in the car when this is over." Just as she finished the lights went out. She nudged Elwood and slipped the note into the outstretched hand in front of her.

THE orchestra played an opening refrain, and the curtains were drawn back. Ariadne didn't know

what was taking place on the stage. Her mind was on the future. Where would she and Elwood be married? What would she take with her? She wished Elwood were not quite so superior in his manner—but it didn't matter, he was going to let her dance. When would she begin? Right away, of course.

The curtains fell together in graceful folds. The lights flashed on and the orchestra played loudly above the applause and chatter. Ariadne looked around. The room was crowded, and it was very hot. The doors were all closed.

Suddenly the room was plunged into darkness. There was an expectant hush. The orchestra played softly, the cue for the curtain, but it didn't move. Again the orchestra played. Still the curtain didn't move. Someone rustled impatiently, uneasily. It seemed as if the whole room waited.



IRENE WARE, Universal player, chooses a grey coat dress which buttons from shoulder to hem with covered buttons for her between-seasons' wardrobe. The darted triangular sleeve puff and the youthful neckline are worth noting. The "bob" hat is of grey stitched wool.

His house drains are always clear... yet his body contains a clogged colon!

A Colon clogs more readily than any drain... yet it's easier to clean



WHY RISK THESE AILMENTS?

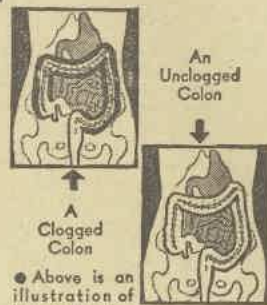
• In the days when the world lived close to Nature, natural foods kept our colons clean. But to-day food has the opposite effect, and the walls of the colon become encrusted with hard-decaying particles of waste matter. In fact, it has been estimated that 95% of the ailments that afflict mankind find their origin in *Autoxima*—self-poisoning. Common colds, anaemia, constipation, high blood pressure, stomach distress, rheumatism, neuritis, gout, sciatica, skin complaints—the list can be extended indefinitely—all owe their origin to this trouble. That is why scientists were seriously perturbed about the spread of imperfect stasis, or partial constipation, until Coloseptic was perfected.

He's a case for Coloseptic

• Men and women who are anxious that every drain in their house be kept clean and sanitary are slowly poisoning themselves by clogging the drains inside their own bodies. Often they do not realise it in time to avoid serious trouble. They go on living in a fool's paradise, and think because they have regular bowel movements the colon must be clear. Yet, these same people would never allow the kitchen drain to become so clogged that no water would pass through before they did something about it. It's far more important that the colon be kept completely clean than the kitchen drains be clear. For your colon is connected with every vital organ in your body; that is why *Autoxima*—self-poisoning—must result if the colon is not kept clear and clean.

ONLY COLOSEPTIC HAS THIS ACTION

• Ordinary opening medicines fail because they merely eject some of the food waste from the lower part of the colon, or human drain. But Coloseptic acts throughout its whole length. It restores the walls of the dead and lifeless colon to their old-time life and has a tonic effect on every portion of the eliminatory tract. The kidneys, the pores of the skin, and the respiratory system are all revitalised, and each of these plays an important part in eliminating poisons from the human body. No wonder you feel really well after taking Coloseptic. No wonder you feel young again, whether you're twenty-six or sixty!



• Above is an illustration of how your colon gradually becomes clogged. This is due to the faulty elimination of waste matter which modern foods make inevitable. Do not fool yourself with regular bowel movements—there is only one way to be safe—a course of Coloseptic. Clip out and mail the coupon below for a demonstration sample and the FREE book, telling you more about this intimate and vitally important subject. Don't delay—post to-day.

"MY PAINS HAVE ALL VANISHED"

"I received a jar of your Coloseptic recently. At the time I arrived I was working in my garden and suffering a good deal of internal pain, so I thought there was no time like the present to give it a test. I started with a dose right away, and from then on I felt great relief. I finished the jar and my pains have all vanished—many thanks to Coloseptic."

Mr. A.H. (The original of this testimonial can be seen at the Head Office.)



DRINK
Coloseptic
(WAYNE'S IMPROVED FORMULA)
FOR INTERNAL CLEANNES

At all CHEMISTS. If unobtainable locally write to COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) LTD., Box 3415 R, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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Box 3415 R, G.P.O., SYDNEY

Please send me your FREE book on *Autoxima* in plain envelope. Also send me my trial demonstration package of Coloseptic for which I enclose 4d. in stamps.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Jim said he would come back. What if he didn't come? If he never came back? Her heart contracted. She trembled. She couldn't dance much longer. Her head whirled; her steps grew slower; she must keep on! She must hold these people. She must—Jim had told her to. What if Jim never came back?

She found herself to become animated, a spark of inspiration—a being triumphant. The music quickened and followed. She felt her audience respond to her least gesture. But—what would life be without Jim?

Please turn to Page 38

Keep out
the cold!



Kayser Woolies will do it! You'll wonder how ever they can be so snug and so warm, yet so light. They're woven to give extra warmth without weight. Loveliest fabrics, exclusive wool laces . . . all gracefully cut, beautifully made, wonderfully long-wearing.

Illustrated: Kayser Woolies Nightgown, K296, in fine wool cashmere with shaped top of lace loom fabric, and lace sleeves 22/6

For Daywear, for Slumberwear, choose Kayser Woolies. Knickers from 4/11. Solos from 7/11. Vests from 2/11. Nightdresses from 14/11. Pyjamas from 19/11. Dressing Jackets from 9/11.

KAYSER
Woolies
AT ALL GOOD STORES

KAYSER
HOSIERY-GLOVES-WOOLIES

Breathe this for CATARRH

It means happy relief from all the disagreeable symptoms of Nasal Catarrh. Based on the perfectly-balanced formula of a noted Specialist, it is sold by all Chemists under the name of Catarrh Clysmac. Thoroughly tested and found a consistently true treatment for Nasal Catarrh in all stages—Clysmac acts with remarkable speed—gentle and soothing in action, and leaves the head and brain as clear as a bell.

Start the Catarrh Clysmac treatment to-day, and enjoy the comfort that it is guaranteed to give. The cost is only trifling—1/9, or nearly three times the quantity for 4/6. Simply ask your Chemist for Clysmac, or write to Sinton Chemical Co., Box 1935H, G.P.O., Sydney.***

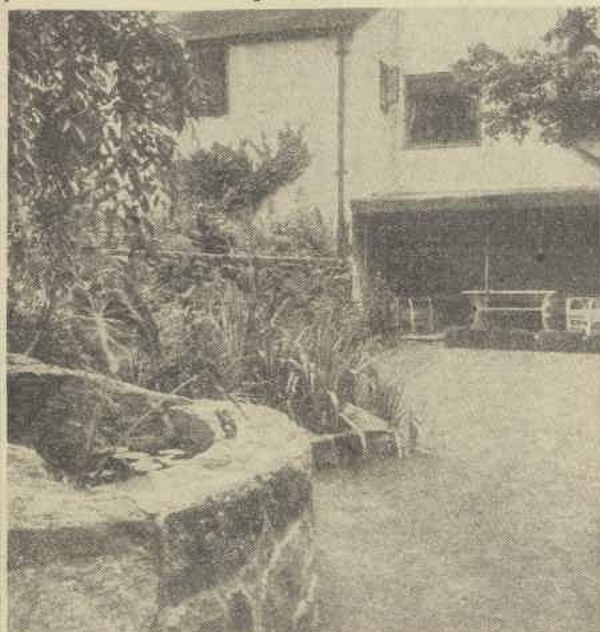
DRINK VICTIM

For ten years one man was a heavy drinker, lost work, happiness, and home—his wife changed all this with "DRINKO". This safe, inexpensive remedy will also save your marriage. It can be given secretly. Boxes in sealed wrapper. Write or call for it. Dept. W. HOME WELFARE PRY., Commercial Bank Chambers, 841 George Street, Haymarket, Sydney.***

A Lesson in Pruning FRUIT TREES!

Including Peaches, Pears, Plums,
Apples — and All Deciduous Trees
—By THE OLD GARDENER

As the Old Gardener says, the axiom, "Train the tree whilst it is young," is a good one—if you really want fine fruit. For, always, if you want something worth while you must take the little bit of extra trouble over it. Now for your lesson in fruit-tree pruning.



HOW DO YOU LIKE this suggestion for a backyard garden? Imagine the happy outlook from the porch, with its comfy chairs. What a delightful spot for meals, for morning or afternoon teas! Natural rock, which abounds in many places, makes an ideal foundation for pool and rockeries. In the latter, flag lilies will soon add their delicate colorings to the scene. And note the climber on the wall, the boughs of the tree dripping over the fountain.

GOOD-MORNING, Miss! How forlorn everything is beginning to appear, as winter steadily takes hold. It seems as if our garden really has deserted us.

Most of the fruit trees are looking very sad, too. All their leaves have gone, and they just seem to stand and shiver in the cold. They remind me of a person going out into the cold, not wearing a coat. But, this is the time for work.

Come! Out with the secateurs and pruning saw and let me teach you how to prune your fruit trees!

First we shall prune all the young trees—but only the deciduous ones. The orange, lemon, loquat, and the other evergreens we shall leave until later on.

They must be pruned properly if we are to have shapely trees, so we'll cut them back to the height fixed upon for the trunk, and prune them so that they keep a symmetrical shape—even all round with the branches spreading out; each one an equal distance from the next, and the centre well open. The old saying, "Train the tree whilst it is young," is a true one.

Prune Apple Trees This Way

LET me explain the procedure for pruning a young apple tree. First thin out the centre, you must prune heavily during the first three years for wood, to build up a good frame. Then, after that, prune lightly, annually, for fruit. When a tree bears regular crops, just remove badly-situated branches, thin out crowded spurs, cut out all dead and useless wood, and remember: in warm districts, prune lightly.

Pear and Quinces so...

THE pear tree we will treat in a similar way to the apple we have just completed. The quince we shape whilst young, and as it grows we keep the centre clear, branches well spaced, and not allowing any part of the branches to cross and rub each other. Cut out the laterals.

And Now the Peach Tree

WE cut the head of the peach tree low, cut out all the old wood. Remember that peaches bear their fruit on lateral branches of the previous year's growth. Therefore, we cut the leaders of the peach tree, so that they will be 6 to 8 inches long, and nip the laterals back to 5 or 6 inches. Take out the centre to allow light and air to pass through, and keep the tree an even shape all round. Remember chiefly the removal of bearing wood. The lateral wood is cut back so that the limbs are

always covered with this bearing wood. The pruning for the next year is carried out in a similar manner to that of the peach, being of the one family.

Apricot Tree Comes Next

THE fruit of the apricot tree comes on permanent spurs or branches, growing on the lower part of the tree, so that all terminal branches or leaders can be shortened to, say, 8 to 10 inches to an outside eye. On an outer branch, if they have central leaders, the position of the eye does not greatly matter, but in the wide-growing tree we can make an upright growth by cutting to the inside eye, and this will help to close the tree up a little and make it more compact.

Remove all dead wood, cutting the limbs as close as possible and paint over the wound some Stockholm tar. This will make the cut heal more readily.

For Better Cherries and Plums

THE cherry tree requires very little pruning. Just thin out a little, nip back a few of the branches, and cut out any dead wood. For an almond tree cut out those cross limbs, and clear the centre a little. Nothing more is needed.

Plum trees usually bear fruit on two-year-old spurs or on spurs slightly older. I cut the leaders back and just nip these laterals to 3 or 4 inches. You must also keep the centre open. Any that have grown too tall you will have to cut back.

NO fruit tree should be allowed to grow too high for a man to harvest the fruit from the ground. Spraying or pruning can be attended to without any difficulty and, what is more, you will suffer less loss of fruit during rough weather.

For fig trees very little pruning is necessary. Just remove cross limbs, and awkward branches, otherwise the fig is best left alone.

BECOME AN EXPERT JAZZ PIANIST

Len Langford, the well-known broadcasting pianist, can teach you to play Jazz and Syncopated Novelty Piano Playing in a few weeks. **Hurry's Proof.** Ten Langford students have secured broadcasting engagements. Twenty-five Langford students are now leading their own dance bands. Langford student wins second prize in Sydney International Jazz Session, 1934.

RESULTS GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

You may learn by Postal or Personal tuition. Become the life of the party. Surprise your friends. Send for particulars NOW. **LANGFORD PIANO SCHOOL, Dept. Z1, 207 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY. Phone B973.**



Youngsters love it!

WHEN buying your breakfast food it is well to remember that Breakfast D-Light is the real heart of the wheat grain with all the harsh indigestible parts removed.

It is so satisfying and sustaining that it is particularly valuable to youngsters in winter weather, and keeps them fit and strong and free from colds.

Breakfast D-Light now cooks quickly in five minutes, which really means that in a jiffy you give the family a wholesome hot cereal breakfast. The creamy flavour of Breakfast D-Light appeals to the whole family.

Let your youngsters enjoy the "Swiss Family Robinson" Broadcast from Station 2GB, Sydney, and 2HD, Newcastle, 6.20 p.m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday Evening.

Breakfast
The "Second Helping" **D-Light**
Cereal



"Eagley" Underwear, like a truly "warm" friend, comforts and protects the wearer and gives years of service.

"Eagley" Underwear is warm because it is All Pure Wool . . . comfortable because of the fine knit and special form-fitting styles . . . long lasting because infinite care is paid to detail in its manufacture and finish.



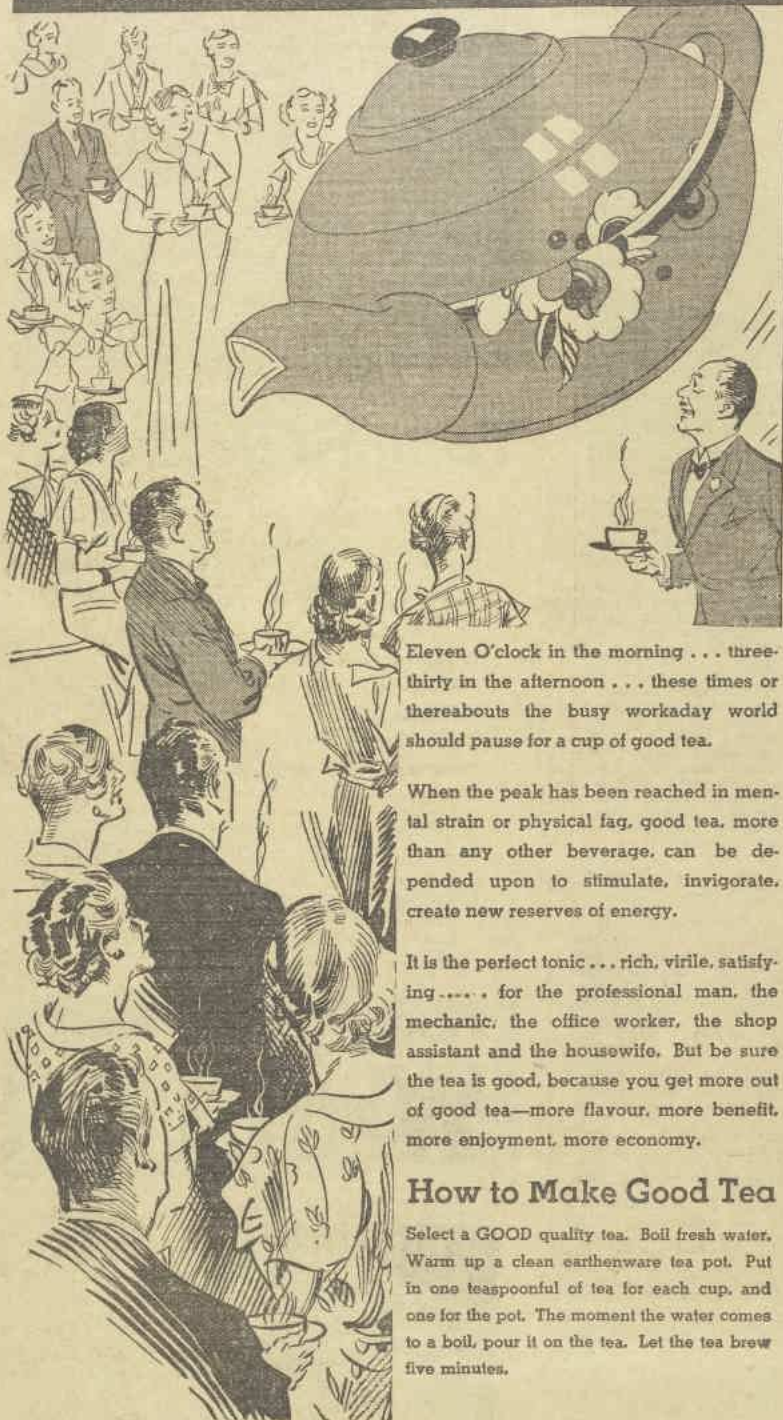
To "see" and "feel" Eagle Underwear is to realize its superiority.

Eagley
UNDERWEAR
ALL WOOL

"Yeiga"—Wool and Cotton Underwear.

A "WARM" FRIEND.

*Let's call a stop-work meeting
that the boss will be glad to join*



Eleven O'clock in the morning . . . three-thirty in the afternoon . . . these times or thereabouts the busy workaday world should pause for a cup of good tea.

When the peak has been reached in mental strain or physical lag, good tea, more than any other beverage, can be depended upon to stimulate, invigorate, create new reserves of energy.

It is the perfect tonic . . . rich, virile, satisfying . . . for the professional man, the mechanic, the office worker, the shop assistant and the housewife. But be sure the tea is good, because you get more out of good tea—more flavour, more benefit, more enjoyment, more economy.

How to Make Good Tea

Select a GOOD quality tea. Boil fresh water. Warm up a clean earthenware tea pot. Put in one teaspoonful of tea for each cup, and one for the pot. The moment the water comes to a boil, pour it on the tea. Let the tea brew five minutes.

**What you need is a Cup
of good TEA**

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU

G-28-22

WHILE on REMAND

Continued from Page 6

"YOUR sister has been remanded twice, so far, at the request of the police, no evidence having as yet been produced in court."

"At present she stands remanded until this day week, when it is reasonable to suppose the police will produce sufficient evidence to justify the magistrate committing her for trial."

Chatteris shuddered, and covered his eyes with his hand for a moment.

"That means we've got just a week in which to find the criminal, and thereby secure your sister's discharge instead of her threatened trial."

Five minutes later the professor was alone.

For a while he stood with his back to the fire. Then he rang for Rawlings.

"Have you any friends in the City, Rawlings?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the man with indignant surprise. "I should rather think not, sir!"

"Then you'll make some to-morrow," Harkness informed him. "Immediately after breakfast you'll wend your way to Eagle Court, Moorgate Street, and learn all you possibly can about the tenants of No. 7, more especially the names and addresses of all the employees, male and female, of an outside broker named Jasper Stone, who has an office on the first floor. Is that quite clear?"

"Now leave me. I shall be busy on the phone for a while. Don't disturb me for half an hour on any account." The professor's first call was to Detective-Inspector Garton, at Scotland Yard.

"Is that you, Garton? Harkness speaking?"

"Ha! Professor! What's this—just a friendly ring, or a cry for help?"

"A little of each, perhaps. This Eagle Court crime—what do you know about the victim?"

"You're not putting in on that case, surely, Professor? It's cast iron, cut and dried; and no outside assistance, scientific or otherwise, is required, thank you."

"That's no reason why you shouldn't gratify my morbid curiosity, is it?" growled Harkness.

"If that's all it is—why, certainly not. Sandra Wade, age twenty-two, a good-looking, only daughter of respectable people living in North London. Was filling her second post since leaving training college."

"She'd been a bit irregular in her habits recently—getting home late at night, and spending more money on dress and beauty preparations than her salary appeared to warrant."

"In fact, she was causing her parents a bit of worry. Otherwise, she's reported to have been a sweet-natured kid, generous to a fault."

"Dear me," murmured Harkness. "A shocking fate for a young girl. And you've no doubt as to the identity of her assailant?"

"You've said it. On his own admission, her employer had been paying the girl a good deal of attention—taking her out to dinner and shows—you know the game."

"The wife gets to hear of it; probably spots them together, and then waits for an opportunity to do the kid in. Jealousy. You don't want a stronger motive than that, do you?"

"I suppose not," replied the professor. "How was she found?"

"By the first clerk to arrive in the morning. He was surprised to find the light still burning in the waiting-room, but when he opened the door of his boss' private office he had a bigger shock."

"The girl was stretched on the floor—dead. She'd been stabbed between the neck and shoulder. The weapon, by some unlucky chance, had just missed the collar bone, passed between the top ribs, and pierced the heart."

"It must have been a hefty blow; but a woman mad with jealousy can sometimes exert unnatural strength."

"What was the weapon?" asked Harkness.

"A long, narrow, steel-bladed paper-knife that usually lay on the boss' desk. It was still sticking in the wound."

"That doesn't suggest premeditation, at any rate," interjected Harkness.

"It doesn't disprove it, either," retorted Garton. "The murderer might have thought it an improvement on the weapon she was no doubt carrying."

"Finger-prints on the handle?" questioned the professor.

"No; not a trace. But a gloved hand would account for that. And the gloved hand must have been that of the woman whose handkerchief was found between the dead girl's fingers."

"Doesn't it seem to you queer that the murderer should have left such a damning piece of evidence behind?"

"Not a bit. They always overlook something whether it's detected or not. That's our experience at the Yard."

"And the handkerchief belonged to Mrs. Stone, eh?"

"Yes; she's admitted it, telling some cock-and-bull story about having lost it between the Bank Station, where she remembers having made use of it, and Eagle Court."

"HAVE you traced the sender of the telegram?" asked Harkness quietly.

"So you know something about that, do you? Well, I'm afraid I can give you no further information, Professor. You must wait until the accused is brought up again, next week."

"All right," chuckled Harkness. "I won't press you. But don't be too sure that you've got hold of the right end of the stick. Remember my warning, won't you? Good night."

Harkness cut short Garton's indignant, spluttered reply by hanging up the receiver.

Then he rang up the police court where the preliminary proceedings were being conducted, and held a short but apparently satisfactory conversation with the person who replied.

Next morning, immediately after Rawlings had started off on his errand to the City, Professor Harkness made his way by taxi to the prison where Myra Stone was confined while on remand.

When the wardress had withdrawn out of earshot, Harkness spoke.

"Mrs. Stone?" he said, with a smile.

"My name is Harkness—Professor Eldon Harkness. You may or may not have heard of me, but I have some sort of reputation as an amateur detective."

"I—I don't think I've heard of you, Professor Harkness," replied Mrs. Stone nervously, looking a little doubtfully at the tall, gaunt figure before her.

"I don't want to stem an alarmist, Mrs. Stone," returned Harkness gravely. "But your situation, I fear, is a little more serious than you appear to imagine."

"But," exclaimed the woman, "you can't possibly think that they might . . . that I'm in any danger of . . . Oh!" She shuddered. "How horrible!"

Harkness waited a moment, until she had recovered her composure. Then he spoke, quietly but impressively.

"Be perfectly candid with me," he said. "Had you ever seen the dead girl before the night of the murder?"

"No," was the firm reply—"not if the pretty typist I saw was the girl who was murdered. Otherwise, how should I know who it was? There may have been other girls in the office while I sat in the waiting-room, expecting my husband to appear at any moment."

"Quite so," agreed Harkness. "She did not tell you she was alone, then?"

"Certainly not. But she seemed thoroughly startled by my appearance. Why, I don't know."

"You didn't know her by name?"

"No. I was not acquainted with the names of any of my husband's staff."

"How often had you previously visited your husband's office?"

"Three times, I think."

"Had you seen the poor girl there on either of those occasions? Did you recognise her?"

"No."

"How long was it since you last were there?"

"About a month."

"And when did you see on that occasion?"

"A youth, who showed me into the waiting-room, and a tall girl clerk, who looked in while I was sitting there, but went out again almost at once, without speaking."

"Your husband came to you that time, I suppose?"

"Yes; and we went off to dinner together."

"Were your relations with your husband at that time quite—ah! I say—friendly?"

Mrs. Stone looked down at her hands, as they lay in her lap, and the color slowly mounted in her cheeks.

"They were, and they were not," she answered, after an appreciable pause.

"Shortly before, we had had a rather violent quarrel. He had been neglecting me, and I had accused him of running after other women."

"Had you any foundation for your charge?"

"Well—yes; a friend of mine had seen him at a restaurant one night with a young woman—one of the nights when I had been led to believe he was working late at the office."

"Did you ever identify his companion?"

"No; I made no attempt. Anyway, we had some sort of a reconciliation which lasted until the night of the murder. When I returned home that evening and found him there, after waiting vainly for him in the office, I lost my temper. I'm afraid. So did he. We did not speak again after that."

"He left home in the morning without saying good-bye. In the afternoon, detectives came and arrested me."

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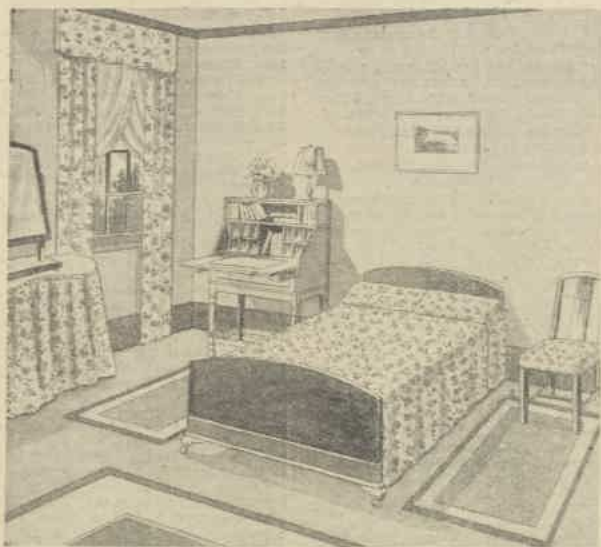
Modern Bedrooms with Old-World Charm . . .

...With Gay Chintz Hangings, Frilly Curtains, Quilted Spreads... and Dressing-Tables that Wear the Sweetest Petticoats!

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

Many home-lovers have discovered that the "smart" furniture of last year with its angular lines and gleaming chromium finish is rather too hard to live with. Particularly is this true in the case of the bedroom. This is the one room in the house where an intimate charm and comfort, even an air of luxury, is essential—for the room in which we spend those first languorous waking moments can do much to color our whole day.

WHO could fail to find the world a cheery place when first glimpsed through the window of this simple though charming room illustrated here, with its Old-World air . . . and modern comforts. A window, too, that has been daring enough to borrow some of the heavy quilting



RICHLY-PATTERNED English quilted chintz covers the bed, the seat of the bedside chair, and fashions the long drapes and shaped pelmet at the windows in this attractive guest-room. Even the dressing-table favors of bygone days, and wears a prettily-flounced chintz petticoat. See story.

This new and lovely quilted chintz is now on display at Hardens Bros.

that covers the bed to fashion the long drapes and the shaped pelmet.

And don't you like the frilly short curtains of Swiss muslin? They give such a soft effect, and if they were of a pale primrose to tone with the gold of the chintz they would temper the strength of our winter sun—yet give an illusion of brightness on the gloomiest of days.

A cheery room this, and one that any housewife would be proud to have

colorful, so rich. Moreover, they wear so well, and, I hope, will remain in favor for a long time to come.

And now I want to draw your attention to the pretty dressing-table shown on this page.

These with their softly-frilled petticoats heighten the illusion of Old-World charm that our bedrooms are aiming at these days. And, as you may well imagine, they can also hide a "multitude of sins."

The one illustrated above could be hiding an old cedar loughboy, or a packing case equally well, as the whole thing is detachable.

The top is a light, though strong, board, cut kidney shape. This is covered with a lining fabric, and then a daintily embroidered English voile. The skirt is also lined and falls softly to the floor. The embroidery is in soft apple-green on a natural ground. By the way, it is possible to buy this



FASCINATING dressing-table, reminiscent of grandmother's day. The embroidery is a soft apple-green on a natural ground. A pair of old candle-sticks, a tiring-back mirror and your room assumes a different atmosphere.

This dressing-table top may be had in various delightful colors from Hardens Bros.

for her week-end guests. There is nothing grand about furniture or furnishings, nothing pretentious, nothing ornate either. But there is evidence of the artistry of human hand and brain in the planning.

A low, plain bed with the latest "throw over" spread—not fitted as were the spreads of last year—of English quilted chintz; plain pillowcases also of the quilted chintz; and bedside chair upholstered with a piece of the same material.

The dressing table is just sweet. It shows a revival of the "petticoat influence" so popular in our grandmother's day. . . . And what is this the lucky housewife has found? One of the old swing-back mirrors with heavy cedar frame. This evidently was rescued from the attic or store-room to complete the illusion of a bygone day.

Nimble fingers could transform the spare-room into the room illustrated with its quaint charm at a very little outlay of money and less trouble. Even the English chintz, quilted and all ready to be made up, may be purchased to-day by the yard. Yesterday I saw it in three delightful shades—duck-egg blue, pale gold, and parchment, and have illustrated for you a sample which, although failing to give you any idea of the lovely colorings, shows the true beauty and artistry of the all-over design.

It is good to know that chintzes have come back into fashion. They are so



A CLOSE-UP of the richly-patterned glazed quilted chintz which was used to decorate the room shown above.

complete for 37/6 at one of our leading stores—a boon to the home-lover, whether she presides over a big home, a tiny cottage, a flat, or just a bed-sitting room.



CRISP ORGANDIE in pastel-tinted tones fashions the dainty flounce of this dressing-table and seat. Anyone could make this Adorable, isn't it?

HOT HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar. It is a brew of excellent quality.



IT
AIDS
DIGESTION

Try it
after every
meal!

WRIGLEY'S

chewing gum is the perfect finish to every meal, for it assists digestion. Its clean mint flavour leaves the mouth tasting fresh, its pleasant fragrance sweetens the breath. Wrigley's makes that after-meal cigarette taste better, too. Remember to keep some always on hand. You'll like it!



Also Spearmint in six bar packets, 3d.

TAKE YOUR CHANGE IN
WRIGLEY'S

W.T. 15-7

NEW POWDER SHADES.

that ENLIVEN your own skin-tones

—originated by Dr. Pacini, cosmetic expert

HITHERTO, women have had to be content with powder shades that indifferently matched the skin. Now Dr. Pacini has created for Kissproof four NEW powder shades that blend perfectly with the skin; more, he has added a subtle radiance of tone never found in usual powder shades. In each NEW Kissproof shade is included a special ingredient—Dr. Pacini's own discovery—which enlivens natural skin-tones; gives to dull complexions the vivacity of youth.

Dr. Pacini has named these NEW Kissproof shades Flesh, Rachel, Ivory, and Tan. You can obtain them at any perfumery counter.

Make your eyes sparkle with Delico-Brow. Dark, sweeping lashes add beauty to your eyes. Accent your lashes, and brows, too, with Kissproof Delico-Brow. Waterproof in Black, brown, and blue.

The NEW
Kissproof
POWDER

K2-125

Soft loveliness for your
FACE and HANDS



NIVEA ALL-PURPOSE CREME is a proved beauty preparation of 30 years' world-wide reputation. Use Nivea Creme regularly, for the soft loveliness of your face and hands. It is a skin food. . . a vanishing creme . . . and a cleansing creme—ALL IN ONE.

TRY IT . . .
it's marvellous!

NIVEA
CONTAINS SUCRIN
All Purpose CREME

6" & 1 1/2"

**WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE—**

WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

If you feel sour, tired and weary, and the world looks blue, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral waters, oil, laxative-candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine. For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste, and your breath is foul, acid often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches, and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, unswerving when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes, 17s and 1/6. Rest is substitute.

Why suffer with Backache?

"Keep the kidneys well; they will keep you well."

HEALTHY, ACTIVE KIDNEYS are your surest protection against backache, urinary disorders, disturbed nights, renal dropsy, sciatica and rheumatism. These troubles start when the delicate kidney filters fail to extract harmful impurities from the blood. To stop the mischief the early use of Doans Backache Kidney Pills is recommended.

Below Mrs. Jordan describes her recovery. Thousands of others are just as enthusiastic for Doans.

"A MARTYR TO BACKACHE"

Mrs. Jordan, 44 Dorcas St., Kensington, Sydney, says: "For a year I was a martyr to backache. When I sat down quietly for a time and then got up, the pain that shot through me was dreadful. I tried all sorts of medicine, but could not get anything to suit me until I used Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. One day a booklet was delivered to my house advertising Doan's Pills and this had me to try them, and I am thankful to say that a few bottles worked a complete cure in my case. They are really first-class pills for backache."

Many years later, Mrs. Jordan says: "I have still the same good opinion of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They cured me many years ago and since then have always acted beneficially whenever I have had occasion to take them."

Refuse inferior substitutes. Insist upon

DOANS
Backache Kidney Pills
The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark.



An exclusive feature of Stromberg-Carlson Radio is "Chromo-Phonic Reproduction". It enables you to enjoy a greater tonal range and absolutely balanced reproduction. Every note of music... every inflection of voice has a richness and beauty of tone that cannot be excelled.

And this is but one of the many features that make Stromberg-Carlson "the radio for the connoisseur". Superb in craftsmanship... far ahead in design... it is unquestionably first in value. Truly the name Stromberg-Carlson is the hall-mark of excellence in radio.

MODEL 355 5-valve A.C. Receiver

The Model 355 is a "single-purpose" Receiver, for local broadcast reception. It combines extreme selectivity and sensitivity with ease of operation, and the provision of a tuning meter takes the guess-work out of tuning. Automatic volume control minimizes background noises, both in tuning and operating, and gives freedom from fading.

The Model 355 reproduces Australian stations with amazing fidelity and tonal purity, and has earned for itself the title, "the Musician's Receiver". Price £29/19/6



Stromberg-Carlson
Chromo-Phonic Radio

STROMBERG-CARLSON (A/SIA) LTD., 72 WILLIAM ST., SYDNEY.
AUTHORISED DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE COMMONWEALTH.

WHILE on REMAND

Continued from Page 30

"HAVE you seen your husband since then?"

"No. He has not taken the trouble to visit me. But he instructed solicitors to arrange for my defence, and I have had several interviews with lawyers."

"Can you imagine what has prevented his coming to see you?"

"I think so. He either believes, or is pretending to believe, me guilty."

An expression of hot indignation burned in the wife's eyes as she spoke. Harkness glanced at her sympathetically. Then he stood up.

"Well, Mrs. Stone," he said warmly, "it may be some comfort for you to know that I am absolutely convinced of your innocence, and that I shall do all that lies in my power not only to clear you but also to find the criminal."

Tears sprang to the woman's eyes as she rose and took the professor's outstretched hand.

"Thank you, Professor Harkness. You've already made me feel very much less wretched..."

It was on the stroke of four o'clock when Rawlings made his appearance in the study, after knocking timidly at the door.

"I've been to the City, sir," he began.

"I arrived in the vicinity of Eagle Court about half an hour before the houses opened, sir, so decided first of all to reconnoitre No. 7."

"On the off-chance of there being one, I inquired at the office on the ground floor for the housekeeper, and was informed that I should probably find him at the top of the house."

"I accordingly went up, noting Jasper Stone's office on my way, and found the party I was in search of reading

the newspaper in a cosy little sitting-room under the roof."

"Did he know, I asked, of any housekeepers' jobs going in the neighborhood, as I wanted light occupation, with a small honorarium attached, to eke out my pension?"

Harkness smiled.

"A very neat way of introducing yourself," he said approvingly.

"Quite so, sir," acknowledged the butler, with a sly, answering smile.

"I SOON established friendly relations with the party—a Mr. Wright by name—and in due course invited him out to join me in a glass, it being by that time close on half-past eleven."

"From that it was easy to lead him on to a discussion of the tenants of No. 7; and when I mentioned that I'd noticed a name on the first floor that gave me the shivers, namely, Jasper Stone—a cold and cruel-sounding name, sir—he lowered his voice and became more confidential than I had hoped to find him, judging by his face."

"Jasper Stone, he said, was in his opinion no blooming good. How could you respect a bloke, he asked, who allowed murders to be committed in rooms that he occupied on a tenancy agreement?"

"In fact, sir, he couldn't have been more indignant about the crime if the girl had been his own daughter."

"There'd been carryings on in that office for some time past, he said, but it hadn't been none of his business. But when it came to murdering young girl typists like pretty little Sandra Wade, he thought it was high time something was done about it."

"The other girl wasn't a patch on her for looks, he said, or anything like so pleasant spoken. He never had thought much of Miss Ritchie, he said. She'd got a bit above herself, he thought, for some reason that wasn't nothing to do with him."

"Ritchie? I says, Ritchie? I wonder if she's the Miss Ritchie what lives at..."

"Let me see now, what is the address?"

"He fell into the trap, sir, and mentioned the address as gib as you please. Here it is, sir, on this slip of paper. I wrote it down when I managed to leave him for a minute."

The professor took the paper, glanced at it and placed it on his desk.

"Good man!" he said. "Did he mention any other members of the staff?"

"Yes, sir. He mentioned the two men clerks and the office boy."

"Names and addresses?"

"Names, sir. I've got them on this other slip. But I wasn't able to get their addresses nobow, sir—not even when I'd got him off the beer and on to whisky."

"Oh, well, perhaps we can manage without," said Harkness cheerfully.

"Did he give you any details about the carryings on you mentioned just now?"

"In a manner of speaking, yes, sir. He hinted that for months before little Miss Wade joined the staff—which was only a few weeks ago—Mr. Stone used to keep Miss Ritchie late at the office several nights a week, and that he'd seen them leave together as late as nine or ten o'clock. Then they'd get into a taxi in Moorgate Street and drive off together, heading westward."

"However, after Miss Wade came, all that stopped, but in a week or so he began to keep her late, instead of the other."

"And I think that's about all, sir," concluded Rawlings, rising rather reluctantly to his feet.

"You're done very well—very well indeed," approved his employer. "I dare say you've guessed why I wanted the information?"

"Well, sir, I did venture to presume you was interesting yourself in the murder, sir. It seems quite in your line, if I may say so, sir."

Harkness laughed, and Rawlings left the room.

In less than five minutes he was back again.

"Detective-Inspector Garton has called, sir," he announced.

Harkness chuckled. "Show him in," he ordered.

"Look here, Professor," cried the detective, pushing past the servant, "I've just heard about your visit to Mrs. Stone this morning. I suppose you pulled some strings. But what's the idea?"

"Sit down, Garton. You're a little over-excited, I'm afraid. That's bad, for a man of your age and habit."

"Never mind my age, and my habits. I'm not excited—I'm a bit sore. You're butting in on this case, and I want to know why."

"In the interests of justice," retorted Harkness. "I'm very much afraid you've got the wrong person under suspicion."

"Fiddlesticks!" exploded Garton. "The woman Stone done it, and we've got her where we want her."

Please turn to Page 33

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WHILE on REMAND

Continued from Page 32

"If you're so sure, why have you come to me?" demanded Harkness sharply.

The detective glared back at his questioner in silence for a moment. Then he shifted his eyes unsteadily.

"We've got a cat-iron case," he said, a little less confidently. "But you mentioned something over the phone yesterday about the telegram, and—well, I'd like to know what you know about it?"

"Your case is that Mrs. Stone despatched it herself—isn't that so?"

"Exactly."

"Can you prove it?"

"Only by inference, perhaps—as you may say."

"In other words, it's the weak link in your chain of evidence," suggested Harkness.

"Well, perhaps it is," agreed the detective reluctantly. "But it's a link, all the same."

"Well, see," retorted the professor. "I'm not so sure that it is—so far as Mrs. Stone is concerned. At what time was the wire handed in?"

"At five minutes past five."

"Where does Mrs. Stone say she was at that time?"

"At home—in her flat. But she can't prove it."

"How's that?" asked Harkness, looking a little disquieted for the first time.

"Well, you see, she'd given the maid the afternoon and evening off. And although she swears she was alone in the flat from three o'clock until she left to go down to the City to meet her husband—which was about six-thirty—we've only got her word for it."

"Could she have handed in the wire at five past five and got home in time to receive it herself?"

"Sure! We've worked it out. And, what's more, Professor," cried Garton triumphantly, "the messenger who delivered it says she'd got her outdoor things on when she opened the door to him!"

"That proves nothing," snapped Harkness. "She might have been on the point of going out."

"Oh, yes?" sneered the detective. "That's just how she explained it. But if you ask me, she'd just got back from the City, and hadn't had time to take her hat and coat off."

"But does all this matter, if you've identified her handwriting on the telegram form?"

Garton looked nonplussed for an instant. Then he resumed his blustering air.

"Ah," he said, "she was too artful to write in her ordinary hand. She used printed characters."

Harkness laughed.

"It's perfectly clear," he said, "that you haven't the foggiest notion who sent that telegram, so, to fit in with your theory, you're trying your damndest to fix it on to Mrs. Stone. How do you know that Stone himself didn't send it?"

Garton stiffened in his chair, and looked at the professor with distended eyes.

"But—but the post office clerk says it was handed in by a woman," he protested.

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Harkness. "How could she be sure? In the rush hour, mind you, when the counter was probably crowded."

"A form, with a shilling lying on it, or, perhaps, with the stamps already affixed, is pushed under the grille. Who is to say with absolute certainty whether a man or a woman pushed it under?"

"Yes," broke in Garton excitedly, "but if Stone himself sent it, it might suggest that he did so to throw suspicion on his wife, meaning to commit the murder himself! By gosh!"

"As their maid was out—and he probably knew it—it was a simple matter for him to get into the flat unnoticed."

"But, the detective objected weakly, "would he have had time to get back home first?"

"Why not?" retorted Harkness. "If, as you assert, Mrs. Stone was able to send a wire to herself from Moorgate Street, and then get home in time to receive it, why shouldn't Stone have had time to kill the girl and get back to the flat before his wife, who probably remained in the office ten or fifteen minutes after the crime had been committed?"

Garton brought his hand down heavily on his knee.

"By gosh!" he shouted. "You're right, Professor! There's as much evidence against him as there is against her, when you come to look at it. And," he added more quietly, "perhaps there's as strong a motive."

"What do you know about that?" questioned Harkness quickly.

"Well, you see, there was an autopsy on the poor kid, of course, and—well—you know. Things were like that."

The professor's face worked painfully for a moment.

"In this case," he said presently, "I could almost wish he were the guilty party."

"What do you mean?" demanded Garton. "Don't you think he did it, then, after all? Why, I thought you were proving it against him!"

"Not at all. I was merely suggesting that, up to a point, there's as much evidence against him as against his wife—and you've shown that he might have had an even stronger motive than the woman's."

"Well, something's got to be done about it," said the detective uneasily. "As you say, it might very well have been him. I don't mind admitting it. As a matter of fact, it's more likely to have been him, when you come to look at it."

"He'd got himself in a mess with the typist, and he'd quarrelled with his wife. He wanted to get rid of both; so he worked out a way of killing two birds, as you may say, with one stone."

"Now I tumble why he hasn't been to see his wife while she's been on remand. He hasn't got the face! What a rotter!"

"DON'T go so fast," Garton, advised Harkness. "And, for your reputation's sake, don't think of releasing the wife and arresting the husband in her place. For, in my opinion, neither of them is guilty."

"What's that?" shouted Garton, starting up out of his chair. "Neither of them? I don't want to be rude, Professor, but you are quite sure you know what you're talking about?"

Harkness looked sternly at the detective.

"I'll overlook your rudeness—on this occasion," he said, "because I can imagine the state of your mind. Now you'd better go. I dare say you've got some hard thinking to do."

Garton rose, and stood in obvious unease before the professor.

"I'm sorry," he said hoarsely. Then he turned to go. When he reached the study door, he paused and looked back. Harkness, who was seated calmly at his desk, glanced up.

"If you care to be here at three sharp to-morrow afternoon," he said, "I shall have no objection to your making one of an interesting little party."

Garton's face brightened, and he beamed broadly.

"Three o'clock? I'll be O.K. by me, Professor," he said emphatically. The next moment Harkness was alone.

At five o'clock the professor left his flat, taxied to the City, and made his way to No. 7, Eagle Court.

Climbing the stairs to the first floor, he stood for a moment or two, surveying the plan of the landing.

Facing him was an opaque glass panelled door inscribed with the name of Jasper Stone, under which appeared the word "Inquiries."

A short passage led off to the left, ending in a similar door, on which the name was repeated, with the addition of the word "Private."

The professor strode forward, opened the door facing him, and stepped inside. He at once recognised the lobby described by Chatteris.

Facing him was the closed hatch, and beside it the door through which the murdered girl had passed to conduct Mrs. Stone into the waiting-room, the door of which appeared on Harkness' right.

Immediately facing this, on his left, was a third door, which, he imagined, led to the private room at the end of the passage.

The professor tapped on the partition, and without delay the hatch was opened, disclosing the face of a youth, who looked inquiringly at the caller.

"Is Mr. Stone in?" asked the professor.

"I'll see, sir. What name, sir?"

"Here is my card."

"Will you take a seat in the waiting-room, sir? Through that door, if you please, sir."

Harkness nodded, and stepped into the room indicated. A swift glance showed him that it was provided with only the one door. Its solitary window looked out on to a narrow, grimy courtyard.

He had barely seated himself when the youth reappeared.

"This way, if you please, sir."

Harkness followed his guide across the lobby and through the door he had surmised might lead to the private room; and a moment later was ushered into the presence of Mr. Jasper Stone.

The professor was not too favorably impressed by the man who rose from his desk to wave his visitor to a chair. Neither was he definitely repelled.

He saw before him a dark, clean-shaven, middle-aged man of stout build, carefully dressed, who looked at him from under strongly-marked eyebrows with unassuming eyes that held an expression of anxiety, if not fear.

"Will you be seated?" he said in a deep, musical voice. "To what do I owe this pleasure, Professor Harkness? Your name seems dimly familiar to me; but at the moment I cannot—"

Please turn to Page 35

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THE MAN who HATED FUSS

ALMOST immediately in front of him the surface had crumbled. Even as he stood there some stones and rubble slid crackling over the edge. He peered cautiously over. Thirty feet below, suspended over the thick roots of a bush, was a man's body. As his eyes became accustomed to the light, he saw one arm rise feebly and fall again. There was no sign of a woman. It must have been the man who had screamed, after all. Well, the blighter was alive. That meant that somehow or other Jimmy had got to go down to him. At least, it meant that to Jimmy. It was not easy. The moment he started to scramble down, the odds were that those damned stones would begin slipping again. And he could not see further than the bush. God knew what was beyond that. Still, the blighter couldn't be left there. He lowered himself gently over the edge, and clawing with his hands scrambled down the steep slope. At last, bleeding and out of breath, his feet touched the roots of the bush. He turned over on to his back, and slipped aside of it. Almost as if across his lap, the man's body lay, face downwards. For a full half-minute he stayed there, panting. Then he looked round the

bush and below. Two yards beneath him the ground broke, and dropped sheer. Four or five hundred feet, it might be. Jimmy felt rather sick, and lay back holding the root with his thighs, as one rides a horse. Anyway, he thought, there was no going back. He'd never be able to scramble up where he had slid down. And, besides, the man was alive. He wouldn't be long, if he hung over loosely like that, but he was now. What to do? He could have sworn it was a woman whom he had heard scream. Maybe she had fainted up there, or something. He lay back again and called, "Is there anybody there?"

A voice broken and trembly, answered: "Yes. O God—O God!"

Jimmy shouted again.

"Well, look here. It's no use making a fuss. I've got down to him and he's alive."

The voice above said something which ended in a sob.

Jimmy said: "Do you know where you are?"

Something like "Yes" floated down.

"Then get, as fast as possible, to the nearest place where you can get a couple of men and a strong rope. Tell 'em what's happened. I'll stick here."

He fancied he heard hurrying steps above. Well, he'd said he'd stick here. So he would, but it did not depend so much upon him as upon the strength of this shrub. And somehow, too, he'd got to pull this blighter nearer . . .

HE did it, with infinite care, inch by inch. The man was a dead weight, and from the way he came, Jimmy rather thought his thigh was broken. The thick roots of the shrub groaned suddenly beneath him. God! was the thing going? He kept quite still and listened to his heart beating. The sweat was dripping over his thick eyebrows. He slipped his arm under the man's head and lifted it. And he stared into the face of Gerald Prentice.

So that woman, who had screamed, was Marjorie. His mind, strangely, flew back to the vicar and the church at Cheremminster, and the God whose

House it was. Well, anyway, that God had a sense of humor.

He gave Gerald Prentice brandy from his flask, which he unscrewed with his teeth, without a quiver in his hand. The man's eyes opened.

"Nasty fall," said Jimmy, "but you'll be all right."

"I'm done for," whispered the other.

"Not a bit of it," said Jimmy, and added quickly, "but don't move, for God's sake!"

Prentice sighed and closed his eyes again.

Then Gerald Prentice opened his eyes again and stared up at Jimmy for a long time.

"My God!" he said. "My God! you're Jimmy Haydon!"

"That's right," said Jimmy, "but—for the love of heaven, don't make a fuss!"

"You see," went on Jimmy, "if we make any kind of fuss, this damned shrub will snap and then we shift to the tune of about four hundred feet."

"I think I've smashed a thigh," said Prentice faintly.

"I think you have," answered Haydon. "And I bet it hurts like hell. But I can't do anything about it. Try not to move, whatever you do."

"Why don't you chuck me over, Haydon?" whispered Prentice.

"I don't know," said Jimmy, "but I'm not going to." They did not speak again.

A little group of men gathered on the path above them with lanterns and a rope. It seemed ages before one of them appeared at Jimmy's side, roped round the waist. Very slowly, and with infinite pain, they got Prentice to the top. Then Haydon went up. Marjorie stared at him, but she gave no sign of surprise. Prentice had had time to tell her. They carried the injured man on a hurdle along the narrow twisting path. It was a tedious procession. Marjorie walked by his side, and alone, at the back, walked Haydon. They took him into the house where Marjorie had raised the men. Outside she found herself standing with Jimmy, alone.

"Do you know," he asked, "whether I can get back this way to Lupton-le-duc?"

"Yes," she answered. "In about two miles the path will take you on to the road."

"Good-night, then," he said. "I hope they will be able to get a doctor quickly."

And he turned and walked away. Tears were running down Marjorie's cheeks. But they were not tears for Gerald Prentice. She had found him out months ago.

Jimmy Haydon went home, and Gerald Prentice recovered, nursed by Marjorie. Whereafter nearly a year elapsed.

Then one evening Jimmy heard a tap upon his library window. He drew the curtain and looked out. There stood Marjorie. She looked, he thought, like a child. He brought her in, and she stood and shivered in front of the big fire.

SAID Jimmy, "What can I do for you, dear?" The "dear" hit her hard, but she was determined not to cry.

She said: "I've left him. I've no right to come to you—but I have. I wanted to tell you that I'm sorry. I never knew you, Jimmy. You never let me know you! But I couldn't go on without telling you I was sorry. I ought to have written, I suppose, but I didn't. I . . . came . . . in a car," she added irrelevantly.

"Get in," said Jimmy.

She obeyed him, and taking the wheel, he swung the car round.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "I'm going to the rectory!" answered Jimmy.

"But why?"

"I want to arrange with the vicar to marry us!"

"But—Jimmy—do you mean, you want me back?"

"Of course," said Jimmy. "Now don't make a fuss!"

"But we are married!"

"I know," replied Jimmy, "but I think we'd better do it again."

She stared at his perfectly serious face bent forward over the wheel. "What a fool I've been!" she said.

"The same here," he answered. "I took love and you for granted. I suppose I ought to have made more fuss about it! Thank God you came back!"

The maid announced "Sir James and Lady Haydon!" The vicar met half a glass of orangeade and Myra said:

"It is nice to see you again, Marjorie!" They had always been friends. The vicar frowned at his wife unavailingly.

"Have a cigar, Vicar," said Jimmy. "I want to arrange to be married to Marjorie!"

"But," stammered the vicar, "you are."

Said Jimmy Haydon:

"Well, I like being married. I want to be married again."

"But"—began the vicar, once more, "the people here—what—er—what are they going to say?"

"Much the same, I suppose," answered Jimmy, "as the people said when Someone asked who was in a position to cast the first stone."

The vicar thought he heard Myra mutter "stung" under her breath.

"It's a most unusual request," he said.

"Now, look here, vicar," said Jimmy, "give me a glass of port, fix this business up, and don't make a fuss!"

So they were married and lived happily ever after.

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WHILE on REMAND

Continued from Page 33

"YOU may have heard of me as a scientist interested in the unravelling of crime mysteries. Mr. Stone," broke in Harkness, closely watching the effect of his words.

Jasper Stone dropped into his chair again, a faint flush suffusing his pale face.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Of course."

Then an angry light began to burn in his sombre eyes.

"Are you here on behalf of the police?" he demanded.

"No," replied Harkness; "on behalf of Mrs. Stone, your wife."

"This is very painful, very painful indeed," said Stone, fidgeting in his chair.

"Not so painful for you as it is for your wife, Mr. Stone," said Harkness bluntly. "Do you realise the peril she is in?"

"I'm not a complete fool, I hope, Professor Harkness," returned the other angrily.

"I should imagine not," came the retort. "Neither, I fancy, are you completely callous. Will you co-operate with me to clear your wife of this baseless charge of murder?"

"Baseless?" repeated Stone. Then he laughed bitterly. "I would that it were."

Harkness waved that aside.

"I ask you again," he said. "Will you co-operate with me?"

"I will do nothing to impede the course of justice," replied the husband savagely. "That prior, murdered girl was only twenty-two, and one of the sweetest, most loving and trusting creatures on God's earth."

"Whoever killed her," he went on, his voice quivering—"I say, whoever killed her—deserves worse punishment than the law provides. If my own flesh and blood had done it, I would say the same."

The professor's keen eyes had watched the man narrowly as he made his declaration.

"Mr. Stone," he said suddenly, "are you aware that there's no more evidence against your wife than there is against yourself?"

Stone sprang to his feet, glaring savagely at Harkness.

"How—how dare you!" he stammered. "What right have you to suggest such—such an absurdity?"

"I'm suggesting nothing," replied Harkness. "I'm stating a fact."

"Can you prove you did not send the telegram to your wife? Can you prove you were not lurking in this office when she arrived, and that you did not kill Sandra Wade while your wife was in the waiting-room, expecting your return; and that you did not slip out of that door—here Harkness pointed—"to get home to your flat before her?"

Stone sank back in the chair and stared at Harkness stupidly, saying nothing.

"Can you prove," went on the scientist, "that you had not planned to throw suspicion on your wife—who, perhaps, had become inconvenient to you?"

"Can you prove these things, I say? Can you account for your whereabouts in every detail during those critical hours and moments any better than your wife can?"

Stone moistened his lips, and made an effort to speak.

"It's unthinkable," he stammered. "I—I loved that girl. Don't you understand? How could I kill her? My wife had a motive. She must have got to know—somehow. She was jealous."

"Some people might say that you had an even stronger motive," retorted Harkness sternly. "An autopsy was performed on the body. Do you know what it revealed? Can you imagine?"

"Oh, my God!" gasped Stone, gripping the arms of his chair until his knuckles were bloodless. "Not that! Don't tell me that!"

Harkness watched the agony depicted on the man's face with something akin to pity in his own.

"It's neither my business nor my purpose to increase your distress," he said, after a moment.

"I simply want to show you how easily suspicion might have fallen on you instead of on your wife."

STONE nodded vacantly. Then his expression changed.

"But her handkerchief was found in Sandra's hand!" he exclaimed. "That's a damning fact. That alone turns the scale against her, even though in other respects the evidence is equally strong against us both."

Harkness smiled grimly.

"Don't deceive yourself," he said. "I believe your wife's story that she lost her handkerchief."

"My theory is that she dropped it in the lobby, or on the landing, and that the murderer found it, and saw in it a means of increasing suspicion against your wife by placing it between the dead girl's fingers."

HARKNESS said: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Horlick's Anchovy

"I should have concluded that you had done so, if I'd believed you to be the criminal," added the scientist.

"Then you don't suspect me?" asked Stone, looking Harkness full in the face.

"No. I consider you culpable, and the indirect cause of the tragedy. But that's a matter for your conscience."

"What I'm here for is to shake your belief in your wife's guilt, and to persuade you to help me to unmask the actual murderer."

Stone was silent for a moment, apparently deep in thought. Then he gave Harkness a candid look.

"You've convinced me," he said. "After all, although my wife and I have not hit it off too well together for some time it does seem madness on my part to imagine her capable of murder. But what's to be done? I'm told she's certain to be sent for trial at the next hearing."

"ONLY the discovery of the real criminal will save her. Will you help?"

"Yes," replied Stone, without further hesitation. "Tell me what to do."

"Nothing to-night. But call at my flat at two-fifteen to-morrow afternoon. Then we'll have a further talk."

"I'll do that, certainly," promised Stone.

Punctually at two-fifteen the following day Rawlings announced the arrival of Mr. Jasper Stone, whom Harkness directed should be shown at once into the study.

The meeting between the two men was cool, though friendly.

When they were seated, Harkness pushed the telephone towards his visitor.

"Could you send for one of your clerical staff on some excuse?" he asked.

Stone looked surprised.

"I suppose I could," he replied. "Why?"

"Do you mind if I keep my reason to myself for the moment?" asked the professor. "It will be quite clear, later. You can trust me, you know."

"I suppose I can," replied Stone, with a smile. "But it sounds a bit mysterious."

"Amateur detectives have to be mysterious," laughed Harkness. "Otherwise, what would become of the thriller writers? Whom will you send for?"

Stone considered for a moment.

"I can't let the junior leave the office," he said at length. "Clark and Harris are very busy, too. I'm afraid it will have to be Miss Ritchie. I suppose a girl will suit your purpose just as well?"

Please turn to Page 36

"ROSY CHEEKS"

NOURISHING DINNERS

that bring the glow of health to young cheeks, are the homely, wholesome kind—such as SOUPS, STEWS, PIES, PUDDINGS, and RICH BROWN GRAVIES made with GRAVOX, which instantly SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS.

Simply blend and bring to the boil.

GRAVOX MAKES NO LUMPS

GRAVOX

THE IDEAL GRAVY MAKER

MADE BY KLEMBRO PTY. LTD. RICHMOND, VICTORIA

"MY HUSBAND'S TIREDNESS WORRIED ME

but I never dreamt he had NIGHT-STARVATION"

AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL

IF YOU DON'T FEEL WELL, DEAR, WE'D BETTER GO HOME.

TERESA, DARLING, FORGIVE ME, I'M JUST TOO TIRED OUT AFTER A DAY AT THE OFFICE TO DO ANYTHING IN THE EVENING.

I KNOW

I'M SORRY FOR TERESA—MARRIED TO THAT WET BLANKET OF A HUSBAND, SHE'S TO GAY!

WHA! I DIDN'T WANT TO COME TO THIS AFFAIR, ANYWAY. DRESSING UP LIKE A LOT OF KIDS!

LATER AT HOME

OH, WHAT WE HITS END!—DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM.

TIERED IN THE MORNING, YOU SAY? AND ALL DAY LONG, IT SEEMS LIKE NIGHT-STARVATION!—I THINK I CAN RECOMMEND SOMETHING.

OH, MY GOD! I GAVE YOU MY PRESCRIPTION.

YOU MEAN HORLICK'S? YES, IT'S FINE STUFF.

TWO MONTHS LATER

DO YOU REALISE IT'S ONE O'CLOCK, KEN, DARLING?

WHO CARES?

Her Husband's symptoms pointed to one thing—"Night Starvation". Like thousands of others her Husband hadn't realised that all night long, even during sleep, you burn up energy. If this energy is not replaced as it is used, you wake tired—"Night Starved".

Horlick's Malted Milk taken regularly at bed-time prevents "Night Starvation" by building up energy while you sleep. The flavour is delicious, insipid, and Horlick's is real economy—the milk is in it. You need add water only. Prices from 1/6. Horlick's Mixers 1/-.

Do you know these amazing facts about "Night-Starvation"?

- (1) The average person burns up every 18 minutes during sleep. The more active they are, the more they burn. To put it all the more groups in the world.
- (2) During an 8 hour night, you expend 30,000 muscular efforts just to breathe!
- (3) All night through your heart has to beat and pump blood about 25,000 times between 11 p.m. and 7 a.m.
- (4) Unless this energy is replaced during the night, you suffer from "Night Starvation".

Horlick's Malted Milk is the only food which shows that it is the most easily digested, restores this energy while you sleep.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

Why

BUY UNKNOWN STOCKINGS?

WHEN YOU CAN BUY HOSIERY OF UNQUESTIONED quality and appearance, produced by PRESTIGE LIMITED . . . a company world-famed for efficient organization and quality productions.



ALTHOUGH Paramount productions are offered at such attractive prices, the Company wish it to be known that these stockings carry the same warranty as all Prestige products.

Prestige Ltd.

We have recently added to this range the New Ringless Sheer—**6 1/2** PARAMOUNT No. 444 at **6 1/2**

WHILE on REMAND

Continued from Page 35

"Oh, quite—quite. Let it be Miss Ritchie, by all means. Ask her to reach here by 3 o'clock, if you don't mind."

"Certainly," agreed Stone, dialling his number.

It seemed no time before Rawlings entered to announce the arrival of Miss Ritchie.

"Mr. Garton is here also," he added in an undertone to the professor. "Show Miss Ritchie in, and, when I ring, Mr. Garton."

Tall, graceful, and intensely dark, Miss Ritchie entered the study with perfect self-possession.

"Ah!" said the professor, looking at the girl keenly, "so this is Miss Ritchie. Won't you please sit down?"

Frowning a little, the girl accepted a chair and cast an inquiring look at her employer.

Meanwhile, Harkness had pressed the bell, and, before any more words could be exchanged, Detective-Inspector Garton entered the study.

The professor beckoned him forward and turned to Jasper Stone.

"Let me introduce Detective-Inspector Garton, of the C.I.D.," he said. "This is Mr. Jasper Stone, Inspector. I thought you two ought to meet."

While speaking, the professor kept his eyes fixed on the girl, and saw her suddenly turn deathly pale.

"Aren't you feeling well, Miss Ritchie?" he asked, in a voice of concern.

"Yes—no. I shall be all right in a minute," murmured the girl in nervous distress.

Both Stone and Garton were looking at her in some surprise. Their regard seemed to increase her agitation.

"Don't show her too much sympathy," said Harkness suddenly, in a rasping voice.

The two men turned and gazed at him in mute astonishment.

"Shall I tell you why I wanted her here, Mr. Stone?" he went on.

"I think perhaps you'd better," replied her employer, in whose widely staring eyes comprehension was slowly beginning to dawn.

"It was so that she might tell you where she found your wife's handkerchief, which she placed between the fingers of the girl she murdered in your office—Sandra Wade."

A piercing shriek followed the professor's words, and the next instant the girl was stretched unconscious on the floor.

Stone was the first to reach the prostrate form.

Dropping to his knees, he raised her head and looked up at Harkness with something between appeal and anguish in his eyes.

"My God!" he gasped, "you don't mean to say that—"

Garton pushed him aside.

"I fancy I come in here," greeted the detective, taking the girl by the shoulders and shaking her.

"There's no need for that, Garton," said Harkness sternly. "There's enough coming to her without any stupid brutality. Let Rawlings get by. He has some water."

Muttering under his breath, Garton moved aside and allowed Rawlings to administer the restorative.

Presently the girl's eyelids flickered.

"She's coming to, sir," said Rawlings, in a hushed voice.

"Then get her away—at once, Garton," ordered Harkness, "before she realises she's admitted her guilt."

"Yes," said Harkness, about half an hour later, when Miss Ritchie had been taken away under arrest in charge of Detective-Inspector Garton; "jealousy was the motive—jealousy of your wife, as well as of her younger rival."

"Unfortunately, her cunning was as deep as her passion. Else she could not have conceived such a devilish plot to dispose of both her rivals at once."

"I don't affect to pose as a moralist or a puritan," he went on, "but it really would give me immense satisfaction if I had your assurance that this ghastly tragedy will have the result of bringing you and your wife together again, instead of widening the breach between you."

JASPER STONE looked up at the professor and held out his hand, which was accepted and shaken warmly.

"I'm satisfied," said the scientist.

"Only my wife can thank you sufficiently for what you've done," said Jasper Stone brokenly. "I can find no words. The horror of the whole affair, and my sense of responsibility for it, chokes me."

"Come, come!" cried Harkness cheerfully. "Don't give way. Be thankful that your wife has been saved from a horrible and ignominious death—that her innocence has been established—while on remand."

(Copyright)

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

LIMBER UP... for LOVELINESS!

SWAYING, swinging, stretching to music can be a pleasant way to lissom loveliness. And, put this way, a much more enticing proposition than the cold matter-of-fact suggestion that you must perform exercises for the sake of your figures—don't you agree? The first is a pleasure and the latter—to the majority—misery.

A SPOT of cheery music makes one wish to be up and doing. Even the weary and dispirited warm to a lilting, rhythmical melody. Instance a regiment of soldiers: Worn out after a day's march, they have been known to be galvanised into fresh life by a lively march tune.

Think then, what a difference music would make to our "daily dozen"—whatever form it takes—so much more effective than performing them in cold blood. In most homes a gramophone is to be found. Use it. Sway and bend and stretch to the stars to a waltz, and skip, kick, or jump around in time to a stirring march.

Wireless Will Help

EVEN the wireless might be utilised—provided, of course, your limbering-up is not broken into by the announcer's assurance that you'll "feel swell" after taking someone's cod-liver oil or tablets. All this spoils the train of thought, for your heart and mind must be in your "down."

On this page you see the beautiful Gail Patrick at work—I should say play. For she loves her daily fifteen minutes devoted to swaying and bending and stretching to music. She calls it "limbering-up," and the result is obvious. She radiates vitality; she seems to grow more beautiful with the years, and so it should be.

Immediately above you glimpse youthful Toby Wing. The way she cares for her figure—which is beautiful—is an object lesson to every one of us. She goes to a physical culture expert in Hollywood regularly, and has him check

Swing Sister... swing, bend and stretch with a will... for lissom beauty is within your reach!



KEEPING THE FIGURE fit is really a question of keeping it limber. A simple series of stretching exercises can be adopted by even the busiest woman. Here is one demonstrated for you. See article for description.

the flexibility of every muscle, and suggest routines for her to practise at home.

And could you guess first favorite on Toby's list of morning and night exercises? It is the oldest and best of all—and here it is:

Lie flat on the floor and relax. Then

lift the upper part of the body to a sitting position, and repeat nine times. And touch your toes if you can.

This done to a pretty waltz time is, according to the studio physical culture expert, the first step to a beautiful figure, and a grand way to keep in trim. It is believed that music creates such

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: I have lately come to live in the country, and one of its greatest attractions for me is that I now possess two horses, and am able to indulge in riding, something which I always longed to do all the years I was in town. I have, however, to groom my own horses, and a city friend has just told me that certain diseases are caught from horses. Is this true and, if so, what are the diseases?

A DISEASE of the horse, called "glanders," occasionally is transmitted to man.

A germ known as the "Bacillus Mallei" causes this disorder, in which, in a typical case, small lumps appear in the nostrils. When such nodules appear under the skin, the disease is similar, but it is then called "farcy."

Although the disease in man is not common, a human being can be infected from having been in contact with an animal suffering from the disease. The germs seem to enter the human host through abrasions on the skin surface as well as through the mucous membrane of the nose.

Acute as well as chronic forms of glanders exist. In the acute cases, the disease develops in about three days. At the site of the entrance of the germ there is soreness, redness, and swelling. In another two or three days' time the inside of the nose becomes involved, the nodules which have developed there break down and cause ulcers. Such an acute case is usually fatal in a week or two.

In the chronic form of glanders the symptoms are often mistaken for a chronic nose and head cold. Such a condition may exist over a long period without the true nature of the malady being suspected. Even a sore throat may develop, and this, of course, helps to confuse the true clinical picture.

Although chronic glanders is not necessarily fatal, it may run on for months and months before a cure is effected.

It Can Be Fatal

ACUTE farcy is likewise a fatal disease, but it may run from twelve to fifteen days before death occurs. Unlike glanders, the nose remains unaffected.

Chronic farcy also exists. Here the nodules under the skin usually are confined to the extremities. When these nodules break down and form ulcers,

they run deeply into the tissues and are very difficult to heal.

Persons who come into daily contact with horses and mules are usually the victims of these dread disorders. Such persons are stock-raisers, stablemen, farmers and veterinarians.

As already mentioned, glanders may be confused with an ordinary cold, and this makes it unusually difficult to recognise.

On the other hand, persons who are fond of horses and who come into con-

PERTINENT

BEAUTY TIP

For This Week

WRINKLES

round the eyes are due to many things beside age. Even young girls may have them if their eyes are at all strained. Rest your eyes as much as possible, therefore, and put in a little wrinkle oil each night when you go to bed. Leave it on till morning, and you will find that the wrinkles will themselves gradually smooth out.

fact with them frequently should not necessarily become alarmed because so dread a disease as glanders exists.

Do not, therefore, allow your friend or this article to prevent you from going riding if you like it. After all, as the old saying has it, "Nothing is better for the inside of a man than the outside of a horse!" and it applies equally to a woman.



LOOKS DIFFICULT, but it's not at all. Radiant Gail Patrick, of Paramount, grows more graceful every day as she swings, stretches, and bends to music. Study the pictures above and try it yourself.

energy that the figure is slimmed more quickly than without.

Now here are two more bright exercises for you which can be done to any good tune.

Swing arms and body down as far as possible, swaying round to the right, and up; then down again, describing as wide a circle as possible.

And here is the other: Stand with the hands on hips, lunge forward with the right leg, bending right knee and keeping the left knee straight. Regain position, then repeat, lunging with the left leg.

The majority of us practise the old tried and true recipe for suppleness, that of touching the toes with the fingertips without bending the knees. But would you like to know how to put a little more "stretch" into it? Well, here you are:

You should start by stretching your arms right up overhead, keeping them

fairly close together, and lift your body as you stretch. Then bend down, swinging your arms down until your fingertips touch your toes. Stay a second. Then stretch right up again, arms overhead, pulling your whole body up as you go. Do this rhythmically and fairly quickly, remembering the body-lifting all the time. Rest for a few moments after the sixth or seventh. Swing and then repeat.

By the by, when waiting for bus, train, tram, car (or friend!), don't stand with your weight on one leg, as so many do, but walk up and down briskly. This makes a lot of difference, and prevents you from falling into an ugly carriage.

And as regards a healthy, graceful posture, to get this, lift from the hips naturally, but not stiffly, stand on the ball of your feet. Feel important and gay, and your head will automatically assume the correct posture. You will never then drop your head on your chest as you walk.



10 years off your looks

The Day You Use This
Scientific Skin Rejuvenant

Reviving and Revitalising, as well as Flattering, this is the World's Most Marvellous Beauty Cream

NO MORE DINGY, SALLOW SKIN — NO MORE FRECKLES, COARSE PORES, BLEMISHES OR BLACK FACE HAIRS

If you have a clear, fresh, unblemished and youthful skin—be glad, for you possess a treasure rare. If, however, your appearance disturbs you—here is news that should remould your life! Facial Youth—miracle skin rejuvenator—discovery of Kathleen Court, internationally famous cosmetician, whose triumphs of scientific Beauty Culture have astonished Europe and America—brings instant skin loveliness to all!

Makes You Look 5 to 15 Years Younger—Within a Few Minutes!

Facial Youth at once takes from the skin the signs of age and plainness, instantly restoring the exquisite, supple, translucent charm of radiant girlhood. At a touch this cosmetic miracle banishes sallowness, "leather-like" appearance, freckles and "skin shine," while blemishes fade away and coarse pores vanish from sight! And Facial Youth acts as a retarding agent on the growth of ugly face hairs that, in time, destroy the beauty of so many otherwise lovely girls and women. Corrects Facial Oil Balance — Preserves Skin's Natural Acid Protection. Some skins react sensitively to certain

face creams, the reason being that ordinary creams are made only for normal skin—and very few skins are normal! Facial Youth restores and preserves the correct oil balance of every type of skin. So, if your face is usually oily—Facial Youth immediately, completely and delightfully ends the trouble, while, for dry skin, Facial Youth acts like a charm, giving a supple velvety softness that wins all hearts.

A Simple, Yet Utterly Convincing Test — See Youth Return!

You can get Facial Youth from any high-class chemist or store. It comes in two styles—day cream in tubes at 1/3 and 2/6, and jars at 2/6, and its skin-softening cream form in jars at 2/6. Get a supply today, use as directed, and see the transformational change in your skin! The thrill at you behold with fascination the new-born loveliness of your skin—the winsome, girlish charm of your appearance. In many lands, hundreds of thousands of happy women praise Facial Youth as their one unfailing friend in the fight against "Time and Climate." Avoid yourself today of this unfailing rejuvenating marvel.



facial youth by Kathleen Court



When
a WOMAN
tells you:

that perhaps she should
not boast,
but her teeth are very
white,
and she has used nothing
but Calvert's since she
was twelve

Well, don't you think it is
worth trying for your teeth!



Sound teeth for
a lifetime!

E. J. Calvert & Co. Ltd.
Birmingham



HOST HOLBROOK says:

"When the fishing fleets return with the catch I select the finest Gorgona Anchovies for my Paste.

Spread a little on a biscuit, or bread and butter, add a slice of hard boiled egg and top off with a Holbrook Caper.

If you prefer other varieties I have BLOATER, Salmon, Salmon & Shrimp, Chicken & Ham, Ham & Tongue, Veal & Tongue and Turkey & Tongue."

HOLBROOK'S ANCHOVY PASTE

AP. 2.



EVERYONE NOTICES hands. That's why it is so important that you should keep them white and clean and attractive. **SOLVOL** removes every type of grime and grease in the twinkling of an eye. Use **SOLVOL** after every dirty job - AS SAFE FOR THE SKIN AS FINE TOILET SOAP.

MADE BY J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. 23-12-19

ARE YOU PROUD of Being a GOOD COOK?

If So, Enter Our Recipe Competition

Most home women have one very particular qualification—that of being a good housekeeper, a good cook, or a good dressmaker; and it is to the good cooks especially that this invitation is directed.

If you have a really fine recipe, do enter it in this recipe competition. It is open to all, and costs nothing beyond the effort of writing and sending in. There are six prizes weekly, and everyone has a chance.

Prize-winners for this week:

CHOCOLATE RING CAKE.

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 heaped tablespoon cocoa, 3 tablespoons milk, 10oz. self-raising flour, chocolate icing.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then the blended cocoa and milk; lastly, the flour. Grease a round cake tin. Place a greased small pepper or cocoa tin in the centre. Fill with sand or weights to prevent the small tin moving. Pour the cake mixture round. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Remove the small tin carefully. Return to oven for a few minutes to dry the middle; turn on to cake cooler. When cold, cover with warm chocolate icing.

First Prize of £1 to Marie Rogers, Bigga, via Crookwell, N.S.W.

DELICIOUS POTTED BEEF.

Take 2lb. best rump steak, pat into a baking dish with sufficient water to cover it, 1oz. fresh butter, one clove, half blade mace, half a teaspoonful each of salt and sugar. Tie a piece of white paper over the dish, and bake 4 hours. Take the meat out of the gravy and



He (waiting in the hotel lobby rather gloomily): I wonder what they'll give us for dinner to-night?

She: I don't know, but I'm longing to get home to try some of those Best Recipes we saw last week!

leave till quite cold; cut up and put through the mincing machine, remove all fat and gristle, and pound in a mortar to a smooth paste, adding by degrees 2oz. fresh butter, a pinch of cayenne pepper, one clove, a blade of mace, and salt to taste. A very little of the gravy may be added, but if too much is put in it will not keep. Press into small pots, and cover with clarified butter.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. W. Spain, 178 Ruthven St., Toowoomba, Qld.

GOLDEN LAYER PUDDING

Pasture: 10lb. S.B. flour, 4oz. suet, 1/4 teaspoon salt, cold water to mix.

Filling: 2 desiccated golden syrup, 1 1/2lb. cooking apples, juice of 1 lemon, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. seedless raisins or sultana, 1/2 teaspoon bread-crumbs.

Peel, core, and chop apples; mix with them the golden syrup, strained lemon juice, sugar, raisins, and bread-crumbs. Make pastry, making rather stiff dough. Roll out and cut into

Our "Women's Weekly Dinner"

PRIZE-WINNERS in our weekly recipe competition will be interested to know that in helping themselves—by sending in recipe entries—they are helping others. The following extract from the letter of an enthusiastic reader shows just how much their recipes are appreciated.

Mrs. A. M. Poynter, 9 Malcolm St., Granville, N.S.W., writes: "Sorely perplexed as to what to prepare for the family evening meal, I now seek my inspiration in the Best Recipes page. I devote at least one day each week to recipes in this paper for the entire menu, and we call it our Women's Weekly dinner."

rounds, using saucer or small plate. Grease a basin, put in a round of pastry and spread with some of the filling. Continue until all is used, finishing with a layer of pastry. Cover with greaseproof paper and steam for two hours. Consultation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Schultz, Mantung, S.A.

INDIAN FRITTERS

Three tablespoons sifted flour, yolks of 4 eggs, whites of 2 eggs, marmalade.

Put sifted flour into a basin and pour over it enough boiling water to make a stiff paste. Beat well to avoid lumps, and leave to cool. Then break in the egg-yolks, and beat well with a wooden spoon. Whisk to a stiff froth the egg-whites, and stir in gently. Have ready some boiling fat in a deep pan, and drop the batter in a tablespoonful at a time. Fry a golden brown, and between each fritter put a spoonful of marmalade.

Consultation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Reid, 240 Nicholson St., Footscray W.I., Vic.

DELICIOUS TEA CAKE

Half cup sugar, 1/4 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 large cup S.B. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, good pinch salt.

Mix sugar and butter, add well-beaten egg. Add flour, salt, and baking powder, then milk. Bake in sandwich-tin in moderate oven about 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out, and while hot spread thickly with butter. Mix 1 desiccated golden syrup, cinnamon, and sugar, and spread this on after the butter. This dressing makes it delicious.

Consultation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. L. Brown, Marlow, 2 Quandong Avenue, Burwood, N.S.W.

POND PLUM PUDDING

Two cups S.B. flour, 3 tablespoons drippings, 1/4 cup currants or sultana, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter, pinch of salt.

Rub drippings into flour and salt; add fruit, and make into stiff dough with water. Roll out and line bottom and sides of greased pudding-basin with this crust. Put sugar and butter in centre, cover with remainder of crust. Cover with greaseproof paper and steam two hours. Do not turn out of basin. No sauce is required.

Consultation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. G. Murray, Katoomba, New South Wales.

Love Dances By

Continued from Page 28

UNSEEN by her, a shadowy form emerged from the surrounding darkness—Jim. He stopped as if he too, were fascinated by this supreme interpretation of harmonious, rhythmic motion.

Across the apollo room, a bell changed—a siren shrieked! As if rudely awakened from an ecstatic dream, someone called, "Fire!"

The orchestra stopped abruptly, on the wall of a lingering, reluctant note. Before anyone could move, a dishevelled Jim Courtney stepped into the spotlight.

"It's all right," he assured them, as Ariadne drifted aside. "The fire's out, and the brigade's here. Just keep seated until the smoke clears. There'll be lights presently."

He turned to Ariadne. "Oh, Jim!" She went into his arms. He held her comfortably for a minute and soothed her as he would a frightened bird.

Then he dropped his arms and spoke slowly. "I know, Ariadne. I guess I knew all the time. That's what made me give you the picture. You must dance!"

She raised her head. Jim had given her the picture! He understood. Jim understood, and she'd thought . . . But he didn't want her. He'd put her out of his arms, had said she must dance. She would dance. She'd promised to elope with Elwood. Jim didn't want her.

She darted away, down through the excited groups, past Aunt Letitia. She couldn't see Elwood. He must have gone to the car. She went swiftly to the room where she had left her cloak,

gathered it up, and hurried downstairs. The halls were deserted. She opened the big front door and sped along the driveway to their car.

Someone inside opened the door. For an instant she hesitated, then jumped in. The door closed with a bang. She was shut in—alone with Elwood. She shrank back in the corner, but she mustn't . . .

The man in the limousine reached out his arms. Terrified, she screamed the one name in the world that meant safety—"Jim!"

And a voice answered calmly, "Here I am. What's the matter?"

Wonder of wonders—the voice was Jim's! His arms were around her. She sank against him and clung.

After a long time she spoke. "How did you get here?"

"Same as you did, I guess." Though her eyes were shut tight, she could feel his quizzical gaze.

"But I wrote a note to Elwood . . ."

"Sure—" Jim broke in. "I got it. You don't suppose I'd let you get away with anything like that, do you? When you disappeared so suddenly, I knew where to come."

"I thought you didn't want me—" she began, but his lips against hers stopped her. After some minutes, she whispered slyly: "Don't you suppose we'd better go in and tell Aunt Letitia?"

(Copyright)

HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgona Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.

WATCH Their Faces LIGHT UP ...

When You Serve These Piquant Apple Dishes ... Their Extra Goodness will Satisfy Hearty Winter-time Appetites, too!

NEW season's apples everywhere—a bounteous season!... Now is the time to capture their juicy goodness, give spicy variety to lunches, teas, dinners, and suppers... And here are recipes that are guaranteed to make you sit up and take a new interest in this favored, health-giving fruit.

Mix the flour, sugar, and cinnamon. Dip apples in the flour mixture, then in beaten egg. Toss in cake crumbs. Wet fry till golden brown. Drain on paper. Fill the centre with jam. Serve at once.

APPLE CREAM

Four apples, 2 eggs, rind and juice half lemon, 3 tablespoons sugar, little water.

Peel, core, and slice the apples. Add the sugar, water, rind and juice of lemon. Stew till soft and clear. Beat with a fork till smooth. Add yolks, then beaten whites. Pour into a buttered dish. Bake in a slow oven about 10 minutes. Serve hot with boiled custard.

APPLE SAGO MOULD

Four ounces sago, 1½ pints cold water, 1½ stewed apples, lemon rind, boiled custard, sugar to taste.

Soak sago for half hour in the water. Then stir over flame till clear. Add the stewed apple, lemon rind and sugar to taste. Pour into wetted mould. Leave till set. Turn out and serve with boiled custard.

APPLE CUP

Three large apples, 1½ pints water, rind and juice 1 lemon, juice 1 orange, sugar to taste.

Peel the apples and slice very thinly. Put into a jug. Add lemon, orange, and sugar. Pour over the boiling water. Allow to stand till cool. Strain. Chill before serving.

APPLE CHUTNEY

Ten large apples, 3 cups stoned raisins, 3 pints vinegar, 1 tablespoon salt, 5 onions, 2lbs. brown sugar, mustard, cayenne.

Peel and core and quarter the apples and cut into thin slices. Peel onions and cut into slices. Mix all ingredients well together, add the vinegar, and boil till clear and thick. Bottle and cork tightly.

Suggested Menu...

For Any Week-day

BREAKFAST: Crispies and stewed fruit. Potato cakes and bacon. Coffee. Toast. Jam.

LUNCHEON: Curried eggs. Fresh fruit. Tea. Bread and jam. Cheese.

DINNER: Crumb cutlets, mashed potatoes, beans, fruit pudding and sweet sauce.

well together, add the vinegar, and boil till clear and thick. Bottle and cork tightly.

CARAMEL APPLES

Apples, chopped nuts, 1 cup sugar. Peel, core, and quarter the apples. Steam till soft without breaking. Put the sugar into a saucepan and stir over a slow gas till melted and a pale brown. Coat the apples with the syrup, and roll in the chopped nuts. Serve in a glass dish with cream.

BOILED APPLE ROLL

Half pound sweet crust, apples, sugar, cinnamon. Make the sweet crust; turn on to a floured board. Roll out into an oblong sheet, keeping the edges quite straight. Peel the apples, grate finely, and spread over the dough. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and roll up. Pinch the edges. Tie in floured pudding cloth. Plunge into boiling water and boil from 1½ to 2 hours. Remove from cloth, place on a hot dish, and serve with sweet sauce.



A CUP OF CHICKEN BROTH FOR 1st

APPLE ROLL WITH SYRUP

Four apples, 1½ cups sugar (syrup), 2 cups self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 pint water, 2 tablespoons sugar (pastry), 1 cup milk.

Sift the flour, . . . b in the butter well, add the sugar and make into a dry dough with the milk. Turn on to a floured board, roll out into a fairly thin sheet. Peel the apple and grate finely. Sprinkle it over the pastry. Roll up like a roly-poly. Cut into slices. Place on a greased baking-dish. Mix the sugar and water together and pour over the apple rolls. Bake in a moderate oven till a golden brown. Serve either hot or cold with custard or cream.

APPLE AND RICE MERINGUE

One dozen small apples, 8oz. sugar, 1pt. water, 6oz. rice, 1 pt. milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, whites 3 eggs, 1oz. loaf sugar, carmine.

Peel, core, and quarter the apples. Roll 1pt. water with 8oz. sugar; add the apples; simmer till soft. Wash the rice and put into saucepan with 1pt. water. Boil till the rice absorbs the water; add the milk and boil till milk is absorbed; add 2 tablespoons sugar. When apples are soft, pour into a pichish; then pour the rice over the apples. Make a meringue of whites of eggs and sugar and heap roughly over the top. Place a drop of carmine on the loaf sugar, then roll out. Sprinkle the pink sugar over the meringue. Place in a cool oven to slightly brown the meringue.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING

Three apples, 3 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons water, 2 cloves, 1oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 gill milk, 4oz. self-raising flour.

Peel, core, and quarter the apples, place them in a saucepan with the water, 3 tablespoons sugar, and cloves, and cook slowly till tender. Pour into a pichish. Allow to cool. Beat the butter and 2oz. sugar to a cream; add the egg, milk, and flour. Pour this mixture over the top of the apple. Bake in moderate oven half hour. Sprinkle icing sugar over the top, and serve hot with custard.

APPLE PATTIES

Half pound short crust, 6 apples, 4 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons water, 4 cloves, or piece lemon rind.

Peel, core, and cut the apples into slices. Boil the water and sugar in an enamel saucepan with cloves or lemon rind. Add the apple and cook slowly till soft and clear. Allow to become quite cold before using. Make the short crust. Roll into a thin sheet. Cut into rounds with plain cutter, one two sizes larger than the other. Line deep patty tin with the larger rounds, fill with apple, wet round edge, and place smaller rounds on top. Glaze with water and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Turn on to a cake cooler. Serve either hot or cold with custard.

APPLE CAKE

Half pound self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 3 apples, 2 tablespoons water, 3 tablespoons sugar, cloves or lemon rind.

Peel, core and slice the apples, place in the syrup made with the water and 3 tablespoons sugar, cloves, or lemon rind, and cook till soft, clear, and as dry as possible. Leave till quite cold before using. Sift the flour, rub in the butter, add 1oz. sugar, mix well. Make into a dry dough with the beaten egg and milk. Turn on to a floured board. Cut in half. Roll out half into about an 8-inch square. Place on an upturned, greased Swiss roll tin. Spread with the cold stewed apple. Roll out other half, large enough to cover apple. Mark into finger-lengths with the back of a knife. Glaze with egg and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. When cooked, leave on tin till cold. Sprinkle with icing sugar and cut into the marked fingers. Serve on a paper doily.

APPLE RICE

One pound apples, 2oz. rice, 2oz. sugar (for apples), 1 pint milk, whites 2 eggs, 4oz. sugar (for meringue), lemon rind. Put the rice into boiling water and

By . . .
RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

ANOTHER attractive film player who is amused at the propaganda about stars having to stare and deny themselves every kind of rich, delicious food—Elissa Landi, of Paramount, who is about to serve apple tart, a favorite at her buffet suppers.



APPLE DOUGHNUTS

Two ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 apple (stewed).

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, add sugar, and mix with milk. Make into dry mixture, cut into eight, and roll into balls. Make a hole in each one and fill with stewed apples. Roll into balls. Fry slowly in hot fat, drain, sprinkle with icing sugar, and serve at once.

APPLES ON STICKS

Small eating apples, 1lb. sugar, 6oz. treacle, 2oz. butter, carmine, wooden skewers.

Melt butter, add sugar and treacle, and boil until, when a small quantity is dropped in cold water, it forms a hard ball. Then add the coloring. Wash the apples, remove the stalks, dry, and put a wooden skewer into each. Dip in the thickened toffee and stand upright in a jar till set.

"HE'S COMING

ALONG

MARVELLOUSLY"

thanks to—



ROBINSON'S

"PATENT"

BARLEY

You can successfully rear baby, even from birth, on cow's milk, modified by Robinson's "Patent" Barley. Cow's milk by itself is apt to be indigestible but the addition of Robinson's "Patent" Barley, as clearly and simply directed on every tin, makes cow's milk as digestible as breast milk.

Write for your free copy of "My Book"—a complete guide to infant feeding—Colman-Keen (A/asia) Ltd., G.P.O., Box 2501 M.M., Sydney, N.S.W.

BF. 35/4

White

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

RECKITT'S BLUE



HAVE YOU ever tried apple scones?—they're really delicious. The apple is grated over the mixture, and then sugar and cinnamon are sprinkled upon it before the second layer of dough is folded over. But see the recipe below.

It is said that there are 1500 varieties of apples cultivated in the world to-day, but very few of us are familiar with more than half a dozen types. We have our favorites, cling to them, and worry not about unknown varieties. Now, in these recipes you will find new delight for the family—new apple treats. And, by the way, for afternoon tea on very special occasions, try apple scones—here's the recipe:

APPLE SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, little milk, salt, apples, sugar, cinnamon.

Sift the flour and salt. Rub in the butter. Add sugar and make into a dough with the beaten egg and milk. Turn on to a floured board and knead slightly. Roll out into a thin, oblong sheet. Grate the apples over half the dough. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Fold the plain half over. Cut into squares with sharp knife. Glaze. Place on greased tin and bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

APPLES EN CASSEOLE

Cooking apples, to each apple allow 1 teaspoon butter, pinch grated nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon apple jelly.

Peel the apples and remove the cores carefully. Put into a casserole, and in the centre of each put sugar, butter, lemon rind, and a small quantity of water. Cover and cook in a moderate oven till the apples are quite soft. Uncover. Put a little apple jelly in each apple and serve at once with whipped cream.

APPLE / DELINE

Six apples, flour, sugar, cinnamon, cake crumbs, 1 egg, jam, whipped cream.

Peel and core the apples. Place in a greased pichish with a little water. Cover with another dish and cook gently till soft, but not broken. Leave till cold.



Serve

Delicious Coffee Made with Milk and

Rosella COFFEE ESSENCE

This fine Coffee Essence is a perfect blending of Fresh Coffee Beans and Chicory. Simply add Hot Milk or Water.

Rosella
Over 100 varieties

SKIN TROUBLES

Beware of Septic Poison

Neglect of a small sore or abrasion may cause not only pain and discomfort—it can start virulent septic infection. You should act at once; apply Germolene Skin Ointment. Let this wonderful remedy remove all impurities. Germolene penetrates to the furthest point of danger, instantly killing every poisonous germ, soothing, cleansing, and healing with remarkable speed. The treatment which is so successful over ulcers, eczema, burns and scalds and many severe forms of skin disease is perfect for slight troubles. Don't be without Germolene in your home. It isn't worth the risk.



Get Germolene for BAD LEGS, ULCERS, PSORIASIS, CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, SORES, ECZEMA

Obtainable from all CHEMISTS & STORES

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SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 & 4/- Per Tin

THE main purpose and endeavour of active educational effort must necessarily be the training and equipping of youth to face and successfully surmount the trials and problems of life.

In all things, a habit commenced in childhood, while the mind and individuality are plastic, is far more likely to prove lasting than when begun later in life.

It was with a full conception of at least one great purpose in the pursuit of knowledge that the Commonwealth Savings Bank planned its service to apply as directly for the benefit of children as for adults. The depositing of regular weekly sums in a Savings Bank account is a practical and logical illustration of the thrift lesson, and the Commonwealth Savings Bank has extended its facilities throughout all Australia to make that lesson easy and valuable.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)

SLENDERISING....

Fashion's approving eyes linger happily upon her subtle, slenderising handiwork in this week's three-in-one pattern for the not-so-slim... and it's free for the asking!



Grace and dignity, charm and a modulated elegance, the ideal of smart dressing for mature womanhood, have been achieved in this week's three-in-one special gift pattern for the matron. As such it offers happy inspiration for the not-so-slim woman who, though craving smartness in dress—her due right—is so oft denied.

THIS design is in response to insistent requests from women—larger figure types—all over Australia, asking for a three-in-one pattern for them. We have made it for the 40-inch bust.

Our three-in-one service is proving more and more popular with each successive issue, because quality and quantity are so uniquely fused. Readers are able to obtain three incredibly smart, up-to-the-minute designs; all three cut from the one pattern, with easy, complete directions, and the pattern so simple that you can't go wrong. One's whole wardrobe can thus be catered for.

We have in the first the wide, single rever, falling full and softly. Sleeve is full and cuff is wide—a slightly bishop sleeve. Skirt in all three has the simple V-shaped panel back and front.

The second frock is dark—a dignified model that will add prestige to a matron's wardrobe.

For an afternoon tweed, the thread-through scarf—a feature of the third design—strikes a smart note.

These three delightful models—emphasising incomparable fashion points—are obtainable on application at our offices; either call or send by post, including 1d. postage, with coupon below.

Pattern, as stated before, is for a 40-inch bust.

Material Required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide.

Contrast: 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide.

Free Three-in-One Coupon

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

To obtain above free pattern, fill in this coupon and bring it to our office. If sending through the post, please enclose a 1d. stamp to cover postage. For addresses see another page.
(Three-in-one coupon, 1/9/35.)

Kathleen Court's 'Rhapsody' Powder, superior in absolute brilliancy, blends a range of marvellously flattering tones into one single glamorous shade that adjusts itself to all types of skin. Whether fair, medium or dark you will find 'Rhapsody' Powder, by Kathleen Court, a solution to shade problems, while offering a distinctive charm not to be found in other powders. 2/6d. In a large box. Made in England. Sold by those Chemists and Stores that take an interest in modern cosmetic developments.



Oh! List to the story of Marilyn Dove, a charming girl, single—but just look ahead! Whenever she wanted to make-up her face, she always picked out a conspicuous place. Now thus annoyed by this lack of accompaniment, Arab-fashion, and got the hence. Thus left alone, poor Marilyn Dove looks like she'll stay single—again, look ahead!

Oh! Note we come to Loretta Bright, the smiling girl you see on the right. Kathleen Court's powder so clinging yet fine, makes her complexion look divine. So velvety smooth and skilfully made she goes ever serenely and unafraid. For RAPSODY powder flatters and clings, and men chase her for miles with wedding rings. You'll approve the wisdom of charming Miss Bright, the popular girl you saw on the right!

Suffered Terrible Pain With Eruptions Healed by Cuticura

"For about six weeks I suffered terrible pain from eruptions which appeared in blotches on my legs and feet. They were all red and inflamed and came to a head and festered, and they used to burn and itch terribly and I lost a lot of sleep.

"I tried all kinds of remedies but they were all failures. Then I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using the first few days I began to feel relief so I bought more, and within a month all my trouble vanished and I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. J. P. Towells, Nana Glen, Via Coles Harbour, N.S.W.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura Soap and Ointment for daily toilet purposes. Touch pimples and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Sample each Soap, Ointment and Talcum free. Address: R. Towells & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.

7½d AND IN LARGER TINS 1/6

The flint-hard finish for linos, floors, furniture, woodwork. Cleans and protects. Greaseless. Glows like satin.

JOHNSON'S WAX POLISH

S. C. JOHNSON & SON LTD., Roschery, N.S.W.



BRASSO makes light work



5 GOOD REASONS WHY LACONIAS ARE Australia's National Blanket AND EACH OF THESE FIVE POINTS IS GUARANTEED

Laconia Blankets are available in the following sizes: 72 in. x 54 in.; 78 in. x 54 in.; 90 in. x 54 in.; 81 in. x 63 in.; 90 in. x 63 in.; 90 in. x 72 in.; 99 in. x 81 in. Cot sizes: 40 in. x 30 in.; 52 in. x 32 in.; 56 in. x 36 in.; 60 in. x 40 in.

Laconia BLANKETS

MAKE "Good Night" A CERTAINTY

Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN

PLEASE
NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.



CHIC BUTTON ORNAMENT.

WW345A.—A frock that owes its distinction to the contrasting revers and cuffs. Front skirt is cut as a continuation of the blouse fastening, and ornamented with buttons. Material for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DISTINGUISHED AIR.

WW346A.—A simple frock with a distinguished air. It is joined at the waist, yet has the appearance of a princess model. Sleeves are fitted at the wrists with a dart. Material for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

A MOST INTRIGUING SKIRT.

WW347A.—If you are looking for a youthful and sporty skirt, here is your design. The novel shaping of the front provides a small pocket. Material for 31-inch waist: 2 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 27 to 35 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BEFRILLED AND LOVELY.

WW348A.—Frills play an important part in this new-style evening frock. The square neck is cut lower at the back. Skirt is shaped in front and edged with a flared frill. Material for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ISN'T SHE DEMURE?

WW349A.—A dainty and inexpensive frock for the tiny tot. The deep yoke provides the front fastening. Pleats are arranged back and front. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material for 4 years: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 104.**

FOR HIS FIRST REAL SUIT.

WW350A.—Make his first real suit after the ranger, from this design. It has a seam down the back of the coat, and is shaped into the side seams. Pattern for 6 and 8 years. Material for 8 years: 1 1/2 yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 104.**

TWO-PIECE COSTUME.

WW351A.—This two-piece costume in three-quarter length is very smart. Collar and cuffs may be of self or contrast. Skirt is a two-piece tailored model. Material for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 54 inches wide. Contrast: 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DESIGNED FOR THE MATRON.

WW352A.—A matron's frock, designed to give a youthful appearance, and having contrast collar and cuffs. Skirt has a double panel back and front.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Patterns Dept." in any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSURE. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns sent by air mail.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 2888, G.P.O., Adelaide.

BRIISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1097, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 111X, G.P.O., Sydney.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name

Address

State

Patterns Coupon, 1/6, 35.



Our Free Pattern!

Girl's Frock

In this week's free pattern we have catered for the school-girl in her early teens. The frock is specially designed for winter fabric. One illustration shows the frock with the yoke buttoned in front, while the other is relieved with a contrast collar and has back fastening.

Pattern is for 14 years.

Material: 2 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide.

Contrast: 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting.

Slim Safely



No Diet—No Exercises

Here is Nature's own way of reducing. Just a regular dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts and after one week you will be slimmer and happier. One of the features of Schumann's Salts is that while making you slim they also provide a health tonic to the whole system. Internal as well as external accumulations of fat vanish and, together with slenderness, come stronger nerves, better digestion, better breathing, more energy, and in the case of women, added beauty and frequently a clearer and more beautiful skin.

Slimming Chart FREE

If you send in the top of a Schumann's Salts Carton to the address printed thereon you will in return receive a Modern Chart on Slimming entitled: "REDUCE EACH DAY THE SCHUMANN WAY."

The Schumann Slimming Chart deals very thoroughly and scientifically with the art of Slimming naturally though eating heartily. Send the top of your Schumann's Carton to-day.



Schumann's

MINERAL SPRING
Salts

PURIFIES BUT DOES NOT PURGE

Do You Catch Cold Easily? Do Your Colds "Hang On"?

Then follow this simple Plan for fewer and shorter colds, less danger and expense from colds

1 TO INCREASE YOUR RESISTANCE TO COLDS

Live healthfully, avoid excesses, eat simple food, drink lots of water, get plenty of rest and sleep. Take daily exercise—out-of-doors if possible.

2 TO NIP THREATENING COLDS IN THE BUD



On exposure to colds or when any sneeze or irritation of nose or throat warns you that you are catching cold... use the convenient new aid in preventing colds—Vick-Vatronol brand Nasal Medicament—just a few drops up each nostril. Vick-Vatronol is especially designed for the nose and upper throat, where 3 out of 4 colds start. It clears clogged-up nostrils. It reduces swollen membranes. It soothes irritation. It stimulates Nature's own defence against colds. It brings remarkable comfort and relief at any stage of a head-cold. Used in time, it prevents most colds altogether!

VICK-VATRONOL
Nasal Medicament

3 FOR THE FEW DEEP COLDS THAT DO DEVELOP



If a cold has been neglected, or strikes without warning, rub Vick brand Vapo-Rub on the chest at bedtime. Like a flash, this famous ointment begins to fight the cold right where the cold is, in two ways at once. Its powerful medication penetrates—direct through the skin. At the same time, warmed by the body, it vaporizes, and you inhale its healing vapours direct to the inflamed air-passages. By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

VICK
Vapo-Rub

These three simple rules make up the Vick Plan for better Control of Colds. It is described more fully in each package. In thousands of clinical tests—in schools, universities, and homes—the Vick Plan resulted in an amazing reduction in the number, duration, and severity of colds. It reduced the danger and expense of colds even more. Let your family share its benefits this winter.

FOLLOW THE VICK PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

Cure your child's constipation with a LIQUID LAXATIVE

Do doctors and hospitals recommend pills or tablets for children? No! A liquid laxative is always prescribed because the dose can be measured to a drop. Therefore its action is under control, and a perfect movement is attained without any discomfort.

A strong and robust adult may be able to take harsh purgatives containing synthetic chemicals and mineral drugs, but they are definitely harmful to children. What kiddies need is a safe, gentle, liquid laxative. "California Syrup of Figs" is particularly recommended.

Next time your child is listless, head-achy or "out of sorts", give her a dose of "California Syrup of Figs". She will love the delicious taste of this natural vegetable laxative. Cassia, mint and cloves are responsible for its wholesome, fruity flavour.

Don't take risks in such an important health matter. "California Syrup of Figs" will not throw too much strain on a child's bowels. It will not form habits. And it will make your child bright, happy, and carefree again.

IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/11 times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig".



FOR Young WIVES ... and MOTHERS Some Simple Instructions for the Expectant Mother

By MARY TRUBY KING

It is largely through our own apathy that we suffer from many of the serious diseases of to-day—diseases which we could have prevented had we taken ourselves in hand and consulted reliable medical authority before it was too late.

HOW many women one knows who continually complain of aches and pains, vowing that they will see a doctor "soon."

But the "soon" lengthens into weeks and then months, while the complaint becomes worse and worse.

Women are so frightened of doctors, of being examined; but the chief work of a doctor should be to prevent sickness, not to cure it. At present our doctors are kept busy trying to mend diseased bodies which would never have become diseased had the patients heeded the first warning symptoms of something being amiss with their bodily mechanism.

At no other time is it so necessary for a woman to attend to perfect bodily health as when she discovers she is about to become a mother.

The child should be constitutionally fitted for life's hardships from the very

beginning. It cannot be afforded in order to keep the home clean.

Cleanliness and fresh air are first essentials when a baby is on the way.

The floors are better without carpets, as these harbor germs. A few rugs can be placed over the linoleum or polished boards to give warmth and brightness to the home.

Clean underclothes and clean bed linen are also essentials. Blankets and coverings should be washed periodically.

Regularity in daily work and rest is most beneficial. As far as possible, rise and retire at the same hours every day, serve meals punctually and so order your household that a comfortable amount is accomplished each day, with no "heavy" days followed by exhaustion.

Buy foods of a good quality. It is better to save money on clothing than on food. The daily diet should include one pint of the best milk, wholemeal bread, butter, cereals, fresh fruit, green and root vegetables, and a little fish or meat. Tea and coffee are not necessary, but may be taken if made very weak.

Water is the best drink, and the expectant mother should drink as much of it as possible between meals. Do not get into the bad habit of drinking during meals. Milk should be taken at the end of, not during or in between meals.

Alcoholic drinks should not be taken by expectant or nursing mothers, unless medically ordered.

Butter-milk and barley-water are both good at this time.

Constipation should be avoided at all costs.

A daily warm bath or warm all-over wash is necessary. Teeth should be cleaned morning and evening, and the mouth well swilled out with an alkaline mouth-wash after every meal.

At the seventh month the breasts should be properly prepared for natural feeding. For instructions as to their preparation, send a stamped addressed envelope to Sister-in-Charge, Truby King Mothercraft Society, 233 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

LOST 10 LBS. IN TWO MONTHS

Not too Old to Reduce at Fifty

Here is a letter which proves that there is no necessity to tolerate excessive fatness, even at the age of 50:

"I was becoming too fat after reaching 50, and had attacks of rheumatism and indigestion, and my outlook on life was bad. Being a salesman my condition lowered my business capacity considerably. I took ordinary salts and other medicines, but they did not do any permanent good. Then I commenced taking Kruschen as directed—and soon began to feel different—brighter, stronger, had more energy, no rheumatism, and to my surprise, after two months I lost 10 lbs. in weight. I recommend Kruschen on all my travels."—W.H.G.

The numerous vital salts in Kruschen stimulate and tone up the bodily functions. Your stomach, liver and kidneys all feel the immediate benefit. Your blood is cleansed of impurities and becomes invigorated and refreshed. You forget indigestion, rheumatism and depression in a new and unaccustomed feeling of physical and mental exhilaration.

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, June 1.—6.28: Funfest. 7.45: Darby and Joan. 9.0: Ellis Price, "Wives, Husbands and Widows." 9.30: Grand Symphony Orchestra. 9.45: Conversation between Mary Wellstonecraft and a Modern Woman.

SUNDAY, June 2.—2.15: Face to Face with Beethoven. 7.30: John Metcalfe, B.A., Libraries. 7.40: W. F. Gale, "The Universe Around Us." 8.45: George Edwards in "Lucresia Borgia."

MONDAY, June 3.—7.50: Inspector Scott. 8.45: Count of Monte Cristo. 9.0: Ellis Price in "The Chance." 9.15: Travel with Music. Russell and Morgan. 10.0: Trial of Dr. Crippen.

TUESDAY, June 4.—3.30: Musical Personalities, Dorothea Vantier. 8.5: Name the Noises. 9.15: George Edwards as "Henry of Navarre." 9.30: Comedy Capers.

WEDNESDAY, June 5.—11.20: Charm School of the Air. 4.3: Voice from Hollywood. 8.0: Moments of Melody with Paul Robeson. 9.0: Easy Chair Music. 9.45: Jack Lumsdaine.

THURSDAY, June 6.—3.30: Dorothea Vantier, Feature Session. 6.45: Voice of the People. 9.15: "Dunsan, the First Great Statesman." 10.30: Famous Aids from Opera.

FRIDAY, June 7.—10.0: Richard Wain, B.A., Film Talk. 9.15: Cyril James, Wonderful London. 9.30: A. M. Pooley.

moment of conception; and remember that the health of the unborn babe is wrapped up in the health of its mother.

To give her child a good start in life should be every prospective mother's aim. One cannot guarantee facial beauty, but one can, to a great extent, guarantee physical perfection. A happy, healthy expectant mother means a happy, healthy baby.

The physically fit woman may justifiably expect a normal confinement, with a quick and complete return to full bodily strength and activities.

How is the mother-to-be to fit herself for the coming of her baby?

Firstly, by being glad that the child is on the way; by keeping a contented frame of mind; by making the best of everything, and by busying herself with the necessary preparations.

Secondly, by consulting a fully qualified Infant Welfare nurse as early as possible in pregnancy for instruction regarding exercise, outings, suitable food, right clothing, proper ventilation, and sufficient rest. Also by seeing her medical adviser.

Pre-natal Clinics

CITY-DWELLERS are well served for in the matter of pre-natal clinics, while country mothers may take advantage of the Bush Nurses' services.

Instruction given is always applicable to the poorest home. There are few homes which cannot be well ventilated if only their owners will consent to admitting a little air through their windows, and no one is so poor that a scrubbing brush and bar of common soap

GOING THROUGH THE SAME
OLD MOTIONS WON'T CLEAN
YOUR TEETH UNLESS . . .



Your toothbrush fits like this and is water-resisting

● Outside—well, any good toothbrush will clean there, Tek included, of course. But inside, that's different. Old brushes miss, because they are not shaped to fit. Change to Tek, and notice the difference. Tek is curved out to fit inside. And Tek is water-resisting, too. That is so that it will retain its better shape after long, hard use and constant drenching with water.

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the modern toothbrush

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SUNRISE ELECTRIC. FASCINATING. You see the whole operation. Makes better coffee than any other method. Uses less coffee than any other method. Only clear glass touches the coffee. No metallic taste. Easy to use. Good-looking. Was £3.5/-, now only 3/- shillings. Order now. Supply limited. Free delivery. COOPER ENGINEERING COMPANY LTD., Box 1544-A, G.P.O., Sydney. 4-444

A MEDICAL EYE SERVICE

We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London.



This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

THE OCULIST MAY BE CONSULTED AT OUR ROOMS AT 378 PITT STREET

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So flattering in shade, so soft, so appealing, it makes you feel and look ravishing. The name Michel adds that essential little touch of social distinction, for it is used almost exclusively by fashionable women throughout the world.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case.

Michel

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

KNITTED WITCHERY in Powder-Blue!

Made in that witching shade of powder-blue, this buttoned-to-the-throat cardigan, finished as it is with a demure bow-tie, will find a host of admirers..

A delightful fancy rib pattern is used throughout the cardigan. Two slots in the neckband serve to slip the tie through. It is suitable to wear under your winter costume, yet dressy enough to wear by itself with a matching skirt.

ON the original from which artist Petrov made this charming sketch, quaint buttons carrying a deeper blue for happy contrast were used. If you make the cardigan in wood-brown or sage-green or any other desired color, follow this idea as regards color contrast in buttons. Here are the simple, accurate directions for making.

Materials Required: 9oz. powder-blue Aranlea crochet wool, one pair No. 12 steel needles, one pair No. 9 bone needles, 7 buttons to match.

Measurements (when pressed): Bust 34 to 36 inches, length 18½ inches from neck to lower edge, sleeve seam 18½ inches.

Abbreviations: K. knit, p. purl, pl. plain, st. stitch, tog. together, m. 1 make one by knitting first into back, and then into front of stitch.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 96 sts. K. in rib of k. 2, p. 2, for 36 rows. Change to No. 9 needles. Make 3 extra sts. in this row, bringing the total to 99 sts.

Row 1: K. 3, * p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 6. * Repeat from * to the last 6 sts. P. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 3.

Row 2 and alternate rows purl.

Continue working in pattern for 70 rows, making 1 st. at each end in the 8th, 16th, and 24th rows. Then shape for armholes as follows: At the beginning of the next 2 rows cast off 3 sts. Decrease 1 st. at each end in the next and every alternate row until 83 sts. remain. Continue working on these sts. until you have worked 136 rows since the commencement of pattern.

Now shape for shoulder. Work in pattern to the last 5 sts., turn; purl to the last 5 sts., turn; work in pattern to the last 10 sts., turn; purl to the last 10 sts., turn. Continue working in this way until you have left 25 sts. each end of the needle. Cast off all sts. in one row.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles cast on 66 sts. 1st Row: K. 12, * p. 2, k. 2. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: K. 2, p. 2. Repeat to the last 10 sts., k. 10. Repeat these 2 rows



KNITTED IN POWDER-BLUE—a color that carries certain witchery in its appeal—this cardigan will be found suitable for wear under a coat or suit, or is smart and dressy enough to wear by itself with a skirt.

throughout basic, keeping a border of garter sts. at one end of the needle. In the 8th row make first buttonhole thus: K. 4, cast off 6, k. 4, rib to end of row. In the next row cast on 6 sts. where they were cast off.

Change to No. 9 needles and pattern, making a buttonhole in the first row thus: K. 3, cast off 3, k. 3, p. 1, * k. 6, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 1, m. 1, k. 1.

Next row: P. to last 5 sts., k. 2, cast on 3, k. 3. Continue working in pattern for 70 rows, keeping a border of 8 garter sts. at one end of the needle, and making a buttonhole in every 20th row, at the same time making one st.

In the next and proceeding rows k. 2 tog. at the beginning and end of every row until 36 sts. remain. Cast off remaining sts. loosely. Make another sleeve the same.

THE TIE

(Knitted entirely in garter stitch) Cast on 3 sts., k. into back of cast-on sts.

Next row: K. twice into the first st., knit to end.

Next row: Knit to the last st., k. twice into this st. Continue knitting in this manner until there are 30 sts. on your needle, always keeping the increases on the one edge. Work without increasing for 76 rows, then decrease one st. every row at the short edge, until 3 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all work on wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join shoulder, underarm, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Pick up all sts. with No. 12 needles round neck, and work in garter st. for five rows. Make a buttonhole in the next row thus: K. 2, cast off 6 sts., k. to within 8 sts. of the end, cast off 6 sts., k. 2. Knit next row casting on the sts. where they were cast off, K. 5 more rows and cast off. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

"A Vision of... Pink Loveliness!"

In response to repeated inquiries for directions for the dressing-jacket published in our issue of March 2, entitled "A Vision of Pink Loveliness," instructions have been reprinted and are obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly office at a cost of 1d. each. Country readers please enclose postage.

at the opposite end of the needle in the 8th, 16th, and 24th rows.

Shape armhole to correspond with back. You should now have 59 sts. on your needle. Continue in pattern until you have worked 126 rows since commencement of pattern.

Now shape for neck. Cast off 19 sts., continue in pattern to end of row. Next row purl.

Continue working in pattern, knitting 2 tog. at neck edge in every row until you have 29 sts. on your needle. Shape to correspond with back shoulder. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Same as right front, omitting buttonholes and shapings reversed.

SLEEVE

Cast on 56 sts., k. into the back of cast-on sts. Work in rib (2 plain, 2 purl) for 36 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. at each end of the needle every 6th row until there are 104 sts. on the needle. Work should now measure 18½ inches. Shape top by casting off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next two

HOT HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.***



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Don't go on seeking day after day and at great expense for a beautiful complexion, and envying those who have one. Try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream just once and you will find it penetrates deeper, cleanses more thoroughly, softens and nourishes your skin as no other cream you have ever used. Apply it night and morning and see how much smoother, softer and lovelier it will make your skin.



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Fat interferes with heart, kidneys and blood vessels. Diabetes goes with fat. Life is often cut short by 10 years through overweight. Do not ignore these VITAL facts.
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Says a user: "Enjola is amazing. As all my clothes were becoming unwearable—I looked podgy after a few days taking Enjola I found myself losing weight nicely. I've lost about 23 lbs. All I could lose (taking other things was a few ounces)! YOU can start losing fat today! Quick! Safe—Enjola Reducing Tonic creates New Energy, New Charm as it takes off the fat just where you want it off! Actually rejuvenates as it reduces! How Many Pounds & Inches Do YOU Want To Lose?
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For all muscular or nerve pains apply SLOAN'S. Just pat a little on the painful spot. Do not rub. SLOAN'S penetrates instantly and gives amazing results.

SLOAN'S is a boon to outdoor workers. It wards off Sciatica, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis—quiets aching, lumpy nerves—comforts painful tissues.

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SLOAN'S
LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

BETRAYED by the treachery of Gable Zane, Brick Bradford finds himself separated from Professor Salisbury's expedition to Peru. Betrayed by Manco, heir to the throne of Amaru, Brick enters the City Beneath the Sea, bringing warning of a great invasion

by Inca Hasta and Gable Zane, Manco's uncle, the ruler of Amaru, fails to heed their warning. In Hasta's camp is the lovely June Salisbury, a captive, owing to Zane's baseness. Inca Hasta intends to force her to marry him as soon as Amaru shall be conquered. Now continue.



TO BE CONTINUED

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS:-

As so many of you love painting competitions, I have decided to have one each week. Now, often the pictures on our page are a little hard to paint, so in future you may paint any picture at all in The Australian Women's Weekly. Just pick out a pretty picture - one which is not too dark or too big - and then color it in nicely and send to Painting Competition, Children's Section, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney. All entries must be received within 21 days after the issue is dated. That is, if you choose a picture in this week's paper, it must reach me before June 21. Prizes of 5/- will be awarded for best entries.

The best letter for the week was written by Alastair Webb (14), Post Office, Coramba, N.S.W., and wins the prize of 5/-.

Good-bye until next week.
Cheerily,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

Morning By the Sea

By MIRIEL MATHIESSEN.

Oh! what glorious mornings we have had recently. But the latest, I think, of all times was about a week ago before the sun had risen. It was quite cool, everything looked fresh from the dewy night. The sky, which was a light blue in color, was quite cloudless. What made a break for my eyes was a patch of fog on Fraser Island, which looked to me like a great lake of water flowing down into the sea. Just by this was a big red steamer with its white funnel sending out a great cloud of smoke. The steamer appeared to be going right under the waterfall. In the same way, the sun, by degrees, a pretty apricot in color, and at last up came the sun. It shined there like a great ball of gold. All the little birds sang sweet songs to greet the sunlight. The grass was lively, the dewdrops on it sparkling in the morning rays like diamonds.

Two Prize Cards to MIRIEL MATHIESSEN, Glen Oak, Murrumbidgee, Qld.

Which Loved Best?

By HELEN DIXON.

I LOVE you, Mother," said little John. Then forgetting his work, his cap went on. And he was off in the garden swing, leaving his mother the word to bring.

"I love you, Mother," said little Nell. Then she teased and pouted half the day. "I love you, Mother," said little Nan, "but I'll help you all I can."

To the cradle then she did softly creep, And rocked the baby fast asleep.

"I love you, Mother," again they said, Three little children going to bed. Now do you think the mother guessed, Which of them really loved her best?

Price of 5/- to HELEN DIXON, East Street, Uralah, N.S.W., for this clever verse.

FUN FOR ALL

WHAT is the most useful when broken - An egg.

What is it that works when it plays, and plays when it works? A fountain.

When is a door not a door? When it is ajar (in jail).

Price Card to MARY WATTS, Police Station, Tottenham, N.S.W.

Elderly Spinster: I'm collecting for the suffering poor. Can you give me anything at this glad season?

Business Man (desperately thinking of some money to avoid paying up): But are you sure they really do suffer?

Elderly Spinster: I'm quite sure. Why I go to their homes and talk to them for hours on end!

Price Card to KATHLEEN ASHTON, 4 Currawa St., Caulfield, Vic.



TWO Prize Cards to Gladys Lewinden, P.O. Caserta, via Liverpool.

P.V.: That fellow doesn't see my joke, though it's as plain as A B C.

V.K.: That's because he's DEAF.

Price Card to BRAYLIE PORTER, 43 Salisbury Rd., Stammer, N.S.W.

What kind of tea does a gaud man like? Liberty.

What grocery in a shop starts a boat off? Say so! And the little birds sang sweet songs to greet the sunlight. The grass was lively, the dewdrops on it sparkling in the morning rays like diamonds.

Price Card to LILLA CRIPPS, Woodbridge, Channel, Tas.

JUST CHATTER



INTRODUCING Billy Furness, of Handwick. -Talk.

MILDA BARRETT, of Cootamundra (N.S.W.), is very fond of reading:

BERRY PAGE, of 81 Fry St., Grafton (N.S.W.), would like a pen friend about 13 or 14 years of age.

BILL DONOHUE, of Rockhampton (Qld.), had a birthday recently, and received some very nice presents.

MARY ELIAS, of Erewa St. (Vic.), does clever sketches.

MARGARET FISHER, of Nenden Grove, via Dungee (N.S.W.), is fond of painting: ELLIE McDONALD, of Port Pirie (S.A.), has a big black dog for his favorite pet.

MICHEL MARIN, of Handwick (N.S.W.), is a keen hockey player: LANE BIRD, of Mt. Brisbane, recently went to Southport for the day.

IRIS HAWKINS, of St. Peters (N.S.W.), writes good verse: LEN MURPHY, of Pt. Lincoln (S.A.), is very fond of painting.

DELIA FOWLER, of Wee Wee (N.S.W.), is a clever little artist: JEAN SHEPPARD, of West Brunswick 112 (Vic.), is fond of writing verse.

FLORENCE GILLESPIE, of Tweedhead (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter.

KATH ASHTON, of Erewa St., Currawa St., Caulfield (Vic.), would like some pen friends.

MAVIS COLLINS, of Ongead, via Murrumbidgee (N.S.W.), lives on a dairy farm: MARY LOVE-BAND, of Coonah (N.S.W.), says the country surrounding her home is very dry.

MARGARET JEFFERIES, of Clarence Rd., Inverloch (Vic.), would like to correspond with some girl (about 15) in Victoria: NANCY McCORMACK, of Pine Creek, Warren, is fond of painting.

LORNA WEBER, of Walcott (N.S.W.), is a new Pal: IRVIN PITTARD, of Moonee Ponds (Vic.), is very fond of our popular weekly.

BETTY BARNETT, of 49 Clements St., Drummond (N.S.W.), would like to correspond with a girl in Victoria: HAZEL WINNOK, of Marles (Qld.), is eight years of age and is very fond of school.

MELVIE HART, of Cawonga, via Kyogle (N.S.W.), paints pretty pictures: AUDREY OLIVER, of Tamam, via Mildara (Vic.), has eight dogs and four horses: EDWARD FORD, of Clarence River (N.S.W.), lives on a dairy farm.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL.

WUNDERLUST and Fred decided that life at Mushroom Grove was very, very ordinary, so they agreed to spend a few days at Grey Cloud Range.

In Wunderlust's high-powered aeroplane the Range was soon reached, and as soon as Fred and Wunderlust jumped out of the plane they were greeted by a very sad Mr. Wet-Eye.

"Well, what kind of a winter are you going to give us?" Wunderlust asked, broadly winking at Fred.

"Pretty wet," he exclaimed, "pretty wet." Here, he brought out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"Really!" said Wunderlust. "By the way, is Mr. Dry-Up still here? I'd like to see him if he's about."

At the mention of Mr. Dry-Up's name the man became quite excited.

"Yes," he said, "he's here all right, always undoing the good work I do. There I go and make a perfectly wonderful lot of rain and freshen up everything, and he goes and dries it all up again."

"But where will I find him?" said Wunderlust in his most soothing voice.

"In the hot-house," Mr. Wet-Eye answered, turning away in disgust and walking in the opposite direction.

"My!" said Wunderlust, shaking his head, "if we are to stay here for a few days we simply must think of a way to make those two friendly. Do you know that it is two years since I was here, and they were fighting then!"

Luckily, a grocer was passing, so he soon directed them to the hot-house. And it certainly was a "hot-house" in more ways than one!

On pushing the half-opened door wide open, hot air fell on them, but that was not all. There, pacing up and down the room, putting his hair almost out by the roots, was Mr. Dry-Up.

"What's the matter?" said Wunderlust, feeling a little uncomfortable in his present position.

"Hm, hm," the man said, turning

around briskly. "The matter," he almost bellowed, "that fellow Wet-Eye has been fiddling with my machine, and I can't make them act. Goodness only knows what my customers will say. They'll have no faith in me if I can't dry up some of that dreadful rain that has fallen to-day." And, here Mr. Dry-Up buried his head in his hands, and looked very miserable.

WUNDERLUST did not speak a word; he paced out of the room and returned in a short while with Mr. Wet-Eye.

Immediately Mr. Dry-Up saw Mr. Wet-Eye he was ready almost to pounce on him, but Wunderlust got between them and shook his head.

"You men must listen to me," he said decisively. "You must realise that people must have heat and moisture. They are most essential, so why don't you two agree? You, Mr. Wet-Eye, you supply the water, and you, Mr. Dry-Up, you supply the heat. Now one of you should work for one hour and then rest for the next hour while the other one works, and you could continue in that way for days and days without quarrelling. As it is, neither of you is satisfied, nor are your customers, so if you only take my advice everyone will be happy."

At first the two were silent, but gradually they began to think it quite a good idea, and finished up shaking hands and talking happily.

"It's strange," said Wunderlust to Fred as they crept out of the hot-house, "I never thought for a moment they would agree to my plan."



CATCHING TORY. Price of 5/- to Brown James, Brooks St., Waltham, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.

AMATEUR LADY

Continued from Page 5

"I'll give you lunch," Philip offered, "and I want you to see my office."

"We looked in before we found out from Mr. Frey where you were," Sally answered. "Your rooms look nice."

Off and Christine went to the garage and watched the two cars drive away. Cecilia chose to ride with Philip, and Sally drove the two-seater, with the two girls owned together and in which they had made the journey. There was little conversation in Philip's car.

Cecilia had asked, through tightly compressed lips, "Who are those people, Philip?"

"Friends of mine," he answered briefly but emphatically, and Cecilia was silenced.

Philip's thoughts were in a turmoil. He wondered if Cecilia had guessed his feeling for Christine. If so, she would carry the news home to his mother at once, and Philip preferred to have the telling of it himself. Sally passed them with a long wall of the horn and a wave of her hand.

They went up the office steps and Philip showed them his rooms. The inspection over, Sally snuck down in his best chair and demanded a cigarette.

Mustn't Touch Food WITH THOSE HANDS



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PROTECTS HEALTH



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"You know how mother feels about that, Sally," Cecilia observed.

Sally made a face.

"Poor mother. She knows I smoke, you do, too, sometimes, Cecilia. But she thinks she's preserving her dignity or something by refusing to admit she knows it. Philip, darling, that girl Christine is marvellous. If she lays me low in overalla what would she do to me if I saw her in a long black lace dinner dress?"

"I doubt if she has one," Philip remarked.

Sally looked at him.

"Enlargement of the heart when you think about her, Philip?" she asked casually.

"Considerable."

"Palpitations, rapid pulse, flushed face, unable to sleep?" Sally went on.

Philip nodded, and Cecilia broke in heatedly:

"I think you're revolting when you talk like that, Sally. If Philip has any interest in this girl—"

"I'm in love with Christine Grant," he said quietly. "I'm going to marry her."

Sally's eyes opened wide. Cecilia sat bolt upright in her chair.

"Who is she, Philip?" It was not a question, but a command as Cecilia spoke it.

"She is a girl who has been brought up by old Dr. Gilead Grant. And she is just as lovely and brave and true as she is beautiful."

"She's not his daughter?"

"No."

"Who is she, then?" A note of impatience came into Cecilia's voice.

"No one knows."

Sally drew a quick breath. Cecilia's face mirrored incredulity. After a pause Philip continued evenly, telling them all he knew of Christine's story. When he had finished, there was silence in the room.

Sally broke in at last, saying in an awed tone:

"Mother will be wild."

They did not speak of Christine again during their stay. Immediately after lunch the girls began their drive home. Sally leaned out over the wheel to kiss Philip a second time and to squeeze his hand warmly. "Never say die, Philip," said the irrepressible Sally, and Philip, knowing what she meant, laughed at her and returned the squeeze.

But it was a very serious-faced young man who went slowly back to his office when Sally and Cecilia were out of sight. His hand had been forced, he must take Christine home at once. He regretted that he had not written of her to his mother, for now Lady Ransome could say with justice that not only had Philip given his heart unwisely, but he had also practised deceit in hiding the affair from her.

He went out to see Christine that night and found her very willing to accompany him on a visit.

"I want your family to see me, Philip," she said, "and I'm glad it is to be soon. I haven't wanted to tell anyone here, not even Gilead, until after that."

"It won't change anything," Philip said firmly, "except to help us to arrange a wedding-day. Mother loves weddings."

Christine smiled.

"Does she? Philip, you haven't forgotten your promise?"

THERE was a pause, then. "I haven't forgotten my promise, but it's one I'll never have to keep."

Christine looked at him, a long searching glance he did not fully understand, but one that softened as she gazed until he cried aloud, "Oh, Christine. I do love you so! Nothing, nothing, nothing shall ever come between us!"

Back in his rooms he wrote a brief note home:

"Dearest mother—Cecilia and Sally have doubtless spoken to you of Miss Christine Grant, whom I wish to become my wife. I wish to bring her to you on Wednesday of this week—I know you will welcome her for my sake, and love her for her own. Unless I hear from you to the contrary, we will leave here early in the morning and arrive about eleven. I look forward to seeing you, mother dear, and the rest of the family as well.

Your loving son,
PHILIP."

PHILIP found Christine ready and waiting on Wednesday morning. She was wearing a cool, dark dress he had not seen before, with a touch of white at the throat. Her slim feet, the small hat that framed her face, her easy, graceful carriage—everything about her satisfied him; and he told himself that no one, not even his meticulous mother, could find any fault in her.

"Frightened?" he asked as they left Castleton behind and she sat at his side.

"A little."

"You needn't be," he assured her.

"You see, it's really like this. I love you and I love my mother, and you both love me. It's as simple as that. I'm glad to be taking you home, Christine; there'll be a lot of homecomings for us after this."

Christine looked at him.

"You really are glad to be going?"

"Yes; I always love to go home."

"I've never met people like your people before," Christine said.

"They're just like anybody else. You have met Sally and Cecilia. Nothing is going to happen that can hurt you."

But, in spite of his stout words and Christine's own, secret sustaining knowledge of the course she meant to follow, some of the old shadow lay on her face as they drew near. Just outside the town Philip stopped at the side of the road and kissed her gently.

"Feel better now?" he asked.

She managed a laugh.

"No; worse. Every time you touch me makes it harder for me if it turns out that we can't."

"I won't have you thinking such thoughts to-day! I won't have it!" He straightened back under the wheel and drove the remaining distance at a speed that would have pleased even Sally.

It was just eleven when they turned in the gateway of a large white house set well back from the road. It stood solid and comfortable, the town house of three generations of Ransomes. Trees shaded it, a formal garden with a sundial lay at one side of the curving path, in the thick shrubbery two gardeners were at work.

Philip helped Christine out of the car and a butler opened the door to permit a slender, fragile woman to pass through. Tall, gowning in white, with masses of beautiful silver hair dressed in a high pompadour, Philip's mother came forward and took Christine's hand.

"We are so glad to see you, my dear," she said. "Philip, you've been a bad son not to bring Christine home sooner. You know Sally and Cecilia, I think? Frank and Charles are here, too, and Kenneth and his wife arrived just before you. We thought we'd have a family party to-day."

HER voice was soft, low, and gentle. She kissed Philip, drew Christine into the house and took her into the drawing-room. Christine acknowledged introductions with what Philip, watching her anxiously, thought a charming shyness. He himself went through the round of brotherly back-slapping and good-natured ragging.

Sir John came in. He went first to his wife and kissed her cheek, then held out his hand to Christine.

"I know your father, young lady," he said. "It's been years since I saw Gilead Grant, but he's a person no one who meets him ever forgets."

"He has spoken of you, too," Christine answered.

He put one arm across Philip's shoulders and spoke to Lady Ransome.

"Well, mother, it's nice to have all the children at home, isn't it? Miss Christine, don't you let this noisy family overwhelm you. Philip, you take your mother in to dinner, and I'll give Miss Christine my arm."

This little formality was one Sir John had insisted upon when there were guests for many years now. The children had rebelled from time to time, but he had stood firm, saying that civilised living demanded certain observances from those who claimed its benefits. Christine took the arm he offered and he patted her hand, looking down from his greater height on her.

"Philip behaving himself?" he asked.

"Doing his work well, eh?"

"Very well, I think. People like him."

"And Gilead, what does he think? Considers Philip a young jackanapes, I'll be bound."

"Something like that," Christine admitted, smiling, "though that isn't how Gilead would express it."

"Tell us," Sally, who was just behind her father, demanded, "what does Gilead say about Philip? I want to know."

They were clustered about the dining-table now, and Sir John said as he seated Christine:

"Wait; give the child a chance to settle herself. Now then, Miss Christine, what does the wise old man say about him?"

Eyes were turned on Christine; the color deepened in her face, and the corners of her mouth twitched.

"Well, Gilead's opinions are second-hand, you know. He finds them in the Bible and delivers them with tremendous authority. Of Philip he says usually, 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth.'"

Her mimicry of Gilead's sardonic tone, with its implication that in nothing else could Philip possibly rejoice, made them shout with laughter.

"You never told me that one before," Philip said accusingly.

"I think Dr. Gilead is a lamb," said Sally. "I could hear him talk all day long."

Please turn to Page 46

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E.P.L.S

AMATEUR LADY

Continued from Page 45

"I DOUBT it," said Lady Ransome dryly. "He'd find himself listening to you. Though I must say a course in scriptural sayings would do you no harm."

Lady Ransome served soup from a silver tureen using a ladle that had been in the family for two hundred years. Two silent servants passed the soup plates; the butler set a whole loin of beef before Sir John, who carved it as though each slice were a work of art; the sherry-flavored custard and rich soufflé were the triumph of a cook who loved her calling.

Conversation centred on Philip, veered to Kenneth and Cynthia's holiday abroad. Whenever the frankness became too outspoken, Lady Ransome would steer the talk to gentler waters, Sir John seconding her efforts and taking special care that Christine should feel at home. After dinner the men went to the library to smoke, and Christine went with Sally on a tour of the house, which Sally spoke of with devastating frankness as an old barn.

"Only we all love it," she added, half under her breath. "Do you like it, Christine?"

"Yes—very much. It's beautiful."

"Why?" Sally asked.

"Because," Christine hesitated a little over her answer; "oh, not because of its looks, or the lovely things in it, so much as because it's a house that has been lived in."

Sally sighed. "You pass," she said soberly. "If you couldn't feel that you might just as well go through a museum."

Cecilia and Cynthia joined them. "I expect mother's finished her nap now and will want us in the garden," Cecilia said. "Shall we go out there?"

They found Lady Ransome seated in an old-fashioned basket chair, some fine embroidery in her hands.

"Do you embroider, Christine?" she asked. "Come, sit here by me and we'll talk as I sew."

Christine drew a chair close obediently. "I don't sew very much," she admitted, "and I can't embroider at all. I—I think I'm better attending to animals and working in the garden than at sewing."

"Fine sewing is a lost art," Lady Ransome pronounced. "I regret that even my own daughters know very little about it. When I was a girl every lady learned to do fine sewing. It was part of her education. Philip didn't tell me where you went to school, Christine."

"I didn't go very much," Christine confessed. "Just a few years. Usually, Gilead taught me at home. He knows a great deal, Gilead does," she added.

As though at some previously agreed signal, the others moved away, leaving Christine and Lady Ransome alone. Philip went with them, after a backward glance at Christine, which she answered with a smile. Too far away to take part in the conversation, but where he could watch them as they talked, Sir John Ransome dozed in a chair. What his thoughts were, no one knew. He had found it comfortable for many years to defer to his wife's opinions about the children, doubtless she would straighten out this tangle of Philip's tactfully and easily as was her wont.

The fine stitches were placed with care, the cultivated voice probed gently.

"Do you know the Tillsons, Christine? The ones who live just near you? I think their daughter is about your age."

"No, Lady Ransome, I know who they are, of course, but I have never met them."

"Jenny Tillson has been away a lot," Lady Ransome said kindly. "I believe they sent her to study at the Sorbonne; such a mistake to educate girls abroad. I always think. Perhaps your father, Dr. Gilead, knows them?"

"He may," Christine answered evenly, "but it would only be professionally. And Dr. Grant is not my father, you know."

Lady Ransome's hand was laid for a moment over the girl's.

"Yes, I know, my dear, Phil told me. But I spoke of him in that connection because he has brought you up. Sally says he is such an interesting character, and Sir John thinks very highly of him."

"He has been everything to me, he and Aunt Kate," said Christine loyally. "Ah, yes, your aunt. I must come over some time to see her famous garden. I wonder if your aunt would lend me your gardener to start a herb garden here?"

"We have no gardener," Christine replied. "Aunt Kate and I, with Sandy to help, do all the work in it. Aunt Kate does the most, though. We keep no servants at all, Lady Ransome."

"My dear, please," once more the hand was laid persuasively on Christine's, the penitence was sincere. "I really am interested, because of Philip. He has—become so devoted to you and

to your family but, like most men, has told me so little of you, really."

"If you would visit us, we would make you very welcome," said Christine, with grave hospitality.

"I'm sure you would, and I will most certainly come one day. We've missed Philip here so much this summer. I suppose you've had a gay time together?"

"No," Christine spoke wearily, with desperate quiet. "I think we've had a very quiet time. We haven't gone to parties—there are none to go to. And except for riding, and taking supper with John and Eleanor Rogers, there hasn't been any excitement at all."

It went on and on and on. Lady Ransome's manner was perfect. Christine was her guest, must be shown the utmost courtesy. Yet underneath the careful words lay barbs that pricked continually at the spirit of simple honesty in which Christine had set herself to endure the questioning. There grew in the hour's talk a picture of the contrast between the girl and Philip.

Lady Ransome was solicitous. Little as she desired Philip to marry, Christine, she had a genuine admiration for the manner in which the girl had borne the inquisition. Christine had been honest, unassuming, had pretended to nothing, and for these things Lady Ransome gave her ungrudging credit. She spoke to her husband now:

"Take Christine to find the others, dear," she suggested. "They're behind the house somewhere. I think," and as Christine rose she detained the girl a moment, looking directly up at her. "You will understand, Christine, what I mean when I say that I think you have been very fine in talking to me as you have this afternoon. I haven't meant to be unkind. If I have seemed so at any time, believe that it is only because Philip is so dear to me."

Her voice was full of affectionate pride, and Christine managed to answer steadily:

"I understand, Lady Ransome—I—I understand."

SHE moved off beside Sir John, who took her to see the two horses he kept in town.

"You know about horses, young lady," he said, when they had finished their inspection. "No one would ever fool you on that subject."

"It's about all I do know," Christine replied with a half-troubled little laugh.

She stooped to gather a puppy in her arms and looked up to find Philip watching her. The puppy made frantic attempts to lick her ear, and Philip took it away and set it down on the ground again.

"I've missed you," he said as he straightened again. "I went to look for you twice, but you were so busy with mother in the garden. I didn't like to interrupt."

"Yes, we talked," to save herself Christine could not elaborate this statement, "and your father's been showing me around—it is all so beautiful, every bit of it."

"We'll have to be starting back soon," Philip observed. "Have you seen it all, Christine?"

"I think so."

They found a wicker table spread in the garden, hot tea, long cool drinks, plates of thin sandwiches, a variety of cake, and a pile of thin caraway seed buns that Philip pounced on and claimed as his own. There was a friendlier air about this gathering than there had been at dinner. Lady Ransome was more cordial. Sir John told two of his favorite stories, new to Christine, whose laughter sounded above the polite noises made by the Ransome children, who had heard them before.

They all went to stand at the door as Philip and Christine drove away.

"Come back again," Sally's clear voice called after them.

Christine looked back. Lady Ransome had retreated to the shadow of the doorway, but even in that light it could be seen that her lips were tightly compressed, her whole figure still with determination.

"Like my family?" Philip asked, as they left the town behind.

"Oh, Philip, it's a lovely family. They were all of them so nice to me. How can you bear to live away from them?"

"Oh, you get fed up with families, even nice ones, in time. Besides, I want to start a family of my own."

IT was late when they arrived. Gilead was waiting for them.

"Just wanted to be sure you got home safely, Christine," he said with unwonted mildness.

"We had a lovely day," Philip told him.

"Did you?" Gilead asked the question of Christine, and she answered: "A good day, Gilead, but I'm tired now. I'll tell you about it to-morrow."

To be continued

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JOAN MEETS EMMY from Czechoslovakia

Intimate Glimpses of Overseas Tennis Players

Miss Joan Hartigan, in another article cabled from England exclusively for *The Australian Women's Weekly*, describes several of the newcomers into the tennis field. Her article this week contains most interesting news of two of the leading British players, and of the Chilean and Czechoslovakian champions.

By JOAN HARTIGAN

ONE of the most interesting visitors to England who is capturing all the limelight at present is the hard-hitting Emmy Cepkova, from Czechoslovakia. She is of medium height, with a graceful, athletic figure. She wears her hair shoulder-length, and its color she appears to have stolen from the ripe cornfields.

This attractive girl hails from the same country as Roderich Menzel, but she does not appear to be quite as temperamental a player as Menzel. Another Czechoslovakian expected in England shortly is Hocht, who partners Menzel but I don't think either of the men will prove as popular as Emmy.

Although she failed in the third round of the Hurlingham Club women's singles, Miss Cepkova caught the eyes of the critics and immediately became the topic of conversation.

She was one of the last eight at Hurlingham, and accounted for two quite formidable opponents in Mrs. D. A. Allison and Mrs. W. J. Dyson. She played a very erratic game against Mrs. Harrison, who eventually defeated her. Emmy was handicapped, too, by her lack of English. When the umpire foot-balled her for putting her left foot on the line he had to come down from his high seat and demonstrate to her what he meant.

The Hurlingham matches were not terribly important, but they were very interesting, and gave one an opportunity of studying the play and mannerisms of some of the visitors.

Senorita Lizana, the little Chilean girl, has done some marvellous things to date, and is to play at the Surbiton Club tournament. This tourney should prove a good indicator for Wimbledon.

Everyone at present is wondering if Betty Nuthall will be fit enough to play at Wimbledon. She told me a few days ago that her back is still troublesome, and that she is still obeying the doctor's orders "to play no tennis." However, she looks splendidly fit, and is very hopeful that she may be a competitor at Wimbledon.

Tennis in the Snow

WE were all greatly interested in the announcement of Joan Ridley's engagement. Her fiancé is D. J. P. O'Meara, FRCS, of Bury St. Edmunds. Joan is one of the most popular girls in England, and is also one of their foremost tennis players. She won the covered courts mixed doubles in 1926, and reached the semi-finals of the women's singles at Wimbledon in 1930.

Joan Ridley has also tried her hand at film work, and had quite a big part in "Dawn," the film story of the famous Nurse Cavell, which was shown in Australia. Her fiancé is a Guy's Hospital

man. He was captain of the hospital soccer team. He also plays a good game of golf and is very interested in amateur theatricals. He is surgeon and gynaecologist of the West Suffolk Hospital.

To visit a country other than Australia makes one realise how fortunate we are with our climate from the standpoint of sport. I have taken part in three tournaments so far. North of England championships, which I won. Harrogate tournament, which I lost, and West Scotland, which I won, beating the holder 6-3, 4-6, 6-4.

The weather at each of these made me long for our own sunshine. Although it is now almost summer here, in each case the cold was intense, and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping warm. In Scotland I had my first experience of playing while it was snowing.

Davis Cup Team

INTEREST in tennis is now intense, with Wimbledon and the Davis Cup claiming everyone's attention. It is hoped that our own team will meet English holders in the cup final. Speculation is rife concerning the personnel of the English side, and it is assumed that Perry and Austin will be definitely picked. Tuckey, who is now competing in the French championships, is a possible choice for the English team. I saw him play several times. He possesses some beautiful ground shots, and is very severe overhead. He strikes me as a particularly fine player, who, with experience, will be a find for England.

Hughes is not taking part in any tournaments prior to Wimbledon, but is practising hard. Should he not produce his old form Tuckey says all his place.

Regarding our own side, it looks from the pairing of Crawford and Quist, that there is a likelihood of them playing in the doubles with Crawford and McGrath in the singles. If our own Jack is not troubled with asthma he will, I am sure, live up to expectations, and with others producing their real form there is every reason to be optimistic.

Our chances of bringing the Davis Cup back to Australia are quite bright. One has to be on the spot to realise all the difficulties they face, with strange courts and the vagaries of the weather, but if they fail it will not be without a great fight.

I have just heard that Crawford and Quist have won the French doubles championship. Considering so many of the overseas champions have taken part



EMMY CEPKOVA, the Czechoslovakian tennis star, who is already becoming a tennis celebrity among the overseas champions.

in this event, it must be very gratifying to all Australians to know that our four Davis Cup representatives fought out the final.

The result of this win will place the Australians as favorites for the Davis Cup matches. However, the singles have yet to be played in these championships, and should two of our players do well in this, then I think we have the brightest hopes of bringing the Davis Cup back to Australia again.

JOAN'S IMPROVED FORM

By RUTH PREDDEY

THE numerous admirers of Miss Joan Hartigan, and especially those in Australia, are bound to feel regret that Joan is not playing in the French championships this year. However, while feeling disappointed, one cannot fail to commend her for keeping off hardcourt tennis with Wimbledon in prospect. She did not participate at Bournemouth, which is generally known as the hardest court championship meeting of England, and she has now refrained from competing in France.

Joan is evidently practising assiduously for the Wimbledon championships, and is playing at present in the Surrey Lawn Tennis Championships, which, according to cabled information, she has an excellent chance of winning.

Press representatives in England have commented on the remarkable improvement Joan is showing in her game since her last visit abroad and predict that

she will prove a formidable opponent for any player and that the finalists at Wimbledon will have to look to their laurels.

Joan's latest triumph in beating Mrs. King so decisively in the Surrey championships adds further lustre to her fame.

Mrs. King, who was formerly Miss Phyllis Medford, is one of England's foremost players, and is ranked in fourth place. She has represented England on several occasions in the Wightman Cup matches. She won the doubles championship at Wimbledon in 1921 and the covered courts championship in 1933.

Last year Joan reached the semi-finals by defeating the champion of France, Peggy Scriven. This year Joan is a more experienced player, more familiar with the conditions prevailing in England, and with a fair share of luck the Wimbledon championship may be held by an Australian woman for the first time in history.

Badminton Grows in Favor

THE fact that two new teams had to be refused entrance into the South Australian Badminton Association this year because of the lack of sufficient courts shows just how much the game has in recent seasons, sprung into popularity.

There are eight teams now in the

ladies' A and B grades, the newest being the newcomer from Wayville.

The Wayville team is already showing a very promising standard of play. Next year the demand for inclusion by new teams is to be met, and more courts will be available.

Mr. W. Spinkston (president) and Mr. J. M. Dicker (secretary) are both delighted with the growing enthusiasm for badminton, and a coaching scheme has been adopted to improve the standard of the game in South Australia. Messrs. J. M. Dick, J. Paech, and M. Selth are at present keeping their eagle eyes upon the players, good and bad, so that they know who needs encouragement, and who is a probable member for the interstate matches in Melbourne next August.

The visit, last year, of the brilliant Victorian and Tasmanian teams inspired the local association to great heights of fervor, with a resulting improvement of the play in Adelaide.

Friendly matches with outside teams have been frequent this season, and an invitation to play with badminton enthusiasts of the St. Andrew's Club a short while ago was accepted and enjoyed very much.

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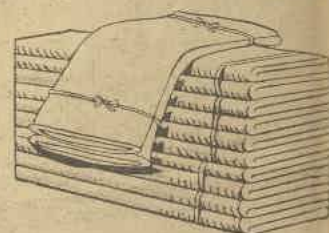
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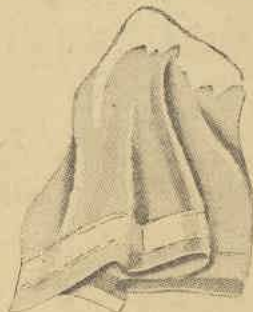
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SONIA

By MAY EDGINTON

CHAPTER I



"YOU would never desert us!" "It is not that, mother," said Sonia. "I'm not trying to desert you and father." "But what else is it?" Mrs. May cried pitifully. "You don't realise," said Sonia, "that I can't stay here in Lulham. We're as poor as mice. Poorer, because there are no nice free crumbs for us. You and father are worrying your heads off, and you don't know how much difference it could make to us all if I did something to help you."

"But you do help us, dear. The flowers; and—and father's study; and just to have you with us helps us, Sonia. It helps us to be happy."

It was the old, old argument between parents and child, though, as usual, it seemed new.

"You two would always be happy, mother, with or without me."

"Oh, darling! Oh, no!" Mrs. May cried. But she knew, with guilty surprise, that it was true. "It is harder to part with an only child, Sonia," she insisted, "and father and I have never thought of you doing anything to earn your own living. We had no idea that you had even thought of it."

"Then what did you think was going to happen to me?" Sonia asked desperately.

The moment she had asked this, she was rather sorry. It seemed unkind to put such a definite question to such an indefinite and sweet mother. But then it would have seemed just as unkind to put it to her dreamy father. For these two, Sonia always thought, did not live in a real world at all. In fact, they had a realm of their own, and the most tempestuous event in it had been the arrival, twenty-one years ago, of herself. They were quite terrifyingly unable to face facts, and although they had begun to be a little nervous, they could not actually visualise the mortgage on the cottage being called in, and having to give up the small place which had been to them the happiest and most beautiful home in the world. They knew quite well that they could not keep up the payments, and yet, thought Sonia feverishly, they could not imagine the inevitable result.

She urged seriously:

"Mother, what are you going to do if you have to give up Lulham Cottage?"

"I don't understand you, my dear. Your father and I would never give it up."

"But," Sonia persisted, "the cottage is mortgaged up to the last pennyworth; and, anyhow, you are behind with the interest already."

Then she was sorry again, because of her mother's dismay; futile, foolish dismay that was yet sweet because it had in it the protective element of all maternity.

"I didn't want you, a young girl, to know about that. How did you know, Sonia?"

"I have watched you and father," Sonia explained patiently, "and I have heard all sorts of things you have said when you haven't thought I noticed; and the other day I went to the bank manager."

"But, darling, bank managers don't tell!"

"They don't tell," Sonia answered, "but when I asked him if he thought I ought to take a job or not, he was quite positive that I ought."

"You should never have done that," her mother protested.

"It doesn't matter," said Sonia, "with an old friend like him."

"You haven't asked your father."

"I want to ask him this morning."

"Put it off," said Mrs. May coaxingly. "He's busy, and you know when he's reading seriously he hates any tiresome question to crop up."

"He's not reading seriously," said Sonia. "Nothing is serious except the dilemma that you are in."

"He hates money," Mrs. May murmured. "He needs it," said Sonia.

Her mother veered a little, she thought, to her side. But she tried to procrastinate.

"Why must we decide everything this morning?"

"I'll tell you that presently," Sonia said; "but I assure you that it must be decided this morning, unless you want to be very hurt and disappointed, darling; and I would hate that."

For she had made up her mind that, falling these two darlings' "decision" within an hour or two, she would appal them by going without it. And also the matter of a decision was only a courtesy extended by a rebellious if loving daughter to the sweetest and most impossible parents.

They went on shelling peas. Outside the window was the garden which her mother and father, ever since she could remember, had loved so much. They regarded it as a land of treasure. She could remember the planting and growing of nearly every flower. She understood how tremendously they were attached to it. She understood everything, she told herself, except this stubborn, yet helpless, view. Or was it a lack of point of view? Suddenly she went to the kitchen door and called her father.

"Can you come and talk to us, Daddy?"

THE study door opposite across the minute hall opened and he stood there, thin, charming, white-haired; a scholarly baby, just as she always thought of him.

"Can't you come in here?" he asked dreamily. "I've simply no time."

"We haven't time either," said Sonia.

She sighed. He never understood that the practical things of life had to be faced first, and dreaming among his books was an unprofitable occupation which should come second.

"Mother and I are really working. Eads. We have to get the lunch this morning. Please come to us."

So then he came in. He was always like that too, kind, sweet, whimsical, obliging, and he never argued and he never fought. That's just it, Sonia thought. They never fight, either of them. He sat down at the kitchen table and his fine, long hands began to shell peas too. "This lovely opaque green," he murmured as the pods fell. "Very pleasant occupation." Overhead they could hear the tramp of the little maid, sweeping and dusting the bedrooms.

"Well," he inquired, "what is it?"

His wife replied:

"Sonia wants to go away."

"Go away!" he echoed. "Where to? Do you mean to stay with . . . an old school friend . . . or to the seaside?" The pods seemed to fall in rhythm with his delightful slow voice. "Or what is it you want, little one?"

But she knew that he did not ask these questions seriously. All he could think about when he thought of the movements of a

girl was that she would stay with an old school friend, or be amusing herself in some trivial or picturesque way.

"I've got to work," she said determinedly. "Work?" he repeated. "You're working, dear. Charming work. Sweetheart," he said to his wife, "these pea pods against Sonia's white dress, and the lap of your blue pinafore . . . very lovely."

"I've been telling Sonia, Gilbert—"

Sonia went on recklessly: "I know everything, father. I realise how poor we are, I know we are in debt to the butcher, and I know that mother has not really paid the grocer's bill in full for six months."

"They don't mind," he said, quickly and earnestly. "They trust us."

"They don't," Sonia contradicted. "they trust your intentions, but that is all."

"What a little analyst," he said, "always looking underneath. Our peas are finer this year." He let a few dribble through his thin fingers.

But Mrs. May murmured:

"I wish we could pay them. I do, Gilbert. I do. It hasn't felt quite right."

Sonia went on:

"Tell me exactly what you want me to do, if I'm not to work and earn an income to help you and myself."

They murmured in unison: vague things. Then he said: "Naturally your mother and I thought . . ."

Here her mother took it up.

"We thought you would marry, Sonia. We cannot think of anything more beautiful for any girl to do. The sweetest thing in the whole world is love."

"That's a question of opinion," said Sonia ignorantly; "but whom am I to marry?"

"One day," Mrs. May began, "someone will turn up."

"No one turns up here," Sonia insisted. "No one will turn up in Lulham. And, anyway, mother, what is your precedent for saying that? Did all the girls in your day get married? Weren't there hundreds and thousands of unwanted old maids? Only you don't wish to admit it. Here in Lulham there are girls just eating their hearts out to get away, to go anywhere, to do anything, to meet anybody who would change life a little for them."

They looked at her in real astonishment, these two parents. They were agast and puzzled, but they began to take her quite seriously now.

"Don't you realise," she said, "that it's not the same nowadays as it was in your time?"

"We do know it," said Mrs. May eagerly. "We have always wanted you to go about and be free to make your own friends."

"Within a radius of ten miles," Sonia reminded her.

"We sent you away to school, Sonia."

"I know you did," said Sonia, "and what was the use of that? I would rather have gone to some Commercial College and learned some useful trade."

Two cries of horror met that.

"What do you think you can do," said her father, "and where do you want to go to, and when? You would not go before your mother's birthday, would you?"

"Mother's birthday is four months ahead," said Sonia, "and I must be off to-morrow."

The shelling of peas stopped.

"You don't mean that, my dear? You haven't really done anything behind our backs, Sonia?"

"It was the only way to do it," she explained herself hurriedly, "and so I—I have arranged it all. I am twenty-one."

HER heart ached, and tears were behind her eyes, but an exultation, a jubilation seized her as, ever so gently, she laid down that gaze.

"Well, then," said her father quietly, "tell us what you have done."

"I have taken a secretaryship in London."

"What kind of secretaryship?" Mrs. May faltered. "You don't mean you are going to an office every day, getting plainer and plainer?"

"Not so plain as I should get in Lulham," said Sonia, and then—she kept on being so sorry for them—she explained cajolingly and impulsively:

"You know perfectly well only you haven't noticed much, that I have been acquiring all sorts of useful things last year. You haven't noticed it, but I took a correspondence course in shorthand out of my dress-money. You have forgotten, when the vicar hurt his hand, he dictated his sermons to me, and I really have a very good speed. You don't know that I have been out into Taunton when you thought I was going to see those girls I went to school with. I was really taking lessons in book-keeping and typing. I have kept up my languages all this year while you two dears have been dreaming, as usual, and enlarging the garden, and refusing to face the facts of life and the trouble that is coming on."

"I have been trying to get up something useful, although heaven knows it has been hard enough. And then, father," she said, laying her hand on his, "I have to thank you for a great deal, you know."

"Of course the child has a lot to thank you for, Gilbert," her mother murmured devotedly, and he answered devotedly back: "Nothing to what she should thank you for, sweetheart."

Oh, their fairy tales!

"You have taught me to read, father," said Sonia. "Without you, I'd never have read the classics, and I have an idea that will be specially useful in the job I'm going to."

Her mother was clasping and unclasping her very small hands in the lap of the blue pinafore.

"But you haven't told us what is this work, except that it's secretarial."

"It is for a Sir Hugo Dereham," Sonia said. "The advertisement was in 'The Times' last week, and when I wrote stating my qualifications and offering to give my social references—that is what I went to see our bank manager for really, and the vicar is giving me one, too—"

Cries of horror again.

"But, Sonia, behind our back!"

She went on:

"And when I had sent my photograph, I was accepted almost at once."

"By Sir Hugo Dereham?" said Mrs. May, suddenly leaning forward with a color in her little elfin face, and then her eyes met her husband's.

"By some relative of his who does business for him apparently," Sonia explained.

"But this Sir Hugo Dereham," said Mrs. May, "what kind of a man is he? How old? Is he rich? Is he married? Are you staying in his house or shall you have rooms?"

"It's too far to go," said her father, "much too far."

"Wait a minute, Gilly, darling; I want Sonia to tell me all about Sir Hugo Dereham, because we ought to know."

"I can't very well ask my future employer for that, Mums."

"I suppose she can't," said her father. "The necessary thing was that he should see mine."

"But what photograph did you send?" her mother asked, "because you haven't had one taken, darling, since you played the school teacher in the play in the village hall last winter."

Then for the first time her daughter giggled.

"That was the one I sent."

"But Sonia, spectacles and all!"

"Spectacles and all," said Sonia recklessly. "After all, if I am asked why I don't wear them now, I can always say my eyesight has rapidly improved."

There was now an air of mysterious smiling anticipation about her mother that irritated Sonia faintly. That dreamy mother who had always prophesied for her daughter a perfect romance was already off on some secret trail, at the end of which she saw some fairy prince, riches and happiness ever after. Her little elfin face was to be read clearly as a child's primer.

"They are incorrigible, these two," Sonia thought rather despairingly, even while she smiled, "they will never agree to facts, and they will always hope for the impossible."

"Don't make romances, Mums, about me," she said. "I am going to do a job of work, and that is all there is to it."

Mrs. May mused on, her thoughts like words on the air.

It was her father who began then asking more direct questions.

"And what will you get paid, Sonia?"

"Five pounds a week."

"Five pounds a week!" he echoed, amazed. "But I thought secretaries were poor. Five pounds a week is riches."

SHE said quickly:

"But that's what I have to thank you for, darling. It is my reading; it's all you have taught me that makes me worth that to this particular man. It seems he is writing a history of some old place he inherited some years ago, and has never lived in, and the ordinary secretary wouldn't suit him."

"What place is that?" said her father, and now she saw him suddenly interested.

She saw the dreamer awake, for he loved old places, and old things, and old stories.

"It's called Fennimore, and I think it's on the borders of Wales."

He cried out in delight.

"Why, my dear, it's one of the most interesting places in England. I can give you the whole history myself, or almost."

His long white hands dropped the peas and fumbled for a pencil in his pocket. He picked up a sugar bag, and traced for her a genealogical table.

"This Sir Hugo Dereham," he said, "must be another branch of the family, because the Fennimores have always lived at Fennimore from the time of the old Welsh kings."

He sat there immersed, and as she looked at him, she thought: "That's all he cares about, and no doubt it's very beautiful, but he doesn't see the practical side at all. He will think all day about Fennimore, but he will never think that little Lulham Cottage may be lost to him at any time."

"You must always think about great things, mustn't you, darling?" she said suddenly.

He smiled at her, got up, and roamed off to his study.

Her mother answered her.

"Yes, father always must think of great things. That's what I love him for so much."

"You won't be miserable when I'm away, will you?" Sonia implored, but she knew that really they would not be miserable. They would go on dreaming, and they would still have the sweetest thing in the world.

Now she was wild with delight. She

was free to think with certainty of the longed-for escape from this so tiny world. She would be entirely the practical secretary, entirely the modern woman of the world, for that, it had been explained to her, Sir Hugo Dereham wanted. Though also he required culture and knowledge, adaptability, command of two languages, and a willingness to work at all hours; and he expected all this embodied in a very responsible personality. When lunch was over, she read over again carefully the letters she had received, written by a Francis Selwyn. He was very business-like, this Francis Selwyn. He stated that he was Dereham's cousin, and that Dereham suffered ill health. His demands were very explicit, and he insisted on being very fully satisfied. She was not to live in Dereham's house, but in rooms, or, this Selwyn had written, "there is an excellent ladies' hostel or club near. It is necessary for you to be near, because you may be telephoned at any hour, and Sir Hugo will want you to go to him whenever he feels fit enough to work." Selwyn had promised to meet her train, because, he said, there were things that he would rather explain to her verbally than write them. It seemed to her, as she read that letter, to be unusual that such a responsible woman as he was expecting should need meeting, but no doubt there were small difficulties that he wanted to smooth out for his sick relative's comfort.

She laughed to herself, up there in her little room, at her parents' entire lack of practical curiosity. Then, putting on her hat, she went out into the streets of the little town. She was going to say good-bye to young women less lucky than she, to the girls who would confide, "Oh, Sonia, I do envy you, but I can't leave mother." Or to rather older ones, single women of over thirty whose eyes had begun to look restless and bleak, even if they still laughed and chaffed at the local tennis club or at the little subscription dances; and these would say, "Once I thought I would get away, but I never have, and it's rather late to begin training now, I suppose, isn't it?"

She went, full of these reflections, first to the doctor's house, and said good-bye to his daughter, and then she went to the vicarage. Those daughters having fled, the vicar and his wife both rebuked her:

"So you are going too, Sonia. Do you think it is quite right?"

"Why not?" she countered, but they could only shake their heads and murmur about her dear mother missing her; they acknowledged that an only child's duty was no doubt hard, yet, it seemed to them, plain. She would have argued that, as she had argued it before, only that it was never any use reasoning with middle-aged or old people. They hated progress, they looked upon their own youth as a precedent for all youth that came after them, and they were afraid to face the future.

So she went home gladly to the happier task of packing.



CHAPTER 2.

WHEN her train drew into Paddington, she looked upon the great bustling station, sick with stage fright. The curtain was rung up, and one was asking oneself—oneself planted in the middle of the stage: "Will it be a failure or a success?" It was actually the first time she had ever been to London. And then, emerging from the train, she saw a tall man with the carriage of a soldier walking

up and down, scanning the compartments. Immediately she guessed he was that Francis Selwyn, because, somehow, he was a living embodiment of his letters; cheerful, quick, definite, and yet with a suave touch of charm that had already intrigued her in his written word. Now with the same flash of mischief that had made her send the print photograph, she watched him walking slowly down the length of the long train. Of course she was nervous about that photograph. It was sheer deception, and there had been guilt in the sending of it as well as mischief. She had wanted to look such a very responsible person.

She saw him speak to a porter and find her luggage which had now been put out on the platform. Then he took up his stand by it, waiting for the owner, so there was nothing left for her to do but to claim it at once. He took off his hat, and stared at her with incredulity.

"You aren't Miss Sonia May?" he asked.

She had to take a long breath to answer:

"I am Sonia May; and you are Mr. Selwyn."

His look changed from incredulity to dismay, and then to a decided amusement.

"We'll leave the luggage in the cloak-room," he said to the porter, and to her he added, in a voice which was still surprised as his look had been:

"I think, perhaps, you and I had better have a little talk, Miss May, and maybe we could lunch somewhere, and pick up the luggage after."

They were in a taxi-cab. How quickly things happened here! She was aware, by sheer woman's instinct, that at the moment of seeing her, this man had changed his plan of procedure. He had surely meant to take the spectacled and capable-looking Miss May straight to the ladies' hostel or club which in his last letter he had suggested as her suitable accommodation, and now here he was bearing her off to lunch, for the first time in her life at—where would it be?—a great London restaurant, or at a club, or—where? She was as thrilled as a small child to whom Madame Tussaud's or the Circus has been unexpectedly suggested. But she managed to remain, outwardly, very calm, while she looked, fascinated, at the busy streets.

"Where would you like to go?" he was asking her, and she answered carefully.

"I don't know any of the interesting places." Reminding herself, "In fact, I don't know any place at all."

He thought for a moment. She did not know that he was wondering if he would take her to the ladies' annexe of his own famous club, and that he considered quickly that it would not be wise; then if he would take her to the Berkeley or to one of the smart little places. In the end he decided, without consulting her further, on the more impersonal milieu of the Savoy.

"The Savoy, I think," he remarked, and she replied demurely that it would do very nicely. "Although, of course, I can go straight to that hostel which you have so kindly recommended to me," she said.

"Ah, but as I told you, I really think I had better talk to you first. It isn't quite quite what I expected." He gave her a smiling look, quizzing her jovially; and she took heart.

So they came to the Savoy. She had all the usual girl's reluctance to seem inexperienced, and all the usual young girl's feeling that she was being looked at and judged. She had to surmount the fact that she was not the grave woman he had expected, but little Sonia May of Lulham, entirely like herself and no one else. She was not nervous about her clothes, because the little orange linen frock and hat that she and her mother had stitched together had been made up from some of those marvellous patterns given in

the women's magazines, over which all feminine Lulham eagerly pored. But she was anxious not to seem frivolous, not to seem to have sailed too readily under false colors, not to seem an impostor. So she went very gravely beside Selwyn into the vestibule of the famous grill-room, and when he had seated her in a corner and an attentive waiter, who evidently knew him, sprang to attend them, and he had asked, "What about a cocktail?" she took her courage in both hands.

"Yes, please!"

Then she wondered if that was a wrong move. Should she have been entirely the woman of business, uninterested by a scene of charm and frivolity? Refusing a cocktail—whatever a cocktail was?

"What will you have?" he asked blandly. "White Lady, Blue Snake, Clover Club, Martini, Bronx, Manhattan—" He paused and then she saw his nice kind eyes shining with laughter. So:

"I don't know any of them," she confessed bravely.

He was kind, this man, in a worldly, superior, laughing way, and he said:

"Very well then, they will shake you up something absolutely non-alcoholic, but just as amusing to a very young little lady like you." And for himself he decided, "I'll have a pink gin."

SHE could not help exclaiming: "I didn't know gin was pink!" And he answered, "Neither it is. The color is due to the spot of bitters."

They sat together, and he asked her about her journey, if she came often to London, of the work she had done, and so on. But his questioning was very comfortable, very suave; it did not make her ill at ease, and somehow between questions he left her time to be interested in the people coming in and going out. Then a famous face entered, and Selwyn, seeing her lean forward eagerly, confirmed:

"Yes, that is John Seagull, the actor fellow. You will probably meet him in the crowd that come to Hugo's." He said "Hugo," and not "Sir Hugo" to her, and she noticed it. He went on: "You have seen him act, of course?"

She was acutely aware that it was a social punishment.

She said, wishing she could answer, "Yes, at the St. James's Theatre—"

"Yes, I have seen him when he was touring; once."

Her voice was a little smaller and faintly reluctant.

Then they went in to lunch.

"I didn't book a table," said Selwyn easily as they moved, but it seemed as if the news of his arrival had preceded him into the grill-room, for the maitre d'hotel met them, smiling, and led them to one of the best tables against the wall. Selwyn handed her the menu. She was lost in its complexities, and chose guardedly:

"I would just like cold chicken and salad, please."

Again he helped her, and ordered for both of them iced melon, and the cold chicken she had asked for, which was in soup, and a marvellous salad to follow, of which he noted to her:

"That's a Japanese salad; I hope you like it!"

He ordered a hock cup to be mixed, and then he said, smiling: "Of course I suggested that ladies' hostel or club affair to you, not knowing you would be quite like you are, but now that I have seen you I think more than ever that possibly it is the best place. A relative of mine, one of those silly charitable women interested in movements, gave me the address of the place when I told her old Hugo was having a lady secretary up from the wilds."

Sonia said demurely:

"But I'm not an object of charity." And he laughed.

"No, no! But I dare say it will be all right. We can inspect the place together.

I can trade on my relative's name and impeccability if they won't let me in."

He kept looking at her.

"You aren't at all what I expected," he repeated.

"I hope you don't mind," said Sonia. "Of course country photographers aren't very clever, are they? And then the photograph was taken a year or so ago, and then—"

"And then," he finished for her, "you picked it out carefully and sent it on purpose."

How she blushed!

"It was the latest photograph I had."

"Don't let's bother about that," he answered. "I'd better begin to tell you about Hugo."

But for a moment or two he sat silent, looking before him as if carefully considering the exact instructive explanation he would give her. And while he thus sat reflecting, she looked at his profile unobtrusively. He was an astonishingly good-looking man, she thought; he was probably about the same age as Sir Hugo himself, or younger. He looked as if he could be alert or acute in every aspect of life. At the same time he had the air of a man of leisure, and he certainly knew how to entertain a woman and make her content. He was tanned very deeply, but not as if with fierce suns and rough winds. Rather, he looked as if he basked often in the temperate sunshine of the Riviera, and she tried to remember if she had not seen his photograph somewhere among those groups of notabilities pictured for the edification of the less lucky in the illustrated papers. He began speaking:

"My cousin is compiling a history of an old place he inherited when he came into the title, but it is two centuries since the owners lived there."

"I know," she said quickly. "Fennimore."

He gave her an interested glance. "Ah, you have found out so much."

"Of course, I tried to."

"That sounds as if you were rather a thorough-going person," he remarked. And went on: "The place is very lovely, I believe, but rather a ruin. It has been left to caretakers, and sometimes for years together the agent of the estate has lived in the old house."

"My father told me a good deal about it. He was very interested. He is by way of being an antiquary," she explained, "though he is so lazy and so dreamy, poor darling, that he has never made what he could of his abilities and all his knowledge. Mother always says so."

"Ah, that is a way good wives have!"

SHE told him: "My father is Professor May. History. But for years he has dropped the 'professor.' You see, he just likes dreaming and browsing about, with mother. He is terribly impractical. But he was able to tell me quite a lot about the history of Fennimore when I mentioned it to him. One of the Welsh kings once lived there and then gave it to an ancestor of the family."

"Oh, well," said Selwyn, "that is all to the good. My cousin will be pleased, I expect, and it may help you with your work."

"You were going to tell me about Sir Hugo himself?"

"Oh, yes. Well, my cousin has lived abroad a great deal, and he didn't come home till a year ago. He has done a good deal of important service for the British Government." He paused. "The kind of service, the kind of magnificent actions and sacrifices that the public doesn't hear much about. However, he is out of all that, and home for good now."

He looked half-sad, and yet there was a queerly calculating expression on his face. He went on: "My cousin is an invalid. He ruined his health in bad climates, and he is subject to periods when he finds it difficult to do anything at all, and he gets a

good deal of pain. He wanted to go and live at Fennimore and begin to restore the place, but it is necessary for him to be near his doctors in London, so beyond a visit or two and the collection of all the family chronicles he could find, he has not been able to do any more about that. He is in a hurry to get his book compiled.

"Surely," she ventured, "to work in a hurry must be rather bad for him just now. If he is ill, I mean."

Selwyn hesitated, and again on his face was that half-sad, yet half-calculating expression. "Well," he responded, "you don't quite understand his reasons."

He looked down into her vivid face, while in his mind was the thought, "I wonder if it would suit the book to tell her. Shall I give her a hint?" But he was still so surprised by her youth, by her astonishing fairness, and he was also tickled to see that she was the prettiest girl within eight miles of that famous restaurant where pretty women abounded. And these things together—apart from diplomacy or his cousin's wishes—made him decide, "I think it is a little grim for her; yes, decidedly too grim."

He replied aloud, "I wanted you to get a very good idea of your duties and the kind of atmosphere in which you will carry them out, Miss May. You will understand that my cousin cannot always keep regular hours of work; his hours sometimes for days together are regulated by his health, and yet, as I say, he is in a hurry to finish this book. He is not looking so much for an applauding public for his work as to make a kind of reliable and picturesque family chronicle of the house of Fennimore."

"I can understand," she breathed eagerly. "And now for Hugo," he said, his hand touching her elbow as he rose from the table and guided her out, "but we will make a detour and pick up your baggage." "It is very good of you," she murmured, embarrassed. "You are taking a tremendous lot of trouble about me."

HE looked down at her good humoredly, with that mischievous glint in his eyes.

"Not a bit, little girl," he said, "I was doing it for Hugo without any idea that there would be some sort of reward in it for myself."

He laughed. "I mustn't talk like that," he said; "but still, it was jolly taking you to lunch."

The commissionaire had by now signalled a taxi-cab, and he ushered her in.

"Hugo doesn't know that I was meeting you," he explained, "and I hope you won't mention it to him. That's another thing for you to remember, please. I just took it upon myself to do so, because, as a matter of fact, he left this whole business of engaging a secretary to me. You see, I felt that he ought to have professional help for this book business."

"But hasn't he had a secretary at all up till now?"

"Well, he has had a secretary of sorts," said Selwyn, grinning, and then the grin left his face and his mouth set, so that Sonia thought to herself, "He's not quite as easy and good-natured as he seems."

The hood of the taxi-cab was down, the spring day was beautiful, and she was able to look about her at the great, strange city. She was entranced, and after they had collected her luggage and driven away again, she grew more and more entranced. They crossed the Bayswater Road and went into the park, where blooms of early summer flowers astonished her. Lulham people were apt to say heartily, "Oh, I would never live in London for anything; no green trees, no fresh air, no flowers; give me my garden." Sour grapes! Here were great beds of flowers and blossoming trees and bushes, and vast vistas of green, and once more she secretly derided Lulham's notions and Lulham's self-content. She thought, "Mums and Dads shall come up and have

a lovely day exploring when I have saved a little money."

Then Selwyn was speaking again.

"You will like Hugo's house," he said, "it's very quiet. It's in Hilton Square. Not very Mayfairish, but it's peaceful and it suits him as he is now, poor chap. After all, in London, all one's friends can easily come to see one. By the way, I would have ordered his car to fetch you, only, you see, he didn't know that I was meeting you, and I couldn't bring mine, for the simple reason that at the moment I haven't got one."

He laughed cheerily.

"Broke," he said.

He saw her very wide eyes of surprise, and he knew what she was thinking. Innocent thing! She was thinking, "And he took me to lunch at the Savoy—"

"Oh, it doesn't matter being broke in London," he said easily, "so long as one's credit has not all gone. I can still sign a bill for food and drink anywhere."

"That's not what I call being broke."

"What do you call being broke?" he asked.

"Not having shillings," she said simply. "Yes, that would be rather the end of things," he agreed. He looked a little rueful at such a prospect.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed, "not the end of things. One can always fight."

"A bit grim, isn't it?" he suggested.

"I never thought so," she said reflectively.

"Good girl," said Selwyn in a lax manner of detachment from so tiresome a problem, and they turned out of the garden. It suddenly occurred to her to ask exactly where he was taking her now. He told her:

"Well, I think you had better go along and look at this hotel or club place—I'm sure as to the distinctions. And then I'll explain to you how to get to Hugo's house, and then you'd better present yourself, and please don't mention that I met you. When I first saw you I was afraid I'd rather messed things up perhaps, but on the whole a girl like you may be for the best."

"You make it sound a little mysterious," said Sonia artlessly.

"Oh, it's not really mysterious," he assured her pleasantly, "and if Hugo seems surprised, just don't take any notice. Fob him off! Tell him you are really in earnest and walk right into the work. I am in and out of the house a lot. You will often see me."

"What does that matter?" she wondered to herself, puzzled; "though it will be very nice."

They drew up at one of those Victorian houses bereft of their former placid arrogance, and now changed into one of the increasing number of residential clubs for women.

"I don't think, after all, I'll come in," he said, standing hat in hand on the doorstep. "Bit grim, those hen houses! Hugo's address, as you know, is 14 Hilton Square. You turn to your right at the end of this road and come right into the square; you will easily find the house. He's expecting you about four o'clock."

Then the big front door opened.

"Good-bye," He smiled charmingly; and she was inside.

IT was not bad; in fact, it did not rob her at all of that bright sense of adventure with which she had undertaken all these things. She had a bedroom in no way inferior to her own shabby little room at home, and there was a general sitting-room which seemed to her to be huge. She accepted the accommodation and the terms meekly, a little in awe of the stout and very shrewd manageress.

"Full pension," said the manageress, "will be two guineas a week, but if you are not in to lunch or tea there is a reduction of

seven and six, so if you are undecided at the moment—and you say you aren't quite sure of your working hours—you can begin with full pension, and then rearrange at your convenience."

"That is splendid. Thank you."

"I hope you will continue to think so," said the manageress with acid humor. "There is nothing much to grumble at here but that doesn't prevent people from grumbling, does it?"

SHE went away, leaving a latch-key and a card of rules.

When Sonia looked in her glass, she was astonished to see what a flushed, bright-eyed, smiling, exalted girl looked back at her. She unpacked, and set out her little clock and her writing materials and the hair brushes that she had had on her twenty-first birthday from her parents, and a cut-glass powder bowl that the Lulham doctor's daughter had given her on that same occasion, saying, "I'll never use powder now, but you are younger, and no doubt you are different." And so in a few minutes the little room began subtly to take on a familiar aspect. The clock hands pointed to three-thirty and therefore, when she had wondered whether to change the orange linen frock and hat for something more sober—with a faint idea that an invalid should not be started in even the tiniest degree, by the tiniest detail—and decided against it, she went downstairs and out into the street. It seemed strange to pull that massive front door shut behind her. It changed importantly as if impressing upon a girl that this was the first time she had ventured out alone upon a career in a great city; that she had most significantly changed the door of her adopted home upon her, because, when she came back to-day, she would be a new person, one of the world's real workers; and so, surely, content. She turned to the right, and found herself in the great calm space of Hilton Square.

In a few moments she was ringing the bell at Number 14, and a butler answered it.

She was expected. The butler took her straight through into a library at the back of the house. Its wide and agreeable windows looked out upon a paved garden, where again were flower beds and a fountain.

She had no idea how sweetly slim and young and fair she appeared to the man who almost at once opened the door very quietly and came in.

He entered slowly, with an effect of hesitating on the threshold to take a comprehensive view of his new secretary. He had paused; he stood perfectly still for a full half-minute. Near the opened windows she also stood arrested, because he was not in the very least like what she had expected. What had she expected? Well, perhaps a smaller man—why, she could not have said—she thought of rather a spare, dry man, and if interested in antiquarian subjects he might even have some of the dreamy quality of her own father. She expected to see someone who looked older, though she herself would know on reflection that that was foolish, because even to twenty-one thirty-five is not a great age. She saw a tall, broad man with very dark hair; his eyes were light and grey and piercing, his mouth a long line in a strong face. He carried himself like a strong, arrogant man, not like the invalid Selwyn had told her to expect. He was an impatient man, she felt, also probably quick-tempered, and he could be exigent. Her youth sensed these things self-protectively. And then his arrested stare softened, the long mouth curled at the corners into a half-rueful smile, and he spoke. She liked his voice, it was deep, and as confident as he looked himself.

"I was told my new secretary was waiting."

She gathered all her courage together, and replied:

"Sir Hugo Dereham? Then I am your new secretary."

"But, my cousin," he began, and then stopped.

He moved forward and held out his hand. She put hers into it, hoping that he could not feel through her glove how cold and nervous it was.

"Mr. Selwyn engaged me for you," she said in a business-like voice as she would manage.

"But he did not say . . ." Hugo Dereham began; and again paused; and again he looked at her inscrutably.

"Please sit down," he said abruptly.

He pushed forward one of the deep leather chairs. She sat in it, feeling very small and slight. He seated himself in the swivel chair at the big writing-table and turned to face her. His elbows were on the arms of the chair, his finger-tips joined together, and, alert to notice everything, she noticed his hands; hands of great accomplishment. No small, petty man would have such hands. They were governing hands, and yet, in some way, now they betrayed his illness; his weariness.

"What is your name?" he asked courteously. "You know mine, but my cousin has not enlightened me as to yours."

She told him.

"Sonia May."

"Sonia May," he repeated, and paused on the words as if savoring them. "Well," he said after a moment, "the name suits you, Miss May. I didn't quite expect to find a secretary like yourself waiting for me here. However . . . Again he broke off. "You are capable? You know what I want, and you feel yourself able to undertake it?"

"Absolutely."

He smiled slightly.

"My cousin had all your references and your qualifications. He told me that they were most satisfactory, and I didn't trouble to see them for myself. In fact, I didn't go into the matter at all."

He could have added that he had had so serious a bout of illness and pain for the last few days that the doctors had forbidden the smallest extra source of fatigue, worry, or even thought. But he was not a man who cared to discuss or even own to his hated frailness, so he went on in that curt, deep voice:

"I am assured that besides being quite a competent shorthand typist, you have actually some knowledge of the kind of work I am doing at the moment."

"Yes," she said, "through my father." And then she told him of the notes that her father had made for her.

He listened, that dry little smile again quivering his mouth.

"So it seems I am in luck," he said as courteously as he had first spoken. There was a slightly awkward pause during which she began to feel a little guilty, because of her deception. Serious as she had been, she had sent that photograph to a spirit of mischief, and knew it. Now she said, half apologetically:

"I am sorry I didn't have a more recent photograph, but I so seldom have one taken."

"What a pity," he said gravely, and then with that same dry smile he added, "I am afraid I didn't see your photograph at all, either, Miss May. As I told you, I left everything to my cousin."

SHE began to ask questions as to when he would want her the next day, and he answered: "I want you to hold yourself in readiness for me all day and every day, Miss May, although that is not likely to be quite as terrible as it sounds. I have days sometimes"—he paused—"when I shan't want you at all."

She thought of what Selwyn had said,

and a little pang of pity was in her heart. She guessed what he meant, but as he sat talking to her he looked so much the strong man in command of his own life that she did not venture to say, "Mr. Selwyn told me you were rather an invalid," because nothing could be further from an invalid than this man looked, and she felt, somehow, that in spite of Selwyn's denial of a mystery there was something just a trifle mysterious about the conditions in which she had been engaged.

"I am quite glad I'm not just a nine-till-six secretary," she said at last, for want of something better to say; and he replied:

"Those would be long hours, wouldn't they? Or don't you think so? I may ask (or them.)"

"I mean," she hurried, "it's more exciting to work in rushes."

"It is," he agreed; "but you think that so definitely because you are so young. The very young love to live in spasms."

"I am twenty-one."

"Are you?" he said again, dryly. "A great age! Well, my cousin has all those details. If you are competent, that is all that matters to me, and I am sure Francis felt he had made a find, discovering a girl of your education. I understand from what you have said that perhaps you read with this father of yours."

"A great deal."

"What did you read?"

"Oh," she said, "Voltaire, Froude, Dante, Aristotle, Plato, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, Proust."

"Good God!" he cried.

"Of course in translations," she confessed. "Father reads in the original. He studies heraldry, too . . ."

"Well," he said gravely, "I am glad you don't read them in the original. I don't like people who are too improving, especially of your sex. And then your father is interested in heraldry? Oh, well, whatever smattering he has let you have will make my work come more easily to you."

She murmured:

"I am very glad you think so, Sir Hugo. I shall want to please you."

"This is your first real job?" he asked, and she assented.

"And you didn't get your shorthand and typing at any of the institutions?"

"No, but I'm quite good." She felt that to be temerity, and began to blush.

"Speed won't matter greatly to us," he encouraged her. "I want intelligence just as much, and what I suppose we might call sympathy. That is to say, when I am working with you, I should like to feel that you are really not in the room at all."

Lulham men would here have remarked obviously and jocosely, "That's a funny fellow to say such a thing to a pretty girl, but she understood."

"You want someone," she said nervously, "who is what the Italians call 'simpatica'?"

"I suppose so."

"Will you need me this afternoon, Sir Hugo?"

"Yes, I will," he said, as if on a sudden thought, his eyes still on her.

"Shall I take off my hat?"

"Well, just as you like," he said, and a faintly amused, sardonic look came over his face. "I don't want you for work, but I think, now I've seen you, that I would like you to stay to tea."

"That's very good of you, Sir Hugo."

"Not at all," he said. "Since you are here, and since you are a woman—Here something seemed to make him break off. "But, of course I'm a woman, Sir Hugo."

"I expected a man."

He said that bluntly, watching her.

She was conscious of a flaming dismay and embarrassment, and for a few moments she could not speak. Her eyes shone brilliantly, because all at once there rose tears behind them. She kept the tears back. The affair of the photograph was nothing

now, but she felt more than ever that she had attained, if she had attained it, this pleasant work on false pretences.

"I didn't know," she stammered.

"Never mind," said Dereham, and he rose and went to the bell. To the butler who answered it, he gave instructions: "Horton, tea will be served in the drawing-room, and Miss May will pour out for me."

"Very good, sir," the butler said, while he still sat amazed and dismayed.

"After all," Dereham remarked, though she imagined nervously that he was not wholly pleased, "I suppose that there are a good many things an intelligent girl like yourself, who is going to be about the house at any time, can do. I have a lot of friends—". But here again he paused, and that sardonic smile twitched his mouth. "No," he amended, "no man has a lot of friends. I have a great many acquaintances, and about half a dozen friends, which is more than most people have, don't you think so, Miss May?"

She murmured some word or two, and looked at him uncertainly, and he said:

"I suppose that, at your age, you still think that the whole world is your friend, eh?"

"I haven't separated friends and acquaintances, I'm afraid, Sir Hugo."

"No?" he said easily. "At your time of life and experience I don't suppose you have. But to go on with what I was saying, I have hosts of acquaintances, and some are bound to come in this afternoon. After all, one thing a woman secretary can do for me, if she is tactful and a gentlewoman, is to help with this motley crew of people."

Sheer stage fright seized her. Was she to be pitch-forked straight into some smart society gathering, probably a cosmopolitan crowd, of people such as she had never seen or heard of? She plucked up all her courage to stammer:

"Anything that I can do to help you, Sir Hugo, in any way, I shall, of course, be—and she tried to recall the formal phrase used by the vicar's wife on social occasions—"charmed to do."

"If you are willing, Miss May," he said with his peculiar grave look, "that is all I shall expect. But I doubt if you will be any more charmed than I am. Well, will you keep your hat on, or take it off?"

The foolish problem around her home-made linen hat suddenly caused her to realise to the full how ridiculously and unreasonably inexperienced she was in every kind of way; and the narrowness of the corridors in which those two dreamers had allowed her to grow up.

Was she to be considered as an inmate of Sir Hugo's house for the occasion, or not? She took her social stand by the behaviour of the vicar's wife, and managed a reply:

"Oh, thank you, Sir Hugo, I'll keep my hat on."

IT was indeed foolish that such a tiny episode should give her that feeling, which she now suffered, of inferiority and despair, and distrust about her accomplishments which on the journey townwards had seemed so eminently satisfactory.

"All right," he said, the sardonic smile still lurking about his mouth, "let me take you into the drawing-room."

She began a little to fear and dislike Sir Hugo for that sardonic smile of his, but she must forgive him this and much more, she thought, as she walked beside him out of the library, because he was an invalid. She must never forget the confidences with which Selwyn had entrusted her, and in the light of this far more difficult dealing with Hugo Dereham, she saw Francis Selwyn in very rosy colors. It was a pleasure and a comfort to remember in what a friendly fashion he had met her at the

train, and how naturally and informally he had entertained her at the restaurant which up till then had only been a famous name to her; and how he had said, "You will often see me, I am always in and out of the house."

Double doors were opened, and she saw into a big room of pastel colors, contrasted by great sheaves of gladioli, and what were to her extravagant, great banks of roses of much the same flame color, cunningly disposed here and there. She felt more scared, and because at least she could talk about flowers, or thought she could, she went over to the nearest roses, and touched a petal with nervous finger-tips.

"How lovely," she heard her voice say strangely.

"Aren't they?" Dereham answered casually behind her. "Know anything about roses?"

"Oh, yes." And she thought of her mother's dozen square yards of rose garden. It was declared in Lulham, "Mrs. May, of course, has a wonderful rose garden." Dereham went on: "That was the famous rose of last year, the Madame Fance, bred by Defance, the great French grower."

"Oh, yes," she heard her voice say; and she realised that her mother's Gloire de Dijon, Mermaid, Moss roses, la France, Mrs. Williamsons, and so on were merely village beauties.

"These florists' arrangements are always so formal. We will see whether you have a good hand with flowers, Miss May."

"But I couldn't do anything like that." She looked in awe at the elaborate perfection.

"I hope you can't," he said dryly; and then she heard the ringing of a bell. Guests! Already! She panicked speedily, and began to think that it was rather hard of him to expect her thus to fall in with all his unexpected demands. But there was nothing else for it, she said to herself, and she looked towards the tea table. It was a large table in one corner of the great room, and on it she saw an array of strange delicate sandwiches, and an extravagance of the most superior cakes. But besides all this she saw china that down at home would have been kept behind glass in family cabinets; and she saw a Queen Anne tea service, which she recognised because her father had taught her a great deal about old silver.

Almost immediately upon these memories she heard two or three cars drawing up one after the other, and visitors came in. They were followed by others in more or less quick succession, and she had little time to be surprised at their rather extraordinary variety, because with trembling hands and a very high-beating heart she was busying herself at the tea-table. She sat in a high-backed chair that she guessed her father would have rhapsodised over, and the flame-colored banks of roses and gladioli, and the shifting colors of women's frocks, and the deep, quick, easy voices of men, and the laughter and the casual witty way they had of greeting one another, all hurried together on her mind. Only a few people strolled up to the tea-table. It was already five o'clock, and Barton, the butler, was bringing in the first tray of icy cocktails. He was trailed by an inscrutably prim parlormaid with another tray. And then when the few people who asked for tea came over and looked at her, rather curiously, she was aware, even in her confused concentration, that Hugo Dereham stepped quickly near the table, too, and introduced them. He did not say, "My secretary," but just "Miss May." It was "Miss May, Lady Kent," Captain Western, Miss May," and so on. When she dared to look up she thought she caught an interrogatory gleam in their eyes as they rested on her, and little smiles of kindness or amusement, and on more than one woman's face a hint of patronage penetrated to her. When she had time to pour herself out a

cup of tea and sip it, she felt better, and she tried to carry off this unexpected situation with business-like voice and dignity. There were so many impressions to receive that it did not occur to her to notice that not one person apparently asked Hugo Dereham, "Who is she?" As a matter of fact, although she did not yet know it, he was not the man of whom even the closest friends asked any kind of curious or impertinent question, and he had such a way of making such introductions as he made to her, that those people who came to the tea-table said to themselves, "I wonder," and no more. One or two men came over to her, and stayed to talk a little, but she only wished that they would not. When they said, "Did you go to the polo yesterday?" she had to say "No," and when they said, "Are you going to the Eton and Harrow?" or "Are you bored?" she had to say "No," too. When they said, "Have you seen John Seagull's new play?" that again was "No." And even when they asked, "Do you dance much?" she was obliged to answer very reluctantly "No."

"Here is Seagull," said the man who had asked her the question about the actor, and that famous face she had seen earlier in the day at the Savoy came into the room. Dereham brought him over and introduced him to her at once. "That is kind of Sir Hugo," she thought tremulously, "but I wish he wouldn't. I don't know what to talk about."

THE great man was no trouble at all. He sat down close to her, chose tea instead of a cocktail, and assured her:

"It is a great pleasure to meet you. I saw you at the Savoy at luncheon."

When she looked amazed, he added laughing:

"Of course I did. Haven't I eyes?" And he said very kindly and curiously, "You are a very young little young lady; when did you come to town?" And when she told him: "To-day," he whispered in a voice that was just between themselves, "The first time?" And she begged, dismayed, "Does that show?" and he replied, "Only to me. The others won't know."

Then Dereham came up, and said in his eternally sardonic voice:

"Now, John! Now, John!"

What did they mean? With a smile and the most graceful gesture of adieu, the famous man left her to go and talk to a dowager who was sitting looking thoughtful all alone.

Then quite suddenly into the stream of arrivals and departures, there walked one woman who, for some reason she could not fathom, arrested Sonia's attention, and stood out clearly from all the others. She made an effective entry, all in grey: a dress up to the throat, down to her thin ankles, with long tight gloves almost covering her thin hands. She wore a little yellow hat pulled right down over one eyebrow. She was older than some of the alluring young women, perhaps thirty. She had a clear, hard face, and bright eyes. It seemed almost as if people moved to make a path for her down the centre of the room, and she came in very confidently, going straight to Hugo Dereham, and asking with the quick, sure solicitude of rather a particular friend:

"How are you to-day, darling?"

Had Sonia heard Hugo Dereham called "darling" the first time that afternoon, her mind would at once have assumed romance, but by this time he had been "pet" and "sweetheart" to so many of these well-groomed, laughing women that she was by now aware of course, that such an address carried with it no particular meaning. Yet there was something about this woman something rather apart from the rest, and so Sonia was faintly conscious of thinking, "Oh, I hope that he wouldn't . . ." But she broke the thought off. What did it

matter to her what Sir Hugo Dereham did with his private life? And, anyway, by himself seemed just as hard, just as sardonic, as any of them. All the time that they gathered round him, she had seen those straight, light eyes of his, criticising mercilessly. She was sure that he was very critical. The newcomer had put out both her hands to him, and so he had taken them, and she was still holding fast to both his hands in the middle of the room, creating subtly a sort of isolation for them both, and she was still talking to him, inquiring minutely about his health, and what he had done that day, and what he was going to do that evening, and whether he was obeying doctor's orders, when, somehow, although her attention appeared to be fixed altogether on him, she seemed to become aware of the crumpled orange frock, which sat looking so withdrawn from all of them, behind the big tea-table.

In the noise of voices, Sonia could not hear her ask, "Who is that, Hugo?" but she knew that the question had been asked, rather quickly and sharply, and she saw Hugo Dereham smiling into this woman's eyes.

His smile was not kind, it was light, amused, and a little challenging.

"Come and see," he might have said, Sonia thought, but, anyway, he was bringing this woman in grey, whom of all people in that room she suddenly felt she shrank from meeting, towards her.

"Miss May, Miss Ramonde Allett." Again he refrained from mentioning that Sonia was his secretary. They said a particularly formal, "How do you do," and in Ramonde Allett's eyes was something like fury, breathless surprise, which Hugo Dereham standing beside her, explained in a voice that was very courteous, but with a subtle pleasure underneath its smooth tone:

"Miss Allett," he said to Sonia, "usually takes on those arduous duties that you are kindly performing for me this afternoon. I expect she is quite glad to be let off."

But in Ramonde Allett's eyes and her whole offended, decisive bearing, Sonia was wise enough already to read more than mere annoyance at this business of presiding being taken from her.

What she could not yet know was that Ramonde Allett had made herself almost, as it were, a self-imposed hostess in that house for months past, coming and going at all times, and saying "You must be looked after, dear Hugo," or "Look here, Pet, I'll see to that for you," or "I won't have you over-tiring yourself, my dear." Her whole attitude becoming a little more proprietary every day.

Had Sonia known that, she would have understood why people appeared to give the effect of standing back a little from Ramonde and Hugo as they met, and why people had the air of assuming that Ramonde had a special niche in that house.

THEN Ramonde Allett answered tardily.

"I know I am a little late," she drawled, and she smiled, while her hard, unfriendly eyes stared at Sonia; "but I am glad you have found a deputy, Hugo, darling. Is she a good deputy, or shall I take over?"

"She is a very good deputy indeed," Dereham replied, and then he put his hand in Ramonde Allett's thin arm, turned her away from the table, and led her away to a vivid crowd on the flower-banked hearth. Sonia sat all alone for a few moments, conscious that several people had paused in their talk, and watched the little scene, and now eyed her rather curiously. She felt at tension, but then John Seagull left the elderly woman he was talking to, and again came over to her. He gave a little oblique glance that indicated Ramonde Allett over by the hearth, without letting his eyes rest actually upon her, and he turned to Sonia with a delightful air of conspiracy.

"Touche," he said in a low voice, and she knew that he meant Miss Allett, and

that he was not sorry at her discomfiture. Sonia was very sorry indeed. She would not for the world have invaded any one's rights, and all the small scene privately distressed her.

BUT she smiled back at Seagull, and confided in him.

"I don't really quite understand things here, you know."

"Why should you, my dear?" he asked soothingly. "Who are you? Tell me about yourself. Why hasn't one seen you before?"

To which she replied very simply. "Why should you, Mr. Seagull? I am nobody you see. I came up from Devonshire this morning to be Sir Hugo's secretary."

He looked extremely surprised at that laughed, and murmured something which sounded like, "How nice for Hugo." Then he made her a little bow, and moved away. Apparently curiosity was satisfied. Again she was left trying to sum up these new conditions. Many times, during what seemed to her those two long hours, that she sat at the tea-table she met Ramonde Allett's eyes fixed upon her in their hostile contemptuous stare, and it made her uneasy. She wanted to go to Sir Hugo and say, "Can't I go home now?" Home being that ladies' residential club, but although she felt an interloper she never quite summoned up the courage to rise and cross the room, and attract his attention; to interrupt his casual conversation with this or that person.

So that it was an immense relief to her when, a quarter of an hour before the last guests drifted away, and while Ramonde Allett was still in the room, Selwyn walked in.

He was already in dinner clothes. By now, servants were removing tea things, and a final tray of cocktails was being handed round. She had just thought, "Surely I can soon escape," when she met Selwyn's smiling eyes. They seemed so frank and kind and friendly compared with these rather supercilious, noisy people about her, or compared with Ramonde Allett or even Sir Hugo himself. Selwyn paused to say some courteous words to Ramonde, nodded to Hugo, and then came straight over to her.

"Well?" he asked. He sat down on the arm of a chair. She could not think of anything to say but:

"How nice to see you again so soon."

"I was thinking the same thing," he returned in his light voice. "How are things going?"

She murmured that she hoped that, as far as she was concerned, "things" were going quite well and satisfactorily. But she confided in him, too.

"The afternoon has been an ordeal. There is a lady here, Miss Allett, who sometimes pours out tea, doesn't she?"

"I wouldn't say sometimes," he retorted. "I'd say always. Whenever she's here, and has the chance, he went on under his breath.

"I do wish," Sonia breathed, "that Sir Hugo hadn't asked me to do it. I feel as if I'm presuming."

"Who made you feel like that?" Selwyn asked, shrewdly answering himself. "I know pretty well. It was Ramonde. She is great at that peculiar art. Well, poor child, you will soon be released now. And how in the ladies' hostel?"

She said that, as far as she had seen, it was quite nice enough.

"Until you can get something nicer," he said; "but nearly all working girls live in these grim places, don't they?"

She had no idea of how or where working girls lived, and realised it.

"I don't know. Do they? You see, I hadn't been to London before."

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I have known dozens of them."

"I dare say," he added, "that the place is all right, and I expect you girls look

upon it as sort of bachelor chambers. After all, girls have got to live somewhere, haven't they?"

Then he got up, because Ramonde was looking at him imperiously. She was about to leave, and objected to the fact that any man of her acquaintance should not be instantly on his feet to take farewell, especially Hugo's cousin, who really should not be such a fool as to fuss over that girl whom nobody knew, in the presence of his own kind.

"Well, Ramonde," he said, while Hugo stood by still smiling his dark smile, "you are looking very lovely, and I like the angle of the hat."

"Shall I see you to-night at the Davenport's?" she asked.

"No, I am going to dine quietly here with old Hugo."

He looked affectionately at his cousin.

"And the country maiden?" said Ramonde with a slight sneer.

"Oh, the country maiden is going home. She's just told me so." For a moment he reflected, carefully, noting that Ramonde seemed to have no inkling of this Sonia May's position, and wondering why. He went on: "It's been a perfectly terrifying afternoon for her. Hugo has victimised the child. It's his brutality." He did not add, "I mitigated all that with a damn good lunch at the Savoy." And he hoped Sonia would have the good sense to remember his instructions and to say nothing either.

"I'm sorry," said Hugo briefly, and sardonically.

His look said to Ramonde, who knew his looks: "I'm tired of everything. Get along." In fact, he actually said to her aloud: "You've got a home of sorts, too, haven't you?"

She managed her laugh somehow.

"Well, good-bye, Francis," she said, "as I can't drop you anywhere I'll be off." And she moved beside Hugo Dereham to the door.

SONIA was conscious of a shamefully childish relief when that grey frock and yellow hat finally disappeared. She looked up stealthily and saw that Selwyn still stood on the flower-banked hearth surveying her, and straightening his tie. He looked extraordinarily handsome and well groomed, in the kind of easy, natural way that showed perfect grooming was his habit. He seemed to her like a port in a storm, or a kindly raft in this sea in which she certainly felt more than a little like a shipwrecked mariner.

"You are being let off soon," he assured her.

She rose, straightening out the creases of the orange frock. She felt herself, in comparison with the brilliant butterflies she had just seen, to be hopelessly ill-dressed, but some fighting spirit rose in her, and she gritted her teeth together on the thought: "I've got to hold this job; I've got to keep it. The five pounds a week is simply a tremendous salary for a beginner." It was actually in her mind at this moment what a tremendous relief a quarter's savings for save she would should mean to those two darlings who already seemed so far away in Lulham. With a quarter's savings she would be able to pay a considerable portion of the overdue interest on the mortgage on the cottage. But even while she stood for a moment thinking this, she knew that the solving of their difficulties really fell entirely upon herself, for the two darlings' horror-stricken surprise if such a black day should dawn would only result in their wandering, confidently as babies, hand in hand, out into the vague world beyond their garden gate. They would still trust in the fairies.

That was the most worrying and exasperating part of it all.

"Tell me," she begged Selwyn, "ought I, that is to say, was there some way in

which I could have given up the tea-table to Miss Allett?"

"Oh, rot!" he answered, "I was jolly glad to see you there, and as for Ramonde, she can look after herself. You can trust her always to give a bit more than she gets, if there's any question of a rumpus. You look out for yourself, my child," he said good-humoredly and with a little careen in his voice.

Dereham came back into the pastel room. He looked at them both keenly for a moment.

"Well, Francis," he said, "sorry to cause you to change so early, but"—and he looked towards Sonia as if explaining matters to her—"we'll dine at seven-thirty and I shall go off to bed pretty soon if I am going to work well to-morrow. I'll just go and change, myself, now." He addressed Sonia in direct dismissal. "Thank you so much, Miss May, you have been most helpful to me."

HE was a most uncompromising man.

Again she was nervous before the sardonic gleam in his eyes.

"Will you be here at ten to-morrow, if you please? I hope you are comfortable in your"—he paused—"wherever it is you are staying."

"Oh, yes, thank you, Sir Hugo. Good-evening." But from the door to which he had followed her pertinaciously, just sketching the courtesy, he called: "I had better know where you are, Miss May, and your telephone number."

"Oh, of course, Sir Hugo."

Her hands were still a little tremulous as she fished in her vanity bag for her notebook and pencil, and wrote the address and the telephone number, and tore the leaf out and handed it to him.

"You have been pouring out tea too long," he said, watching her hands.

It was unkind of him. Unkind!

"Not a bit," she murmured, and then she managed to escape, and, the front door shut behind her, to breathe freely. "The ice has been broken," she thought. "So far, so good."

In the house she had left, the two men looked at each other, but only Selwyn laughed.

"Yes, you can laugh," Dereham growled; "but what the hell do you mean by engaging a girl like that?"

"What's wrong with her, Hugo?"

"Nothing from some people's point of view, no doubt, and everything from mine. Look here, Francis, I thought you took it for granted that when I asked you to find me a secretary I meant a man."

Selwyn's eyebrows went up, but he did no more than simulate surprise, for he knew perfectly well that Hugo Dereham knew that he had known. He had not said in so many words, "Find me a man," but it had been implicitly implied between them.

"My dear Hugo"—he gave a little shrug—"I assure you, a man wouldn't really have suited your book. I thought all round it. A woman can be useful to you in your state of health in a hundred ways, and she'll be softer, more tactful, more sympathetic and patient; it's the nature of things that she should. You too. When your nerves are frayed, a nice, tactful, clever girl won't fray them any more, as nearly any fellow you might engage for the job would be bound to do. A tip-top male secretary," he urged reasonably, "is hard to find, and even then he may not be exactly what you want, while this girl—" He paused. "Well," he went on, "she knows something about your own subject, and it seemed to me that that was distinctly in her favor."

"And you found out all that before you engaged her, did you, Francis?"

Selwyn did not change countenance. "Certainly," he said promptly, knowing that Hugo, if he did not quite believe him, would treat that as a perfectly excusable

male life. For it was only his sickness which made him unconsciously ill-tempered.

"I agree," he said, "she is far too pretty, Hugo, and even too young. But youth and beauty about a sleek man's house can't be considered drawbacks, can they, old man?"

"No," Dereham admitted unwillingly, "I suppose they can't."

"I will confess I didn't know she looked quite like she does. She sent me a most misleading photograph, the little devil! Hair scragged back, a perfectly beastly dress and giplamps. She has explained since that it is the only portrait she had."

"Oh," said Dereham quickly, "when did she explain that? When you were talking to her just now?"

"Exactly," Selwinn answered deftly.

"I was darned surprised to see her when I went into the library expecting to find some nervous boy just down from Cambridge. I can tell you," said Dereham, "and I as nearly as possible told her it had been a mistake. I as nearly as possible wrote her out a cheque for whatever recompense she might consider she was entitled to, and sent her home, wherever home is."

"Ah, old man," said Selwinn encouragingly, "but you didn't quite do it."

"No," admitted Dereham, "I didn't quite do it."

"And why not, Hugo?"

"I'm not quite sure. Perhaps I thought that, as you say, Francis, youth and beauty are no drawbacks in this house. But I wonder if she will stand the pace, because, mind you, I've got to put her through it; she's got to work confoundedly hard if the book's to be finished before I finish."

A SILENCE fell between them. Selwinn put his hand on his cousin's shoulder. He sighed; he found that prospect shocking in spite of his own rosy future. But when he glanced at Dereham, he was making to turn impatiently away.

"Poor old man," said Selwinn soberly.

"Oh, I don't know," said Dereham. "Well, I'll go and dress. We're having dinner in about twenty minutes."

Selwinn remained standing on the hearth. The summer evening had not yet darkened, though the air was cooler than it had been all day. The trees of the square were quite still and made a memorable picture set severally as if framed in the row of high windows that stretched all down one wall of the big room. He looked about him at the precious and beautiful things. Some of them Hugo had himself collected; he was a loving collector; and Selwinn thought of Penmore, that half-ruined place set on the Welsh border, which, curiously enough, seemed to count so inordinately much to this man who had inherited it unexpectedly, and who would never live there. "Poor chap," Selwinn thought. But then there came the ever-pleasant recollection, and for the life of him he could not help it, that in a very few months at the most this house and Penmore, and Hugo's money, or such of it as was not entirely personal, all, in fact, that was trust money—the bulk of it—would be his.

He had no doubts about the value of the pleasures of the world. He knew that for a rich man life was a treasure-house into which he could dip his hand at will. And his own problems, which really had never troubled him very much, because, as he had told Sonia, his credit still was good, or goodish, had dropped to nothing since Hugo Dereham had told him that within the next six months he would die.

He was an attractive fellow, Selwinn thought. The slight invalidism which was all that the outside world knew about his state of health, made him all the more so to more than one type of woman.

But Ramonde was the only real danger. She was thirty, she was desperately poor, and yet strove equally desperately to keep

full and greedy hold on all the good things of life, on soft ways and pleasant places, and worth-while people.

It had been so likely that Hugo, with the—so it had seemed, and so it still seemed, to Selwinn, even on the most careful reflection—reckless mental attitude of the doomed, might have said to her—especially as she was old enough to look at a bargain, and chance it: "Ramonde, I shall be a dead man within a year, but I should like an heir. I want a son, and no outsider, to have Penmore. Will you marry me, and we will both risk it?"

But once out Ramonde from her self-imposed secretarial work, and Hugo, immersed in his book and his researches for it, would see very little of her indeed. No more quiet hours with just the two of them alone; helpful hours, in which a clever woman like Ramonde Allett could be at her very best; uncompetitive hours, in which he did not see her in company with softer, sweeter women.

"Danger! Danger all along the line!" Selwinn still thought as they stood together friendly in the quiet room.

Then Barton opened the door and announced dinner.

The cousins were by themselves at that short, excellent dinner, and they talked very little. The meal became taciturn. Dereham, by his doctor's orders, had to turn in early most nights of the week, or he would shorten that already short span of life which was left to him; and by ten o'clock Selwinn had left him, and he was really alone. He exchanged his dinner clothes for a silk dressing-gown, went back to the library, and, with all the windows open, sat looking out into the now moonlit courtyard. He felt too fatalistic to be greatly disturbed by any alterations in his life, and he was only faintly surprised and not much annoyed after all at the personality of his new secretary. What exactly had brought this unusual type of girl right up from her home in the west country to work long days, at what must be, after all, mere routine to the uncreative mind?

She was tired of a quiet life?

ALL women hated a quiet life. All women wanted change, excitement, and both dependence and independence. "That is," he thought, "they want to take all they can get, and then do what they like with it." He discerned easily in women the special revolt in all matters of discipline to which men, who had learned more in harder schools, agreed to submit. He found the female revolt, usually, despicable. Men took the iron of life into their souls and carried it on high; women would not. Was this little girl also a secret rebel? She wanted her conception of fun and luxury—and luxury also? He could see her again sitting at the big tea-table, her nervous hands—and their nervousness had not escaped him—busy with pouring out those innumerable cups of tea.

Perhaps it had been unkind of him; he had known that Ramonde would inevitably come in, because she had, as it were, established her rights in this house in a way which had caused him caustic amusement even while he demurred to his admiration of her accomplished gestures. But even if Ramonde had not come in—and she had been late—Barton and the parlourmaid were accustomed to do all the necessary serving in a bachelor household.

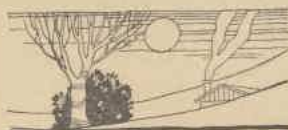
Why then had he perversely wanted to put this Sonia May immediately to the test?

The girl in her orange frock seemed to float briefly across the moonlit garden, and he was smiling. Perhaps she was a calculating rix, studying her opportunities, but—to be as young as that!

It was a miracle. He confessed to himself that she was quite beautiful, and that many men would

think him rather lucky, but beyond the fact that she was a pleasure to the sight nothing of that should matter to him.

He remembered with inexplicable satisfaction, "I didn't tell Ramonde that she was my secretary."



CHAPTER 3

SONIA shut the front door of the ladies' club more confidently behind her the next morning. She had written, last night, a long letter to the two dreamers down in Lulham, picturing all her experiences for them.

She thought of them this morning, receiving the letter, being glad for her, being thankful for themselves and the cottage in spite of the fact that they had never recognised, and always refused to own, that danger was very near. She was still thinking of them, her two dear ones, when she came to the big house in Hilton Square; where Barton let her in with a special smile for her youth and beauty. He handed her a latch-key for her use, and beamed upon her. She went at once, most business-like, to the library, arranged her pad and pencils, and notes, and sat waiting. Dereham kept her for half an hour, making her nervous before he came in with apologies; and in spite of the apologies she was afraid all over again of this tall, dark, arrogant man, with his light eyes that seemed to miss nothing; she was afraid of his ironic intonation of voice; of the way his mind worked, and the certainty of his dictation when she herself was inwardly all uncertainties; though mixed with this fear were pride and resolution and not a little defiance to help her. She was also childishly afraid that he would seek out her weak points; and her resolution was to hide them. She would show him that she, little young Sonia May, was perfectly capable of doing what, even in her inexperience, she now guessed to be a difficult and exacting secretarial job. It was not like anything that she had been used to do. Taking down the vicar's sermons that time when he had hurt his hand was a bagatelle. But, when they commenced, she managed by a great effort to keep up with him, apparently unfurried.

SHE had not time for any extraneous thought, but the man had time, and the sun, pouring in through the window, shone full on her bent head. In Lulham, hats were worn seldom, and her mass of golden brown hair had grown thick in the open air and had been gilded by twenty-one summer suns. Hugo Dereham thought, "What marvellous hair! I should like to touch it." And had she looked up, which she did not in all that long tense hour, she would have seen him smile sarcastically at himself. "Of course I want to touch it," he thought. "What man wouldn't? Why am I a fool?" But he continued to enjoy seeing that hair pushed back off a white forehead, pushed behind small ears into a great bush on the nape of her neck. It waved and curled incorrigibly.

He had a silly thought for so arrogant a man: "How her mother must love her!"

At the end of an hour he was actually glad to say:

"Well, that's all for this morning, Miss May. I hope your typing is as speedy as your shorthand, and then you will get that job done to-day, won't you? I expect Barton has shown you that you have a little room at the back of the hall?"

"He hasn't," she said; "but I'll find it, thank you."

"I'll show you."

He thought: "I'll have at Francis again about this! The brute must know the girl's distracting," as he got up and opened the door for her. She hoped that he would not always be so polite, because she felt sure that employers remained excited and absorbed, while secretaries just came and went before them. He was ushering her now across the hall. There was a little room with a window of opaque glass that opened on to a mere blank wall. It was severely practical and uninteresting, with table typewriter, and one or two chairs.

"Nothing to disturb you here, is there?" he said, surveying it. No, there was nothing to disturb her there. With a small sigh for the lovely vista of the garden, she thanked him. The door closed upon her. "Well," she gasped to herself, "I've begun and begun well." She had neither faltered nor fidgeted. No one, however experienced, could have taken dictation better, she thought, and she sat elated and happy. She commenced to type. Ten sheets had been laid aside, and she was inserting two more sheets and the carbon carefully into the machine, when the door was suddenly flung open. A light wind from the open window rustled the sheets of paper, and she laid her hand upon them quickly before turning to see who was there. Then, looking up, she saw Ramonde Allett, very cool in the latest mode in linen; but her eyes were not cool; they glittered. Sonia did not know that her own gesture, involuntarily holding down the typewritten sheets looked to the other woman like a gesture of defiance against her, and before she had time to say "Good-morning" Ramonde had stepped forward and slammed the door shut. Sonia rose, still with her finger-tips on the paper, and asked in what she considered to be the best business-like secretarial manner:

"Do you wish to see Sir Hugo, Miss Allett?"

Ramonde gave an incredulous little breathless laugh, but her eyes were not laughing.

"Oh, Miss May," she said, as if remembering the name with difficulty, "what are you doing here?"

"My work, Miss Allett," Sonia smiled, but sensing the tension.

"What work?" Ramonde asked.

It was a crude demand.

"I am Sir Hugo's new secretary, Miss Allett."

"His secretary?" Ramonde repeated slowly.

"I arrived yesterday," Sonia said. "We met at tea."

"Did we?" said Ramonde in an indelicately insolent voice.

Sonia did not know that this insolence was a mere expression of Ramonde's anger and she stiffened haughtily. And Ramonde did not miss that involuntary haughtiness. She glanced down at the typewritten pages.

"What work are you doing?" she asked.

"Sir Hugo's book," Sonia said coldly.

Ramonde caught up the loose sheets from beneath the light hold of Sonia's finger-tips, tore them across and across and flung them down.



CHAPTER 4.

FOR a long moment Sonia stood staring at Ramonde Allett and not a word was spoken on either side. Then suddenly the door opened and Dereham stood looking in. His eyes instantly assessed the scene, Sonia's incredulous amazement and Ramonde's unreined temper. It was Sonia who lifted her eyes to him

first, and her look that made Ramonde turn swiftly round. She had been too possessed with anger to hear the quiet opening of the door.

"Ah, Hugo!" she exclaimed, her voice all false notes, uncontrolled.

There was a little pause before he greeted her, during which his eyes went questioningly to the torn paper strewn on the floor. And Ramonde began to flush a dusky and not very becoming red all over her smooth face.

"Good morning, Ramonde," he said easily.

Barton has just told me that you had arrived and gone straight to the office. I am so sorry I didn't telephone you about my arrangements, but I had no idea you were coming in this morning."

"I always come in, Hugo."

"Not always," he corrected her. "It might have been a dressmaker's morning. Sometimes it is."

But she said, still hurried: "That doesn't happen often, Hugo."

"Anyway," he said, "you will accept my apology."

"My dear, of course." Still she stood, uncertain.

"And it looks," he added, "as if Miss May would need to hear something like that from you. Did you really tear up all that work?"

There was a silence.

"I can't conceive that she did it," he said to his easy, sardonic voice, and then Ramonde began:

"I'm just too, too sorry," she said very graciously. "I feel that I ought to sit right down at the typewriter and do it all over again."

"But you can't read shorthand," said Dereham unkindly.

"Oh, shorthand," she echoed, "no, of course. I can't. How stupid of me not to realise that you have a trained secretary now." She turned to Sonia again. "So I can't even make any amends."

Sonia said quietly:

"I should never allow you to do my work for me, Miss Allett."

She heard Dereham say in a gentle, amused voice: "Good," but she did not want him to say or look anything to add to the other woman's discomfort. Although it was wonderful to see how quickly Ramonde could shake off that discomfort and become her easy self again.

"You ought at least to pick up the pieces," said Dereham, adding, "you little devil!"

THAT pleased Ramonde. A spark came into her eyes, and relief into her voice. She did not mind a man calling her "little devil," especially Hugo Dereham. It implied some familiarity; and intimacy; and it was just as well that this girl should realise such existed, for the women secretaries of rich and attractive men could make themselves very tiresome to intruders.

"Oh, Hugo," she said, soft and appealing, "hadn't Barton better come and do it, and Miss May can be left to her work?" As she spoke, she moved forward and pressed the bell.

"I can pick it up," Sonia was saying, because she wanted to be left alone, and the whole thing seemed to her the height of ill-manners.

"Not at all," said Dereham. "Barton will you just have this letter cleared away as soon as possible so that Miss May need not be further disturbed."

Sonia sat down again before her typewriter, drew her shorthand notes to her, and recommenced the chapter.

"Good," Dereham commended her again, looking back over his shoulder as he ushered Ramonde out, but she did not so much as lift her eyes until she heard the door shut behind Barton also.

Then she was surprised to find herself quite tremulous. It had been a nervous

time—that five minutes with that angry woman who perhaps was a little justified in her anger if not in her manners.

"But," Sonia thought briefly, "the people up here are not like the people in Lulham."

In five minutes, the door opened quietly again, and Dereham once more came in. He stood near her table.

"All right?" he asked.

"Perfectly all right, thank you," she answered briefly.

"That won't occur again," he said, "and it was my fault. I ought to have let Miss Allett know this morning. I should have done it"—he paused—"well, if my new secretary had been what I expected."

Since Ramonde had dismissed yesterday's incident, he had looked forward just a little to the slight amusement of confronting her with the change this morning.

But now, after all, he was ashamed of this petty unkindness of the demon which seemed to drive him, which made him find entertainment in collecting a crowd of superficial, flatterer people, listening to their pleasant lies, watching the insouciant drama which they were always staging about themselves, as if they imagined that they cut any real figure in the real world of love and passion, pain and sorrow, danger and death, sacrifice and heroism.

The same demon had let him put this girl to a stupid test, such as she had just come through flyingly.

"You are a bit shaky," he said abruptly; "you mustn't let a little thing like that make you unhappy, child."

Her fingers ceased their typing, and she looked up at him.

"That would not make me unhappy."

"Well," he persisted, "what were you unhappy about, then?"

"No," she said, "please! I would rather not talk about it. This is all so strange to me, you know."

"It might be stranger than you think."

That was surely a mysterious thing to say?

"All these people I have seen here have been so new to me. Please give me a little time."

He looked at her more gently, and after a long pause, he made amends:

"You are quite right. I am sorry. You shall have all the time there is."

He went to the door again.

"Miss May," he said, "all the time there is might be extraordinarily little."

The door closed behind him. She did not stop to wonder exactly what he meant, this extraordinary and rather alarming man, but worked on without stopping until she had re-typed all that Ramonde had destroyed.

Then she saw that Barton must have come in noiselessly, for on the small side-table near the door was a luncheon tray, containing very delicate things.

On the tray was a little note. She opened it and saw that it was headed with an address she did not know, and that a line had been drawn through it. She was not sufficiently versed yet to know that it was the address of Partner, the famous dressmaker. The note was from Ramonde.

"Dear Miss May,—I can't tell you how really sorry I am to have upset you this morning, and to have caused you all that unnecessary trouble. I was feeling a little on edge. Do, like a dear, nice girl have tea with me this afternoon at five, at my flat, Number 1 Whitehouse Mews. I shall be alone, and shall be disappointed if you do not come."

"Yours very sincerely,

"Ramonde Allett."

She was a dear! An apology like that would make amends for far more than she had done this morning, and Sonia's heart went out to her. It was sweet of a woman of the world, who must have so many entertaining things to do, to find time, instantly, like this, for such a girl as herself. She looked at the heading of the notepaper

again. It was indicated that an answer telephoned there would be no use, because Ramonde had crossed out not only the address but the telephone number. She felt she could not say no; that it was incumbent upon her to go.

POSSIBLY Ramonde Allett intended to be her friend. When she had lunched and finished her work she put on her hat again and went out into the hall. No instructions had been left for her as to whether Dereham required any more work to be done that day, and she supposed that she must find him, or at least ask if he were in or out, but just as she was looking for a bell to summon the butler Dereham himself came out of his library.

"Finished?" he said.
"I've finished all that we did this morning, Sir Hugo, and I was just coming to ask you if you wanted me any more to-day."

"No," he said. "The hours, as I told you, are irregular. To-day is easy, to-morrow may be damned hard. You will have to take it as it comes, but for to-day, run along."

The club was very quiet. All workers were out, and as she went up to her room and changed her frock for the visit to Ramonde Allett the manageress emerged from a little sanctum to give her one of those examining looks to which, for their first two weeks, she treated all newcomers. "A nice day?" she asked encouragingly, and she added pleasantly though with that examining look, "Let me see, I don't think you have told me exactly what your work is."

"Why should I?" thought Sonia, but she answered politely, "I am private secretary to Sir Hugo Dereham."

"Oh, but that's very nice," the manageress exclaimed. "I am always very interested in all the young ladies who come here."

"Will you tell me how to get to Whitehouse Mews?" Sonia said.

It seemed that Whitehouse Mews was not very far away, and it was a most surprising place to her in this city of contradiction, for within a half-mile radius were Hilton Square, her own shabby street, and now, through a narrow entrance off another side-street, where you would never expect to find anyone who mattered, was Whitehouse Mews, griny to behold, busy with chauffeurs and garage hands; echoing spasmodically with the metallic sound of eternal repair work.

Ramonde had a flat right at the end, looking straight down the whole cul-de-sac, and this was the most surprising thing there, for her few window frames, and front door, and the garage doors beneath, behind which was her own shabby little car, were painted a brilliant lacquer red, her door knocker was a brass gargoyle, and Ramonde herself answered the knock.

"Sweet of you to come, Miss May," she said, and led the way up a very narrow short stair to the sitting-room over her garage. There was very little furniture in this room, and very few flowers. It expressed no personality at all.

"Funny little dive, isn't it?" said Ramonde good humoredly. "Sit in the one comfortable chair, Miss May, do, and look out upon life while I make tea. You might not think much happens outside that window, but all these yards are a world of their own."

"Let me help you," Sonia said quickly, but Ramonde refused.

She went out, explaining, still surprisingly, over her shoulder, that she only had a daily maid, and this was her free afternoon. Very soon she was back with iced tea in tall glasses, and some dry and tiny sandwiches.

"I hope you prefer iced tea to hot tea," she said in her incisive voice. "You see my maid leaves it all ready in the refrigerator, and it saves me a lot of bother,"

"I like it very much," said Sonia, who had not tasted, seen, or heard of it before. Ramonde handed a cigarette box.

"You don't smoke? No?"

"No, thank you."

"Tell me all about yourself," said Ramonde, sitting down. "You must let me count you already as one of my friends, please, Miss May. After all, one easily sees that you are a gentlewoman, and in a way—her lip curled slightly—"we can trust each other."

"It's very kind of you to say these things," Sonia said guardedly sipping her iced tea, and liking it.

"Perhaps, after all," Ramonde considered, "I can tell you a little about Hugo Dereham that you will find helpful. You will find him ever so difficult to work for, my dear, and I do want you to feel that you can come to me whenever things get a little too complicated for you. You see, since he came home from the tropics his health has really been wretched. He has had a lot of malaria, and, believe me, nothing makes a man so ill-tempered. I know. My father commanded one of the Indian regiments."

"I should hate to trouble you," said Sonia, still guardedly.

"But it would not be any trouble at all. I feel it's almost my duty to go on helping dear Hugo with his book. I can't think what on earth made him look for a secretary without consulting me."

"I think Mr. Selwinn looked for him."

"Francis Selwinn?" Ramonde echoed, with almost the same gleam in her eyes that had been there this morning when she tore up ten sheets of careful typing. "But it's no business of his."

"He's very fond of Sir Hugo," Sonia suggested.

Ramonde lit a cigarette. It was very fragrant and expensive, and came from a green box that looked like malachite.

"So it was Francis Selwinn," she said after a little while. "Oh, well, perhaps he thought dear old Hugo needed someone who could fit in with all his hours. I am sure you will do that, I am sure you will be splendid. After all, my life is such a rush that I can't be expected to do quite as you would, can I? Perhaps Francis is right. You will help the working part of Hugo's life, and I must see what I can do about the other side. He allows himself top little pleasure, dear old Hugo."

"If he's not strong—" said Sonia.

"Oh, it's not only that. He takes life rather grimly, you know. He is used to doing quite a lot of good here and there, or so Francis tells me."

SHE was being extremely nice to this girl from the country. She was treating her exactly as an equal, taking care not to say "Sir" Hugo, or "Mr." Selwinn to her, but using their first names. She had hoped that the girl would quickly melt and respond to what was surely this flattering treatment, but she seemed cool, careful, and to have a mind and will of her own, as if she had already come to a decision not to talk about Hugo Dereham's affairs, not to enlighten Ramonde on anything that went on behind the library door.

Ramonde, who was clever at guessing, guessed this.

"Well," she said, "you know now that I am only too anxious to help you all I can, because having worked with Hugo so much myself I do understand him, and he needs understanding. I suppose a good secretary counts herself merely as a machine."

"Perhaps but I hadn't thought about it," Sonia said quite simply and courteously.

"I did such a lot of work with him," Ramonde repeated.

Even Lulham young people were modern-minded enough to form opinions in the quick cool way that has come to their generation, and while she sipped her tea Sonia considered Ramonde's claim to have done "such a lot of work with Hugo," and

repudiated it. She had not seen, this morning, evidences of such a lot of work. She had seen scraps of notes and lists, and some very badly-typed material, from part of which Hugo Dereham had dictated to her; but most of the work of any real use or worth had been in his curiously distinct resolute hand. So all she said in reply to this was, simply and courteously:

"Sir Hugo must be very grateful to you."

"Oh, gratitude hardly comes into things between us," Ramonde smiled. "After all, when people are so close—" She broke off and said, "But don't let me get confidential, child."

"There is nothing she would like better," Sonia thought to herself, again with the quick, cool inside of modern girlhood.

"You know what I mean," said Ramonde, and a little silence fell between them. Ramonde said:

"Now tell me what you think of my flat."

"It's very interesting."

"Ah, but what do you mean by interesting?" said Ramonde gaily. "I dare say it seems to you very queer and uncomfortable."

"I should want a garden," said Sonia.

"Oh, but then one goes away a great deal in the week-ends."

"I shouldn't want to have to go away from my home to breathe," said Sonia.

"Oh, you funny thing," Ramonde exclaimed.

The door bell rang.

"Sit down again," said Ramonde, "and finish your tea. I suppose I'd better answer that bell." But it seemed that she debated seriously as to whether she should trouble to answer it or not.

"I'm not expecting anybody worth while," she said, "still, one never knows." So she opened the door, and from the sitting-room Sonia heard the light laughing masculine voice that she knew, and Selwinn followed Ramonde in.

"Why," he said, stopping, surprised, "our secretary. And how have you got on to-day, Miss May?"

"She's had the hell of a time with Hugo," Ramonde told him quickly.

"Not with Sir Hugo?"

"Who has been giving you the hell of a time then?" Selwinn asked.

"I have," again Ramonde answered, but her laugh now made all the unpleasantness of the morning a mere triviality. She was clever with her intonations, and Sonia marvelled innocently that what in Lulham would have been scandal for a week could be lightly dropped, dismissed, and forgotten. A French clock on the wall chimed a quarter to six.

"I say," said Selwinn, "I came to fetch you, Ramonde. I thought we could use your car since my old thing's in dock, and we could run out into the sweet, pure country."

"I'll think about it," said Ramonde, and she moved over to a corner cabinet. "Let's shake a cocktail. There's plenty of ice."

"For Miss May too?" he asked teasingly.

"I like this delicious tea," said Sonia in haste.

She watched them while they went about this apparently intricate business of shaking a cocktail. She felt she had learned such a lot about this new world in the space of these few short hours. Here were these two; the man who, yesterday, over a restaurant table, had seemed to her to be rich and sophisticated—these were actually the words which her mind had applied to him, and this woman who had come into the Hilton Square drawing-room yesterday afternoon looking so brilliant and perfectly turned out, going about in this tiny, and, to Sonia, sordid flat, fetching ice from the refrigerator in the kitchen, washing glasses which had evidently been left in the miniature sink, squeezing lemons and eking out the gin. All these things seemed irreconcilable.

"Well, have you thought?" Selwinn demanded of Ramonde.

She had thought. While she had been bandying with him jokes and allusions

which Sonia May did not understand, while she had been hospitably ransacking her depleted cabinet for the variety of ingredients he called for, and while she had been maintaining an unworried demeanor after what had been a twenty-four hours of real worry, she had been assessing, and deciding to manage, the situation.

She wanted, knowing that Dereham would be alone and quiet by his doctor's orders to ship in—"just on the chance of seeing if you were all by yourself, poor Hugo"—to the Hilton Square house and arrange for herself an invitation to a tete-a-tete dinner. But after all, it would be as well if she stayed away after this morning's exhibition.

Besides, she was already revolving the germs of an idea about Selwyn and Sonia in her head.

She said lightly:
"I think it would be grand. Certainly I'll drive you, and we'll take this girl too."
"If Miss May will come," said Selwyn after a little pause.

"She will come!" Ramonde cried confidently.
Sonia did not gainay her. It was all too new, too interesting.

THEY crowded into the small coupe and set off. Ramonde drove very fast, and soon, it seemed, they were many miles down in the country, turning into spacious, ornamental grounds, and drawing up before a modernised old mansion, the newest country club, as Selwyn told Sonia.

"You swim, of course?" Ramonde asked.
"Yes," Sonia said eagerly. "I love it."
"Then we'll swim before dinner."
"That suits me," Selwyn agreed lazily. "You girls will find me waiting about when you are ready."

When Sonia came out of her cabin Ramonde had not yet emerged, and glancing down towards the swimming pool she saw Selwyn already in bathing shorts, looking up in her direction. That he was watching for her was obvious, because he waved a signal directly she appeared. So she walked slowly down the gently graduated flights of blue-green steps, which walk was like making an elaborate stage entry. She came to where he stood on the flower-bordered lawn that bordered the great bath.

"Do you dive?" he asked promptly.
With fresh amazement she eyed the complication of diving boards.

"Yes, but I have only dived from rafts and rocks when we have been down to the sea."

"How high were the rocks?"
"About as high as that," she told him, looking at the highest platform.

"I don't believe it," cried Ramonde's light voice. She had come up quietly behind them, still looking beautifully polished and finished, even in the simplicity of a tight black bathing costume. Her make-up was faultless, and would withstand immersion. "I'm not a secretary all the time," Sonia thought. "Here I'm just a guest. Here surely I can feel quite free." So suddenly, her spirits rising and rising to the gaiety of the soft air, and the promise of exciting amusement, she answered:

"I'll show you!" and ran towards the spring-boards and platform. Selwyn turned to watch her as she ran, and Ramonde watched Selwyn.

"She's pretty, isn't she, Francis?"
"Quite enchanting," Selwyn answered, "and I hope she can dive, because, look! She's going right up to the top."

For a moment the white figure poised against the unbelievably sky, and then, in a perfect swallow dive, cleaved the water. "Oh wonderful," Selwyn whispered; and Ramonde still watching him, said:

"You were quite afraid for her. It is funny how much an attractive girl can make any man care tremendously for her safety, even if he's only known her for five minutes."

"Hardly worth saying, my dear," said Selwyn laconically. "Shall we go in?"
They dived in spectacularly from the side, and found Sonia swimming on her back in the turquoise water.

She stayed in the pool long after Ramonde and Selwyn had come out, and were lying back in deck-chairs on the lawn. They were wrapped in white towelling bath-robes which an attendant had brought them, and looked very snug and serene when at length she emerged, and came up to them.

Ramonde's eyes were a little critical.
"It's quite time we dressed, Miss May, and had dinner," she said "unless we don't dress, and have it out of doors."

But Selwyn bettered this.
"We shall probably want to dance afterwards," he said.

"Are we going to dance, too?" Sonia thought, incredulously surprised, and as she went beside Ramonde to the cabin among the trees she said rather naively:
"What a lovely life!"

"Just a matter of comparison," Ramonde murmured with a brief laugh and vanished inside her cabin.

Sonia didn't know if Selwyn was host or Ramonde's hostess at the dinner that followed, until, with a light excuse, Ramonde who had had her moments of abstraction during the meal, got up and left the table, and went over to a party of friends, where she sat down. Selwyn's eyes followed her far the moment, and Sonia could not quite read the expression in them. "Perhaps it's jealousy," she reflected, and so naively did she think of herself and Ramonde that it could never occur to her that this man might find her quite as desirable as the older, wittier woman.

Then he exerted himself to be specially agreeable to her. She heard a dance band begin to play. The centre of the floor was clear.

"Dance?" he asked her, and, thoroughly exhilarated now, she rose. She had danced very seldom in her life but Selwyn moved so easily and held her so comfortably and the rhythm of the band was so compelling that their steps matched with unexpected perfection. As they passed the large table where Ramonde sat with her friends Sonia saw her glance up sharply, but she did not seem to mind. She only waved and smiled.

Back at their table again, Selwyn asked:
"That was good, wasn't it, little Miss Innocence?"

"Very good," she assented.

He was looking at his wrist watch.

"Of course," he said, "it's all very well for Ramonde to keep late hours, and I don't matter, but how about you? You need to be bright and early in the mornings, don't you?"

She remembered then regretfully:

"Yes. But I feel in this place as if I could never be tired."

"Don't you deceive yourself," he laughed, "it's ten-thirty now, and there's a good hour's fast driving before we can possibly get back to town."

HE was still wondering a little as to whether Ramonde had exactly thought out her procedure. Was she deliberately going to tempt this little girl out here and there, initiate her into night life and late hours, and send her, pale and preoccupied, with pleasure, to Hugo every morning? He sighed a little at having to take matters in hand, for he hated trouble, and he did not particularly want to leave the country club yet either, himself.

"We ought not to have brought her here," he considered; and then in a moment or two Ramonde herself solved the question by getting up and coming over to them. He rose and pulled out her chair.

"No, I'm not going to sit down," she said firmly. "The Murrays want me to go on with them to Johnny Seagull's house, and we'll catch him just about the time he gets back from the theatre. You met Johnny Seagull?" she addressed Sonia. "Do you

know that in the summer he actually drives down to his country house every night after the performance." She looked round and laughed at Selwyn. "I must tell her all the bits of gossip," she said, "I expect she is ever so interested in actors. Well, we'll make Johnny give us one of his famous sausage suppers."

"Look here, Ramonde," Selwyn began. She interrupted him.

"Oh, you can't possibly come, my dear boy. This child must get home. You must take my car and drive her back at once. The Murrays will bring me back with the milk. Second delivery."

Sonia sat there marvelling at the casualness with which life arranged itself.

"So that's it, is it?" Selwyn muttered; and he said more seriously than usual, "All right, Ramonde."

But he looked at her very directly.
"I think you're lucky, Francis," said Ramonde, with one of her impudent looks at Sonia, and she went back to the other table. Selwyn glanced at the girl, but she had not in the least caught the implication of Ramonde's remark.

"Come along," he said, "we've got to go. I'd better look after you for Hugo."

It was a magnificent night, with a full moon. They drove until, in what Selwyn called a short cut, he stopped the car.

"It's far too nice to hurry," he suggested. "Don't you think?"

She hesitated.
"I should get home. To-morrow..."
His hand fell lightly over hers. She heard his laugh.

"To-morrow..."
Next moment his face was close to hers. She had time to draw back, and he felt the palm of her hand hard against his mouth.

It was impossible to embarrass Francis Selwyn. He kissed the hand that blocked his lips.
"All right," he smiled, "little Miss Puritan."

A moment later they were on their way again.

They came into London just before midnight, and he dropped her on her own doorstep with a good-humored, "Good night."

She went in and closed the big Victorian door behind her softly and hurriedly, but she had no time now to review in her mind the events of that evening, for, pausing at the table in the dimly-lighted hall, she saw a note lying there. It was just a pencilled message.

"TO MISS M.C.—"

"Sir Hugo Dereham rang up at 9.30 and asked Miss May to go round at once if she was in early enough."

What was early enough, and what was too late? She was out of the house again at once—there was no clock in the hall—and hurrying into Hilton Square. It looked as if all the lights in Number 14 were out. Anxious and puzzled and embarrassed, she thought, "I'd better make quite sure." And she took out of her bag the latch-key which Barton had given her, saying, "Sir Hugo likes the secretary to have a latch-key, Miss."

The great door was not bolted, and she went into the hall. There was, after all, a dim light burning at the other end, outside the library door. She knocked softly on the door, heard no sound, and looked in. The french windows into the garden were wide open, the room was flooded with moonlight, but she saw no one until she heard faint difficult gasping breaths. Dereham was lying half-in and half-out of the window as if he had staggered to it for air. She switched on the light instantly, ran to him, and knelt down by him. He was not unconscious. He was lying there suffering terribly, but saving himself all he could. His eyes looked straight into hers, and she tried to read their instructions. She put her hand down and felt his hand, and it closed fast on her fingers. It seemed a dumb message to her. She stayed there just as

she was kneeling beside him until he should make some further sign. For a few seconds, that were like hours, she stayed crouched on her knees, watching his face. His breathing grew no easier, and she moved behind him and lifted him carefully by the shoulders, slipping her knee under them, and so getting him raised a trifle, first on her lap, and gradually a little higher and a little higher, till his head leaned against her shoulder. He could give her no help, but his eyes looked their appreciation. Slowly his breathing grew very slightly easier. She stayed for five minutes, holding him thus, unable to ring the bell or to telephone his doctor, or to fetch anything that might help him.

"Just make a little sign," she kept saying very quietly, "when there's anything you can tell me to do."

At the end of that terrible long time he spoke very quietly and slowly as if guarding himself against making any effort.

"Just one of my attacks. Heart. Good thing you came. Don't move."

So she stayed there on the threshold of the french windows still holding this inert weight. He was heavy with the heaviness of big bones and muscular development. Even in this hour of sickness he did not feel in the least flabby or weak.

"Just tell me," she repeated, "when there's anything to be done."

At last, he could tell her.

"Thank you very much, Miss May," still in that very low voice. "If you could prop me up for a few minutes, and get the brandy from that side table, I should be all right."

She managed, by half-lifting and half-helping him, to get him propped against the window frame, and then she went to the side table where brandy and soda was set on a tray. When he had sipped brandy, his face lost the ashy color of pain, and, half-lying there on the floor he began to smile his sardonic smile.

"All right, Miss May," he said, "I shall be able to get up very soon."

"And then I can ring for Barton."

He did not reply. She held the glass to his lips. It seemed to her miraculous that such pain could really pass, but it had passed, and with her slim strength she was helping him to get on his feet again, and he was in the swivel-chair before the writing-table.

"You got my message, I suppose," he said, "when you came in from the cinema or wherever you've been. Thank you for coming."

It was not that she wanted in the least to deceive him over the matter of where she had been, but she did not think that she ought to talk to him at all, or to allow him to talk, and she only replied:

"Of course I came at once. Just to see if you were still up and expecting me. You know you told me you might have to work at all hours."

Almost in a whisper he said:

"Yes, but a girl like you, I don't know—that it should be—quite such an hour—as this."

"Don't talk," she begged. "I'll ring for Barton."

The sardonic smile again.

"No," he said, "let yourself out at once, quietly. I shall be able to ring for Barton myself in a few minutes. I have a special bell here wired up to his room. It's all right."

"But I ought to stay—"

"I can't argue," he whispered. "Do what I say. Let yourself out quietly."

MOST reluctantly she went, turning to watch him from the doorway, listening for the sound of the painful breathing as she crossed the hall. But it was quiet, he was really easier. Why would not he let her stay and ring for Barton when it was obvious that he needed all the help and attention available? Why did not he let her telephone his doctor? At the front door again she paused, and stood listening for quite some minutes, and then

she heard far up above her the faint imperative ringing of a bell. He had rung for Barton. Then all might be well.

Almost at once she heard feet running downstairs. Then she obeyed Dereham and let herself out very quietly, and so, back again home.



CHAPTER 5.

DEREHAM awoke the next morning feeling unexpectedly well and rested. Some amount of mental peace, that was at the same time stimulation, had fallen upon him by the time Barton came in, with last night's lines of anxiety still graven upon his face, carrying the early tea tray. The servant drew the curtains back, showing a wonderful summer morning, and he said:

"Doctor Allison will be here at any moment, sir."

"Who sent for him?" Dereham queried sharply.

"I did, sir."

"I've told you before," said Dereham deliberately, "that I'm tired of all this damned fuss. I don't want to see doctors unless I ask for them. There's nothing more they can do, and you know it."

The butler stood at the bedside looking at him, and in his mind was a deep sorrow, for he had been with Dereham in many countries as personal servant, and his admiration for him was profound. He had for him, moreover, the attachment that all those felt who knew the real man. His determination that the doctor should see his master before he got up was definite.

"There's the alleviation, sir," he suggested.

"Alleviation be damned," said Dereham. "I have all the instructions there are about alleviations, and you know that, too."

The butler was listening to a car drawing up outside.

"That will be the doctor, sir," he said, and went out.

Dereham sat up against his high-piled pillows and began to drink his tea. He was not given to self-pity, but this morning, as he sat there looking straight out into the sunlit square and the tops of trees of varied greens, realisation would come more deeply than ever before. My God, this is too fine a world to leave! The door opened and the doctor came in with his quick, quiet tread and a keen look for the man in the straight hard bed.

"Well," he said, "I am told you had a nasty go last night, but all the same you aren't looking much the worse for it. What happened?"

"I don't think there's much to tell you. It was all as usual, except that the servants had gone to bed, and I had a bit of a struggle to pull myself round; and, by the way, I didn't tell Barton to send for you this morning."

"He knows he has got to send for me whenever this happens, and whenever he thinks fit," said the doctor. "You just leave that fellow alone, Dereham."

"All right," said Dereham; "but now if you will go, old man, I'm about to get up."

"It won't hurt you," said the doctor, as if surprised, "though, mind you, you might as well work in bed. You can dictate, can't you?"

"Let that come later."

"Well, take care of yourself," the doctor said, "because next time—" He broke off.

"Oh, I know there will be one next time, anyway," Dereham answered.

"A good many next times," said Allison.

"But next time you may not get over it quite so comfortably as you have now, and you will be obliged to stay in bed."

DEREHAM rang, and said:

"Now get along, old man, because Barton is standing at the front door, waiting to question you minutely."

He got up slowly, bathed and dressed, conserving his energies, and making no unnecessary movements. The attack had been hellish, but, now he came to think of it, not quite so hellish as some which had preceded it. He was tying his tie with hands that were satisfactorily steady, when the telephone rang in his room. He lifted the receiver to hear Ramonde's high-pitched voice.

"Dear Hugo, how are you? Before Barton put me through just now, he tried to fob me off, saying you had had one of your nasty attacks. But I simply had to hear your voice myself, and to make sure that you are feeling better."

"That's very solicitous of you, Ramonde. I'm right as rain this morning."

"You'll take care of yourself, Hugo, won't you? Now promise, my sweet."

"How much is all that worth really, Ramonde?" he could not help asking sardonically.

"It's worth all it sounds and a thousand times more," her reply came. "Are you up?"

"I am."

"I'm in bed," she said. "Got home very late from the Country Club last night. I drove Francis Selwyn down, and, of course, your little secretary."

He knew that he was more surprised than was good for him, and he put out a hand and impatiently dragged up a chair so that he could sit down while he listened to her.

"Oh, really," he said harshly. "Miss May? Why?"

"Oh, my dear, but surely you would know that Francis would never miss a chance like that! How pretty she looks. You see, she was having a tea at my flat when he came in, and he conceived the great idea. I don't know why one does these things. I'm tired out."

"I don't know why, either," his voice was still harsh. "You were all back in town well before midnight, anyway."

"I wasn't," she protested. "I wasn't home till three this morning."

He hesitated; the kind of hesitation that is audible over the wire, because he remembered that he was not going to say "Miss May was here at midnight with me."

At last he said:

"I don't care for my secretary to be out so late. It will make her inefficient."

"But, darling Hugo, she wasn't. You know how good-natured I am. Knowing Francis' proclivities, and supposing that the girl might not be too unwilling, I offered them the car to go home in by themselves, and I came back with the Murrays. You know the Murrays, dear Hugo?"

"All right, Ramonde," he said, through his teeth. "Thank you. I'm a bit off color this morning, and, anyway, I never chatter over the telephone. Damn your Murrays."

He hung up the receiver. It didn't matter a bit—tossing Ramonde to that sort of thing. As a man, he knew, of course, perfectly well that she was what Francis Selwyn had described to Sonia as a rough girl. But something else mattered. It had a disturbing effect on him that Selwyn and Sonia should have driven up from the country together late, and alone. It was more disturbing than the fact that Sonia had already been down there among that crowd. She hadn't wasted much time! Then he willed himself to be quiet, and went down, still slow and quiet, to breakfast. While he breakfasted, his ears were very sharp. It was stupid that he could be listening for the sound of a latch-key, for the front door to open and shut, un-

likely that he should hear such little noises across the spaces of the big house. He immersed himself in his newspapers.

It was strange to him that, under sentence of death, all the news gained importance. Now, when he had so little time, he could feel luridly about the political significance of a rising in Afghanistan, or trouble on the Indian Frontier, or the news of an earthquake shock at Rio.

Sonia also was sitting with, sharpened ears in the little office room at the back of the long hall. Barton had been in to tell her in a low voice that Sir Hugo had been ill again, and he hoped that she would be very careful.

"Not that I know what you can do, miss, but you understand what I mean. Save him all you can. It was a great pity I'd gone to bed last night, but he sent me off, miss. 'Look up,' he says, 'and get off to bed. I want the house quiet. I'm going to work.' Luckily, I'm a light sleeper and I heard him at once when he rang the bell, which was a mercy he was able to do, seeing that he was quite alone."

"I'll be very, very careful, Barton," she promised.

The servant went out. "What a nice butter he is," she thought, "he's very comforting." She wished that she could have told him the whole story of last night's happenings, because he evidently felt his responsibilities and would have wished to know, but Dereham's look and words as she had left him were still sharp in her mind. She was not to say anything about it. No doubt he would explain further presently.

And this morning she was also troubled and a little dismayed by one of her mother's extraordinary and optimistic outbursts. She took the letter from her bag and read it over again.

"Father and I have been thinking so much about you, darling, and talking about you, too. We are longing to hear all your news, and we are quite excited. You know, dear, we always have felt that you never believed us when we said that one day a 'lucky prince' would arrive for you like he did for me—"

"Oh, the old babies!" Sonia murmured to herself. She read on to the last repetitive sentence of that girlish letter from a woman of fifty:

"And we would like to know all about Sir Hugo Dereham, Sonia dear, please tell us all, and we would like to know about Mr. Francis Selwyn, too."

She was somehow quite angry with those two dreamy parents as she folded the letter up and put it back into her bag. "I won't have it," she kept repeating to herself. "I won't have it! I'll make them wake up. I'll tell them I'm just in a work-a-day world, a work-a-day girl; and I'm likely to stay there."

THEN suddenly she sprang up as Dereham came in. He stood for a moment against the door after he had shut it, and they smiled at each other the smile of a shared and shattering memory. But there was an intonation about his manner. His eyes looked at her very directly and not very kindly.

"Good morning, Miss May," she hid her overwhelming sympathy, her anxiety for him.

"Good morning, Sir Hugo. But, please, ought you to get up?"

He weighed this question; came near, and sat down beside the table. She sat down again, too.

"You did some very useful work yesterday," he said. "I looked over all your personal notes and your arrangement of material after dinner yesterday evening, which was why I telephoned you about half-past nine that I would like you to come back for an hour. I hope the message was transcribed correctly. However, you were out, and you couldn't come."

"I came as soon as I could," she said a little nervously.

"And where were you," he inquired, "that you couldn't come before? Were you hypnotising yourself with Greta Garbo, or do you follow the male film stars?"

"Miss Allott took me down to dinner in the country, Sir Hugo."

"Oh!" he remarked politely, "did she really? You two alone?"

"And Mr. Selwyn."

"Where did you go?"

"To a very wonderful place," she told him quickly. "The most gorgeous swimming pool that I've ever seen. In fact, I've never seen an open-air swimming pool before. Everything was lovely."

"So you enjoyed the evening," he said abruptly.

"I loved the diving and the swimming," she said.

"But the rest?" he persisted.

"I suppose it was wonderful," she considered slowly.

"Ah," said Dereham, rallying her not too kindly.

"If you had stayed longer," he said, as if with pleasure, "you would have seen more and learned more than you seem to have done. All sorts of silly people are quite riotous down there in the early hours. They go tearing about the country waking up wretched cottagers who want to sleep. They go treasure hunting, and cooking breakfasts they don't want in each other's houses, and coming home at dawn just fagged out, although I must say women are wonderful. They manage to get fresh again by cocktail time at one o'clock, and it doesn't matter what men look like, does it?"

"Doesn't it?" she murmured.

"However," he said, "I see that you are a little lady who is able to have opinions of her own. Well, no doubt they will be useful to you. We'll get to work if you will come into the library."

In the library he stretched himself upon a couch.

"You must excuse this," he said in his own courteous voice again with that curious bitterness out of it. "I shall have to take to-day very slothfully."

"Of course," she protested eagerly.

"Perhaps you will sit near me, and give me that sheet of notes off the writing-table."

He dictated just as fluently, sure of what he wanted to say. Two hours had slipped by, and her pencil scarcely paused, when he stopped.

"That's all," he said. "If you get through with typing that to-day—and I want it done to-day—we will have done rather more than enough."

"It will be done to-day."

"Good," he said, "and now there's something I'm going to ask you. You can see for yourself that it would have been very convenient had you been in the house yesterday evening, because, by dinner-time, I knew that I should want you. You see, there are peculiar difficulties entirely owing to the stupidity of my ill-health, and, after all, it's going to be inconvenient if I have to telephone all over London for you, isn't it?"

"I was very sorry—"

"Oh, not at all," he said, "one must be reasonable, but it would be better for me if you would think about living in the house instead of outside it. I suppose I could explain to you." But he paused, and his eyes rested upon her for a moment and he thought as Selwyn had done three days ago, "No, it's a bit grim. It might frighten her." Though she hadn't been frightened, he remembered, last night, when she came in and found him in his extremity of pain. She had been marvelous, brave; one would guess that she was high-metled. It was just this high-metled quality about her that made a strange, strong appeal to him, and which made him feel, "I like this girl near to me. I don't think she'd let one down. I think she would rise to it all the time."

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked aloud.

She would have agreed instantly but for her mother's letter. It made her want to keep as aloof from Dereham as she possibly could; not by smile or look to get even spiritually or mentally nearer; to make herself appear the perfect machine and no more.

"I want to do whatever is most convenient to you, Sir Hugo," she began, "But—"

"But you don't want to live in the house," he interrupted sharply. Then he was ashamed of his sharpness, and annoyed by his own feeling of disappointment. It was a curious feeling to have, and at any other moment but this crucial one he would have laughed at himself. Why did he care so much so long as she held herself for the future entirely at his disposal always?

It was because he cared so much about his history of Fennimore, of course.

She was answering with a troubled look on her face. "I would rather not live here, really, Sir Hugo, but I can easily promise never to be out if you are in the least likely to want me, and I can always telephone about dinner-time or later, to find out what you wish."

"You had better have dinner with me to-night when you will have thought it over a little more," Dereham said abruptly.

He rose. "I'll rely on you to be on the spot"—he smiled a little—"at tea-time, and you'll remember that you're dining here."

So she went back to the little room where presently Barton brought her the most delicious of luncheons on a great silver tray. She tried to put from her the problem of living here in this great house and to devote herself to the work in hand, and had succeeded in forgetting the galling question when Barton came in again for the lunch tray.

He shut the door behind him and did not for a moment take up the tray, but stood by her table as if respectfully waiting to say something to her. So she stopped typing and looked up.

"Excuse me, miss," he said; "but Sir Hugo has told me it is quite likely that you would live in the house. I was very glad to hear it."

"It isn't quite decided yet," she said hurriedly.

"I know, Miss, because Sir Hugo was rather indefinite, but the housekeeper is to get two rooms ready for you on the top floor. Quite a little flat as a matter of fact, miss, for the top floor was originally designed for complete quarters for a young gentleman. In fact, I can remember Sir Hugo himself having it every time he came home while he was at Cambridge. You would be very comfortable."

"It's very sudden, you see, Barton," she stammered. "After all, I should have to give notice at the club where I'm staying."

"That young ladies' hostel," said Barton loftily. "Oh, a trifle like a few days' room rent in lieu of notice doesn't count here, miss. All that counts here is Sir Hugo."

The servant spoke with an almost fanatic devotion that reached her heart. "How they love him," she thought, puzzled, far to her his predominant qualities were irony and an almost grimness which contrasted all the more startlingly with the easiness of his cousin, Francis.

"The rooms will be ready to-night in any case, miss," said the butler, turning to the door.

"I should have a certain amount of packing to do, Barton," she temporised.

"Packing, miss? Why, Ellen, that's the third housemaid would go to your place and do it for you in half an hour or less."

"Look here, Barton," she said suddenly, surprising herself by the way she spoke, "all this fuss and attention—I'm not prepared for it. Am I just a secretary, or am

"I not? I'm here to work and not to be waited upon."

"You are here, miss," said the butler, "to serve Sir Hugo in the very best way you can. Like all the rest of us, and if this is the way, miss, I beg you will take it, and I have to say, also, that the flowers have arrived."

"The flowers, Barton?"

"Yes, miss. The florist's man is waiting with them in the hall, and Sir Hugo would like you to see their arrangement before five o'clock. We may expect a little company."

"Very well," she said, timorous again.

"Thank you, miss."

He went out, not latching the door, leaving it ajar a little, a hint that it was time she came out of that room and took on the other responsibilities just suggested to her.

It was not until four-thirty that the arrangement of the flowers seemed to her perfect. The florist's man approved.

"It's very nice, miss; you have lovely taste. What we call a sense of decoration."

"Have I really?" she thought nervously.

WHEN he had gone, she was returning to the little office room to look in a mirror and tidy her mutinous hair when she met the housekeeper. Mrs. Roberts stood there almost as if in ambush.

"I'm the housekeeper, Miss May," she said. She was just as pleasant a person, just as deferential and knowledgeable, as was Barton, "and if you are going to help Sir Hugo entertain company this afternoon perhaps you would like to go up to your rooms. I understand you are going to live with us."

"That's not decided," Sonia cried again. She would refuse point blank! The more they pressed these obligations upon her, the more she would, tactfully, of course, resist them. Her mind was thoroughly made up to refuse Sir Hugo's request, pointing out to him once more, only far more firmly, how she could always remain at his service and be at his call even though she lived half a street away.

"Oh, but it will be decided, Miss May," the housekeeper replied comfortably, "and, meanwhile, you may as well be comfortable."

Somehow Sonia found herself ushered into the little glided lift and borne upwards with Mrs. Roberts in control.

"There," said the housekeeper opening the door, "you will see these two rooms and the bath are just like a little self-contained flat. You can shut yourself right off, Miss May, and be alone."

"All above the tree-tops," Sonia said, with a sudden cry of delight, darting to the window, and, indeed, from his eyrie she could look down into the deep green tree-tops of Hilton Square.

She explored. It was as Mrs. Roberts said, self-contained. There was an outer door from which you stepped into a little lobby. There were the attractive bedroom in which she now stood, and the big sitting-room which must have been a study, for it was half-lined with books. The rooms had certainly a simplicity that was almost stark for, of course, as she now knew, they had been a young man's rooms. In his parents' house, years ago, but in the way of women she began instantly to imagine them with bright cretonnes on the dark chairs and at the windows. She saw flowers in them and a fire in that charming hob grate when winter drew near. For of course she would still be here. They would not have finished the book by then.

It was imperative to draw herself sternly away from this inexcusable lapse of will. "I can't live here," she kept insisting, because her mother's letter had bitten so deep into her heart. She herself could not think why it had hurt her so.

She combed her hair, left her hat and gloves in the bedroom, found that the

finest and softest of clean towels—such a supply of them—and a delicate soap had already been put into the bathroom. Temptation! Temptation!

That was Mrs. Roberts. . . .

"But I won't," she thought as she washed her hands. "I won't." And she went down.

Two people had arrived early, and they were Ramonde and Selwyn. Ramonde gave her a cool nod merely as she came into the room, but Selwyn smiled at her delightfully. Dereham stood on the hearth with them. They made a little group on which she felt she had somehow intruded, as it was Ramonde's design that she should do. Ramonde managed effects with the cleverness of an actress, who by a mere look or intonation can convey more than most people do with speech. "She wants to be hostess," Sonia thought, but without nervousness this time. She looked interrogatively at Dereham, and he said:

"You will help me as you did before, won't you, Miss May?"

So she went over to the tea-table, and just as before, precisely as the clock struck five, Barton came in bearing the Queen Anne tea service on its vast silver tray. Selwyn watched the girl while Ramonde persistently held Dereham in conversation.

"If that girl," thought Selwyn, looking at Sonia, "knew a bit more about the ropes, Ramonde wouldn't even be placed." He sauntered over to the tea-table and asked in a low voice: "None the worse for last night?"

"Much the better," she smiled up at him.

How kind he was, and comforting. When she remembered his attempt to kiss her, in the car, she smiled again. Even when he made his fingers touch hers as he took the teacups, she could not take him very seriously, this nice Francis Selwyn. Whenever he was near her he gave her confidence.

"Tea, Ramonde?" he asked, offering a cup.

"No tea, thanks," said Ramonde's high-pitched voice.

"Tea, Hugo?"

"Thanks."

AGAIN the group of three stood talking of all those things, light and trivial, artistic or erudite, scandalous or boring, which seemed to make up a large part of this kind of life. Sonia poured out her own tea and sat tranquil enough, until suddenly more arrivals came in, in quick succession. She heard one or two of the women say:

"How lovely the flowers are, Hugo. Your florist is improving." And secretly she was excited and gratified. The women turned and glanced at her after he had answered—so that he had probably told them whose was the responsibility—and they quickly glanced away again. Their eyes were cool and critical. Already most of them knew, either from Ramonde and then from each other, that this pretty girl was a new idea of Hugo's, a secretary, an intriguing wench as Ramonde had called her. Different men from the ones who had been here the other afternoon—what a lot of people Dereham knew—drifted over to the table occasionally and talked with her. Again the cocktails came in, and people grew afterwards more animated. There was again that babel of talk behind which, and the tea tray, she was quietly happy to lose herself; and presently, just as on the other afternoon, again Ramonde Allett was the last to leave, except Selwyn.

Dereham stood silent in a candid attitude of waiting for them to go, although Ramonde's hand was still in his arm.

"I was just wondering," said Ramonde, raising her face a little, and looking towards the far corner where the tea-table stood, "if we couldn't drop Miss May at her exciting door. She looks tired."

"Are you tired?" Dereham asked very

quickly and authoritatively before she could speak.

"No, I'm not tired, Sir Hugo."

"She looks party," said Ramonde, "too much dissipation last night. I'm sure the peace of the Hens' Club will be very good for her."

"As a matter of fact," said Hugo then, not moving, "I'm asking Miss May to take up residence here, and I'm hoping she will."

"Live here?" Ramonde echoed.

"There's the bachelor flat for her upstairs," he said, and while he spoke his eyes were on Sonia sitting quite quiet in that corner behind his magnificent silver.

"Oh," said Ramonde in an indescribably insinuating voice, "of course Miss May will jump at that. You're in great luck, Miss May," she called, still with that insinuation in her voice. "Do your parents know? I think your parents ought to know, my dear!"

"Don't be a fool, Ramonde," said Dereham, and his voice, not raised, seemed to go through the room like the flash of a drawn sword. Sonia stood up.

"I've told Sir Hugo that I'm so sorry I could not possibly make the arrangement," she said, and was completely out of breath on the last word.

"That's right," Ramonde called. "Put a value on yourself, my dear child. It's well to be clever in addition to being damned good looking, but I expect you know."

Selwyn was the perfect manager of affairs. As he took Ramonde gracefully out of the room, it was quite marvellous how much grace he contrived to preserve for them all for those difficult three minutes, and exit. Then at last Dereham spoke to Sonia; and his voice was very gentle.

"I suppose you want to go back to the Hens' Club to change your frock, although, of course, you look very nice as you are."

"Yes," she said, getting up; "I would like to dress, please, Sir Hugo." He walked beside her out of the long room to the front door and did not remind her that she was hallooed. The little country girl was so disturbed that she was forgetting London formalities.

"And you're not going to bring your luggage back with you?" he asked still gently.

"No," she faltered, "I'm sorry, Sir Hugo, I'm sorry."

She ran down the steps and into the street.

When she let herself into the big house in Hilton Square again, Barton met her.

"Sir Hugo asks that you will go to the library, miss. I will serve cocktails there."

She went into the familiar room trying to feel more of a guest than a secretary, and found Hugo Dereham in dinner clothes, walking about his paved garden.

"Splendid," he said, coming forward to meet her. "It is very nice to have you." The irony and the weariness and the bitterness had dropped out of his voice, and he seemed different.

"Is Mr. Selwyn coming?" she asked, not only for something to say, but because that afternoon she really had hoped that Selwyn would make a third at dinner.

"Francis?" he repeated. "No, why?" Then a tinge of the old irony came back into his voice. "Do you want him?"

"I didn't mean that," she said confusedly, "I just thought that he always seems to cheer you up; and that must be good for you."

He laughed shortly. She couldn't quite read the meaning of that laugh, and he knew that she couldn't. "If she only knew the real reason why Francis haunts this house like a twelve-stone ghost!" Barton came in with his cocktails.

"Have one now," Dereham said. "You were not among the alcoholics earlier on." For the second time in her life she had a cocktail, and again, because she did not like them, she sipped it very slowly, with obvious caution.

"That is the way to make even one cock-

tail dreadfully efficacious," he said, watching her. "They are to be drunk quickly, you know."

"I have only had one before in my life," she answered, "so I don't know."

"What a mighty experience!" laughed her host. "When did you go through the ordeal?"

"The first morning I arrived," she said coolly, not laughing with him, and really being obliged to make an effort now not to hate him a little for his love of torment.

"What should he care?"

"You thought you would have a bracer," he suggested, "before meeting me?"

So suddenly she flung the answer down before him as if it were a gage of battle.

"Mr. Selwyn met me and very kindly took me to luncheon. I don't think you knew, Sir Hugo."

As he looked down at her, so little and young and fair, that inexplicable anger that he had felt before concerning her rushed over him again; and he tried to be at pains not to show it. "I'm a mass of irritations," he thought.

"So that was it?" he said. "What a to-do about nothing."

"You made the to-do, Sir Hugo."

He thought: "She's answering back now like a spirited small child. She is irritated, too."

"So I did," he said aloud. "I have told you just now I love making difficulties. It's my only form of exercise at present. I give you a lot to put up with, don't I, Miss May?"

She must remember that this was a sick man.

"Not too much," she smiled.

He took her glass from her. It was still more than half-full, and he put it down on his big writing-table.

"You don't like it," he said. "Don't have it. Show the courage of your convictions, my dear child. I know it takes a lot of courage to confess to being so good, but you should own up honestly even to that atrocity."

BARTON was on the threshold announcing dinner, and she preceded Dereham out of the library. Yes; she was an honored guest. That little gesture of his which reminded her that tonight there was no standing back of the secretary, the employer to move first, proclaimed that small yet gratifying fact to her, and over Barton's rigid face there seemed to flit the shadow of a smile as she went by him, to sit on Hugo Dereham's right hand, at the most beautiful dining-table she had ever seen.

"You've got ice-cream for Miss May, haven't you, Barton?"

"Yes, Sir Hugo?"

"There you are, Miss May," Dereham said gravely. "I shan't tease you any longer about the things you don't like."

She did not mind what he did when he lapsed into this easier humor. They began to eat an exquisite dinner, and, in a moment, he began to talk easily and interestingly, about books, plays, travel. So he made an hour pass by on wings, and then Barton had left the room and they were alone with the windows open to the paved garden, the fountain tinkling, dusk falling, and only light from the candles in the high silver candelabra lighting up the beautiful glow of peonies and peaches, and turning the wine in Dereham's glass into liquid rubies. Then there was a little pause.

"Now," he said, "Miss May, you're going to think again, aren't you, over your decision this afternoon? This house is so big that we surely should never get on each other's nerves. I should very seldom even worry you to dine down here unless you wanted to, although most nights I am in by my doctor's orders, and, you know, all such nights I am quite alone."

She was distressed all over again. "You make me feel terribly selfish, Sir Hugo."

"Come, Miss May, this is a business proposition. I suppose you know that." He paused. "I am sorry to put it to you like this," he went on, striving for a courtesy which he found it difficult to keep in the fever of a strange impatience; "but you know this job really suits you just as well as you suit me."

"It is lovely!" she said under her breath.

"Well, then, you don't want to lose it?"

"Of course not, Sir Hugo."

"You're satisfied with pay, with prospects? Well, I know you must be," he said plainly, "for I have made the thing as tempting as possible in view of my— And again he paused, and looked at her, and said very slowly, "imperative need."

"I can't tell you how much I appreciate everything," she said nervously.

"Is Miss Allett the trouble?" he asked. Sonia shook her head.

"Well, if it is not Miss Allett who intimidates you," he said, harshly again, "what is it? For heaven's sake come out with it. Is it my cousin Francis? Is he holding out the bait of hectic evenings, or evenings that seem hectic to a country girl like you? Do you want this freedom to go swimming by moonlight with Francis; or dancing; or what?"

"No, no, Sir Hugo. I wish I could explain," she said desperately. "It is partly Miss Allett."

"A lot of fuss for a small problem," he said mockingly, but he saw it was not a small problem to this girl. He suffered and suppressed rampant irritation while he watched her tell-tale face.

She could not tell him about those silly letters—lovely letters in a way, of course, because her mother's dreams and hopes always had a quality of loveliness that divested them entirely of any mundane reasons, although one knew that sophisticated people wouldn't believe it.

She was urgently conscious of wanting to take as little as she could from Sir Hugo Dereham, to encroach as little as possible, to serve him as well as possible and to help him because he was a sick man.

"You're far too sensitive, Miss May," he said shortly. "It would help me so much to have you here in the house, as I have said before. Did Mrs. Roberts show you what would be your quarters if you came?"

"Yes, the rooms are perfect."

"You're easily pleased," he said in rather a softer voice. Then he went on. "You will force me, I suppose, to tell you the real truth. The fact is . . ." And then again there was one of those long pauses while he looked at her quietly. He put out his hand and patted hers, and kept it covered with his hand for a moment. "Don't be frightened," he said, "though to the young, I dare say, the thing seems a little bit grim, but the fact is, I am in a hurry to get that piece of work done because I never have left anything I have undertaken unfinished. This work is especially dear to me and, unfortunately, in not many months now I have to die."

He removed his hand. "And don't pity me," he cried.

But she was overwhelmed with pity and horror. She had not imagined anything so terrible, and devastating. It swept away, of course, all other considerations. The only person who mattered now was Dereham himself. She could not refuse any request that he could possibly make of her, and while all this rushed through her mind she sat quite still, quite mute, afraid of crying.

"Mind," he said in a quite ordinary voice, "it is our secret."

"Yes," she whispered.

"Only Francis knows besides ourselves," he added.

She found it very difficult to find voice to ask almost in a whisper:

"Doesn't Mrs. Roberts know, and Barton?"

"I think they suspect," he said briefly; "but I do not care for mourning faces. I hate them. So I have known better than to let anyone see anything."

Tears were in her eyes now. They shone like stars as she leaned forward to speak, impulsively.

"Sir Hugo, of course I will come, of course I will be at your disposal. I will move in to-night. Then," she said nervously, "we could work long hours; couldn't we?"

"Splendid!" he said quietly, just as he had said when two hours ago she had come into the library in that queer little black dress. He had conquered this little citadel! He rang the bell. "I suppose you wouldn't mind the housemaid packing your things at once, or would you like me to ask Mrs. Roberts to go over?"

HE was triumphant, used to ruling and over-ruling.

"It does not matter a bit."

She nearly cried his shocked thought: "Nothing matters except you."

"Barton," said Dereham, turning to the butler who stood by him, "ask Mrs. Roberts to arrange to have Miss May's things packed and brought here to-night, and tell her that Miss May is settling into the flat upstairs, and tell that club place, that hotel place, to send in their bill here."

The servant went out.

"Now," Dereham said, "as you say, we'll work for longer hours. You will have to look upon that as a necessity. You'll soon understand. You've seen me at my best since you've been here, unappealing as that best may seem to you."

She thought of that night so recently, when she had found him lying helpless and ill, half-in, half-out of the library windows. "At his best?" she inquired of herself. "I shall have to be prepared for much more than that! Shall I?" She trembled over it. "I will help him."

With a glance at her, he said, as if reading her mind:

"I don't count as an invalid, you know."

It was what she was thinking herself. For it was curious, it was very hard indeed, to imagine this man as an invalid; impossible, even now, to think of him enfeebled, laid low; with finality. He had appeared to her even from the first moment, as she knew now, to be a man who could surmount anything.

The tragedy struck upon her more forcibly.

"Shall we work to-night?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I think we will. It is one of my good times, and staying awake does not worry me. I suffer," and he laughed that away. "I mean to say I am inconvenienced a good deal by insomnia, anyway. Whenever you're ready, Miss May, we'll work right on."

"I am ready at once."

The trunk was brought in from the hotel, it was unpacked, her rooms were ready, her night things laid out, the lights turned on in that upstairs flat, but she superintended none of this. Midnight struck, one o'clock, two, three o'clock; and at four, with Hugo Dereham, she saw the lovely dawn. He pulled the curtains aside, and said to her, "Look! the sun!" as if he loved it. She guessed with an agonising clarity that he would not see enough dawn. He grudged the moments of oblivion.

Strange night.

TEN o'clock, however, found her back at work, though now, as usual, in the small office room before the typewriter. She had sheaves of material garnered during the night, and she set herself the task of finishing it all during this summer day. As usual Barton came in with a particularly delicate luncheon. He brought, too, a slender half-bottle of hock which he had had "just enough," he said, "and not too much. Sir Hugo rather hopes you will try this, miss." But she did not want it; she did not really want anything except to get that mass of work completed, and then to begin again.

"I hope we are not overworking you, miss," said Barton, lingering.

"You couldn't," said Sonia. "I am as strong as a horse," not knowing how little and fair and delicate and tired she looked. There were smudges under her eyes, and no color at all in her cheeks. "How is Sir Hugo?" she asked anxiously.

"Surprisingly well, miss," said Barton gladly. "He got three hours' nice sleep before his breakfast, and has been out riding in the park this morning. I am afraid three hours' sleep is more than you've had, miss. I rather infer, miss, if you'll excuse me guessing, that it's been a long season."

"Yes, Barton," she nodded gravely, but enthusiastically—"it was."

"I hope you took some refreshment, miss?"

"I went down to the kitchen at five, and made Sir Hugo some coffee."

"Did you indeed, miss?" The servant looked at her curiously.

"We needed it," she added, rather proudly.

"But then you know, miss," he said, "you should have done what Sir Hugo did, and gone to bed."

"I was afraid I should sleep too late if I did," she confessed.

"And Mrs. Roberts wouldn't have had you called either," said Barton. "I expect you know that, miss."

"I guessed it."

"I hope you will enjoy your lunch, miss."

HE went out.

So Dereham had been out riding? She could hear him saying: "I do not count as an invalid." It was magnificent of him, she thought, as she worked on all through the increasing heat of the afternoon. Now and again she wondered if he would look in, or send her any other message than the one at luncheon, about the wine she would not drink, but she did not so much as get a glimpse of him. She began to feel a naive, troubled surprise, because through the long hours when she had worked with him last night there had grown up in her a feeling that this was almost like a partnership. Strange then, that the partner should so coldly disappear, and for so long! It was heartless!

But at five o'clock Barton stood there again.

"Sir Hugo will be glad if you will go to the drawing-room as before, miss. We'll have several callers." She went up to her flat first; those shut off rooms at the very top of this house, where only the highest boughs of the trees in the square looked in, were divinely quiet. She changed her frock hurriedly for a clean one, regretful that this was all she could do, that she had no lovely cunning clothes like the women downstairs would be wearing, but only just a very limited succession of home-made, much washed linens and cottons.

Once again most of the people were strangers, but very soon Ramonde Allett again came in, and again Selwyn was with her, and to-day Ramonde had more than ever her usual air of saying silently: "Of course this is practically my house, my home, my man." She went up instantly to Dereham, and held him talking. A friend had reported that he had been seen out riding in the park, and she reproached him. He was disobeying orders! She called people to witness to his stupidity and his recklessness because: "Of course, you've got a heart, Hugo. He has really got a heart," she appealed to people near them, "although," she said laughingly, "I know these heavy Empire builders hate owing to anything so trivial. Still, after all, you look splendid, Hugo." She scanned him very closely. "Doesn't he, Francis?" And Selwyn agreed casually. "He looks grand."

Selwyn's eyes roamed to the corner of the room where the girl in the blue frock sat. "It is more than little Miss May does, Hugo," he said. "She doesn't look grand. By Jove, London is a little hard on country maidens."

"The girl looks like a bit of chewed string," said Ramonde, staring in her turn. But Dereham slighted their careless solicitude.

"Oh, well, she has had a hardish time of it; she worked all through yesterday, and we worked all through the night," he said, his eyes, very cold, meeting Ramonde's, "and I don't think she has stopped tapping that infernal typewriter, poor girl, the whole of to-day."

"If I were your secretary, Hugo," Ramonde went on, "and had to do all that for you, I would not live in some miserable hen-run. I should expect all sorts of trappings and trimmings."

"Miss May doesn't live any more in a hen-run," Dereham said lazily; that was stupid, and he knew it, but he had again begun to get a little tired. Physical irritation overcame his rigid sense of prudence. "She is living here."

"She is living here?" Ramonde echoed.

"Taken up quarters at the top of the house," said Dereham briefly. "You know perfectly well I've a self-contained bachelor flat there, and I want to be able to call on her at any time."

"To call on her at any time?" cried Ramonde, with lifted eyebrows. Of course that was entirely, wilfully wicked of her! She knew what he meant, "and want to call upon my secretary's services at any time," was what he should have said to be on the safe side. Confound Ramonde and her quick doubles entendres, and her laughter, and her anger, and her jealousy, and her spite! Now he knew within five minutes that in that room a web of small scandal was slowly being weaved about that love-in-the-mist girl who had thrown herself so gamely into his cause all last night.

"Hugo," said Ramonde then, "Francis and I thought we would dine here, and then carry you off to John's new play. You haven't seen it yet?"

It was Selwyn who tactfully forestalled Dereham's flat refusal.

"Nothing of the kind. You know perfectly well, Ramonde, that I am taking you to dine at a very art-for-art's-sake studio, where the food will poison you, and the vodka will burn your insides; and where there will be no end of a binge. And whether we ever get to John's play is entirely uncertain."

DEREHAM did not listen. He was aware of a sharp determination in his mind that, come what might, neither Ramonde nor Selwyn was going to dine there that night. He made his way over to the tea-table and his sharpened perceptions showed all that went on in the big, babbling room.

"Good afternoon, Miss May," he said deliberately. "You look tired."

"No, Sir Hugo, not a bit." And indeed she was not tired now. She was gathering strength, all fired to fight this strange unkindness and hostility; this half-derision which met and shocked her.

"These people are all going soon," he said, in quite a loud voice. He was regardless of who heard him or what effect it had upon them; indeed, he had no regard for anybody in the room at that moment except for her. Barton was retiring with a tray of collected empty cocktail glasses, and Dereham gave him an open sign to bring no more.

"The bar's dry," he said, still in the same raised voice, still scoffingly regardless of nice manners. He went up to Selwyn, laid a hand on his shoulder, and said:

"Just bung all your people out for me, old man, will you? I don't know what you and Ramonde want to collect them here for."

"But, Hugo," Ramonde began breathlessly, in his ear, "surely I have a right!"

"Right?" he echoed. "Right? What right, my dear?"

And Selwyn said readily:

"Come on, Ramonde, and let us take the Murrays along with us, and Kitty and Billy and all. Come along to the grandest studio party ever; consider yourselves all invited to crash in."

Curious people, Sonia thought, scornfully watching their exit, as she stood behind the table waiting politely for the few leave takings and hand shakes that might come her way. It seemed to her a miracle that suddenly the room was clear, and she was alone with Dereham.

HE was a very different Dereham now.

"Don't sit on that hard chair; come here." He threw a few cushions together on a chesterfield. She came over to the couch obediently, but did not sit down.

"I'm afraid you've been worried this afternoon," Hugo said, deliberately achieving a calm voice that should effect some comfort. For the girl was not calm. She, too, was trying to steady her voice as she said: "Sir Hugo, I will stay willingly until you can replace me satisfactorily."

"Replace you?" he repeated. He thought: "I couldn't replace her," and would not so much as reason with himself the why and wherefore.

She nodded. "Because I'd rather go—I'd rather go, quite honestly, Sir Hugo, I couldn't stay. They—they defeat me." And still, of course, she could not tell him of her mother's romantic prophecies, which with Ramonde's unkind scepticisms, and the scandal lingering this afternoon, had at last seemed to bring this thing to a crescendo.

"They defeat me," she repeated; "perhaps I'm a coward. . . . I don't seem able to bear just that."

"Sonia," said Dereham, "I couldn't replace you. You don't know the sheer effort, the almost impossible effort, it would be to me to hand over the work you've done so well and which you've begun to understand so wonderfully, to some nit-wit." He broke off. "I don't ask for your pity," he said. He walked away; and recovered himself, and came back.

"Sit down," he said, but still she stood. "I know," he said, "that I am rather a fool to put a girl like you into this position; it cannot be done. I see it. It's because you are you, rather a special girl. It's been wrong of me, but all I was thinking of was the work, and all I am going to think of in the future is the work. If it is just a question of scandal—" He paused. "And there will be a lot of scandal," he thought grimly. "The little seeds sown in this room this afternoon will multiply all over London, at least all the London that I know, within a week. Yes, there will be a damnable lot of scandal. I oughtn't ask a girl like this to face it. The women'll simply give her hell. Blast them. . . ."

He walked about, "I wish you'd sit down yourself," she ventured.

He disregarded it.

"Sonia," he said suddenly, "you're a brave girl, really, aren't you?"

For an idea had come to him; not so fantastic as at first flash it seemed. Didn't men, for their stomachs' sakes, sometimes marry their cooks? Why not for Fennimore's sake—?

"You're brave, aren't you?" he repeated. "I don't know," she said weakly, "perhaps I am not so brave after all. There are certain things I can face. . . . this hurts too much. . . . I'd rather go."

"You cannot go." His face brooked no contradiction. "That's decisive. And you're not a coward. You've helped finely up till now. I say, you're a brave girl; take a risk that is not a risk, Sonia, it will all be so soon over. Don't fail me. I have got to keep you near me because of the work. Will you marry me?"



CHAPTER 6.

"I COULDN'T possibly marry you," Sonia said headily.

"Please sit down," he insisted again. This time she obeyed him, and sank in the corner of the chesterfield, though she would rather have run away.

She had made a sudden outcry against his offer of marriage, but, whispered his cynicism, this girl cannot mean it. It isn't really a favor you are asking, but an honor you are conferring.

"I haven't given you time to think," he said quietly, "but I want you to listen to me, please, Miss May . . . And just for this moment, if not afterwards, it will seem more natural to call you Sonia, won't it?"

What did a mere trifle of names matter? "If you wish," she said breathlessly, "but . . ."

He interrupted her:

"I want your help," he said. "I know I am full of whims, although I keep on repeating again and again I don't want your pity; however, you have shown me in the last two or three days that you're fairly necessary if I have to do what I want to do in the prescribed time. I repeat and repeat this, Sonia. So I am quite seriously asking you to be my wife. You see, even to a man obsessed on one subject, as no doubt you think I am, it is quite clear that I should be putting you into a very anomalous position if you just took up quarters here as my secretary; with me at all hours of the day and night; and, as a matter of fact, more often night, because then, though I can't sleep, I am sometimes at my best. And I quite see that what happened this afternoon must have made it more indecently clear to you, too. All those people have the most shocking manners, but worse than bad manners, my dear Sonia, so many of them have bad hearts; and bad souls if you like to go further. And yet we have to notice what they say!" He made an angry gesture. "No, don't speak; just listen.

"You've talked with my housekeeper, Mrs. Roberts; well, old Roberts has been with me since I first came down from the University. She knew me as a schoolboy, and so she knew she was quite welcome to the liberty she took to-day, when she asked to speak to me after breakfast and said:

"The young lady's much too pretty. I am afraid, Sir Hugo. I am afraid it won't seem quite comme il faut."

He laughed, though Sonia could see no fun in it. She was too troubled.

"Old Roberts loves her bit of French," he said, "she learnt it from a maid my mother once had."

He paused and looked searchingly at her again.

"Are you thinking about things a little bit, Sonia?"

"I can hardly think," she murmured, "it is too difficult."

"It is not difficult at all," he said impatiently, trying to master that touch of arrogance which would creep in when any one opposed his urgent wishes. "The matter will be simplicity itself. You may trust me for that, Sonia. I will tell you quite explicitly my terms. You may make yours if you like. Listen. You'll live here, or perhaps we shall go down to Pennington for just a week or two, if these infernal doctors let me. We shall work together just the same, but you'll be Lady Dereham, and any one whose manners don't please you will be sent out of this house, never to come back any more. I include Miss Allett," he said dryly, "although it is not exactly that she has wanted to be cruel to you personally. It is not that she dis-

likes you." He could not bring himself to say, "It's because she wants me," though once again cynicism presented that very clearly to him. He was unable to help knowing the embarrassing truth.

HE went on: "As I say, we shall work together just the same as we work now. You'd have a great deal at your disposal, the whole house, cars, servants, carte blanche for clothes, my dear." Now he watched her again steadily. "A title—for what it's worth; and on my death," she looked back fascinated into those eyes which seemed to grow colder and stranger, and more and more incapable of belief in any human being, "you would have a little annuity, very, very small. You wouldn't be a rich widow, though you would be quite justified in assuming you would be. The money is a good deal tied up. I should leave you perhaps £150 a year from my private estate, and you would have £500 in capital."

She sprang up, putting her hands over her ears.

"I don't want to hear, Sir Hugo!" she cried urgently. "I simply don't want to hear!"

He was conscious, as he rose formally, too, without taking his eyes from her, of a tremendous desire surging in him, a desire to believe this girl, to believe that she didn't want what he offered, and that she wasn't already collecting her wits and playing for more. Because the dower he had promised must seem to her unreasonably and ludicrously small. Suddenly he put out his hands, took her wrists, and forced her own hands away from her ears so that they stood very close together, looking into each other's eyes.

"Sonia," he said hoarsely, "help me."

His hands were hurting her wrists. At first she had not felt the hurt as they stood gazing at each other spellbound, but now she winced and made a little involuntary murmur.

"Do I hurt you?" he said quickly. A flush crept up under his bronzed skin and his fingers loosened. "Sit down again, child," he said.

She sat down once more in the corner of the chesterfield, and now he seated himself near her in the corner opposite. There was only a very short space of billowing cushions between them.

"Is it really the only way, Sir Hugo?" she asked as if helplessly marvelling.

"It is the only way," he said, "to solve this problem quickly and without more trouble than I can afford to take. I cannot be very spendthrift with my trouble, Sonia." She saw him lean back suddenly as if stricken by mortal weariness, and she was instantly afraid for him again.

"You're not ill?"

"No," he said. "I am not going to be ill, but all this is wasting one's strength, Sonia."

She said quietly:

"I suppose part of the doctor's treatment is to order that you mustn't ever be worried?"

"Well, that is part of such treatment as they think it is still worth while giving," he acknowledged.

She took the plunge breathlessly:

"I will marry you if it helps."

"Thank you very much, my dear," he said gravely, and then he laughed. Did ever a bride give, with more simplicity, so banally sweet a reason for what should be the most passionate relation of all?

"Don't laugh," she cried out.

"Why not? Let's laugh a little, Sonia."

What is the matter?"

"Oh," she said rather wildly, "I can't pretend it's a joke. It seems to me so serious—so serious," she repeated.

"Only, as I've said before," he assured her quietly, "it won't last long."

What was it in her that made her suddenly think: "I wish it would—I wish it were for a long lifetime!" Was it a little of her mother's dreamy quality betraying

itself in her daughter? She found herself shaken with a longing to be able to be more than just secretary-wife to Dereham.

The next moment Dereham was speaking of her parents just as if he had read her thoughts.

"You won't feel it necessary to ask your mother's permission?" And his incorrigible mind assured him sardonically, "That would very readily be given."

She shook her head.

"I think perhaps I won't tell them at all until . . ." then she stopped, and a wave of color ran over her face and neck. The marriage was to be immediate, wasn't it? Yet she didn't like to say "until we are married."

Dereham finished it for her.

"Until we are married," he said, in a practical voice. "I quite agree with you, they would not quite understand our terms perhaps, would they, Sonia, and a great deal of rejoicing is out of the question, isn't it?"

She nodded, and hoped that the lump in her throat would disappear before she had to speak again.

"I shall ring up my lawyers this evening," he said. "I think I can catch one of them at home; then to-morrow—you won't feel I am rushing you, will you?—we shall be married."

"But people cannot get married just like that!"

"Oh yes," said Dereham, "a rich bridegroom who is an urgent medical case may arrange things just like that, my dear." He stood up. "We ought to dress," he said, "we'll dine early, and we'd better turn in early, child. I shouldn't dream of working you again to-day after all the hours you put in last night."

"But isn't that what I'm marrying you for, so that I can work at any time?"

Although he knew it to be true, the question startled and touched him strangely. He looked down at her, still looking very remote from him, in her corner of the big couch.

"It sounds rather brutal, doesn't it?" he said, "but I shall try to see that you are quite happy, Sonia, and to arrange things, as far as possible, as you like them."

"I shall be able to do a lot more for you than before," she promised him quietly, "and I will."

"Thank you, my dear," he said, "but, if you do go back on me—and as I say, many women would—I shall not be much worse off, I suppose, than if you went away from me now, and I lost you like that. I can always leave Lady Dereham to her own devices, and die trying to endure the nuisance of a new secretary all over again!"

SHE didn't answer that at all. Sometimes he seemed to her so bitter that he was almost unbearable. She wasn't used to bitterness; couldn't understand it. She walked away from him down the long room, longing for the shelter of her own apartments. He was close behind her to open the door; and he watched her cross the hall to the lift, close the gilded gate on herself, and lift her hand to the switch before she ascended. He was noting every movement. He saw her looking at him very gravely through those golden bars, and suddenly he smiled as she had never seen him smile before, and made her a gay little salute. He just caught her startled hand-wave in return before she was out of sight.

It was time for him to dress, too, and his valet would be waiting, but he turned back into the drawing-room, and pressed the bell.

"Ask Mrs. Roberts to come here, Barton."

She came in, and he thought how nice she was, how dear and kind and loyal.

"Sit down, Robby," he said in a special voice that he kept for this faithful soul.

"Thank you, Sir Hugo," she said down; very ample; very comfortable; all her own personal problems long over.

"Robby," he said, staring slowly over her

head from a distance. "I am getting married." He sensed of the instant watchfulness that settled over her homely features like a veil. "You don't ask to whom?" he said, after he had waited for the question.

"No Sir Hugo, although naturally it means a great deal to me."

"And you don't ask me, Robby, why, when I'm under a death sentence—as you've guessed; and I know you have—well, why should I want to marry at all and turn a bride into a widow almost as soon as the ring is on her finger?"

"That doesn't seem so strange to me, Sir Hugo," she said. "I have seen how much you coming into Fennimore, all unexpected, has meant to you. You think the world of Fennimore, you're wrapped up in it, and if you're marrying now, why, I'm supposing, Sir Hugo, it is because you think you would like to have a son, even if you can never live to see him. Which I don't believe I don't and won't!"

An heir.

He had never thought, as he looked at Sonia.

"No," he said, suddenly harsh, "not at all, but you're right about me being wrapped up in Fennimore. I am marrying Miss May."

"Thank God," said Mrs. Roberts.

He stared.

"I should not if I were you, Robby. It is quite likely a pretty unsound thing to do. We shall be married to-morrow."

It seemed impossible to scare or surprise her.

"Will there be a honeymoon, Sir Hugo?"

"I never thought of it," he said.

"Oh, Sir Hugo!"

"Perhaps we'll drive down to Fennimore for a day or two," he considered abruptly.

"I'd thought of that much, but not as a honeymoon."

The housekeeper had risen, and lingered as though not quite ready to take dismissal yet. Her eyes said: "I know you. I've known you for a long time. You naughty boy."

"Be very kind to the young lady, Sir Hugo."

"Am I not kind, Robby?"

"No, Sir Hugo," she said, "you're not, except to those who know you and understand."

"How dare you, Robby, you old tartar!"

She didn't smile.

Never had he allowed her till now to speak openly about the tragic future; never had she been, officially, permitted to know. All the time, she had known; and smiles were hard to come by.

"Of course I don't know how much Miss May understands?" she said questioningly.

"Enough!"

THE housekeeper went away with a slow head-shake.

Before Dereham went up to dress he shut himself into the library and telephoned his lawyer, and found him at his house. That conversation didn't take long between a man who knew what he wanted, and meant to get it, and the man who knew exactly how to set about matters in the quickest possible way.

By the time Sonia had again put on the funny little black frock she had seen and talked with Mrs. Roberts, and her heart was happier with the housekeeper's kindness.

"I'm very glad, Miss May. I'm very glad," Mrs. Roberts had repeated over and over again, as if she meant it. She made one feel that this marriage was hardly more surprising to her than it would be to the two darlings at Lulham.

It was heartening to feel that some one was glad. She hoped that all the servants would be glad, that no one would really mind very much, that she would not be thought of as an intruder and a—she remembered finding this word somewhere—gold-digger.

She hesitated now to meet Hugo again. All the time that they sat at the dinner-table she would be thinking of to-morrow; and Barton would know, for already Mrs. Roberts would have told him, and there would be a quietly conspiratorial air about him. She wanted him to be pleased, but for he was another friendly soul in this great house, but could he—would he be pleased? "I can't go down," she thought, and there came to her absurdly enough just such tremor and excitement as preceded a wedding day in a bridal house at Lulham; where the bride and her girl friends held long conferences on the mysteries of marriage, of which they knew simply nothing at all.

JUST as the clock on the bureau, which had a faint chime, struck eight, and she realised she could not put off this business of going down to dinner any longer, an unfamiliar sound sounded through the rooms. It was a telephone bell. She went quickly through into her sitting-room, and saw that a telephone had indeed been installed, a portable device that one could plug in and move from room to room. The device was entirely new to her. She lifted the receiver and heard Mrs. Roberts' comfortable voice. It had an important sound to it now.

"I'm sure, Miss May, that you'd like to dine quietly up in your own rooms, and I have told Sir Hugo so. I shall be up with the tray at any moment now."

"Thank you," Sonia said faintly, and put the receiver back. "Respite," she thought bewilderedly, and remembered that there was to be no work that evening, and perhaps not the next morning, either, if they were going to be married at two o'clock. Or perhaps they would work all through the morning and miss the afternoon? It did not occur to her how extraordinarily little she was expecting from this marriage, or to wonder why all her heart was set so ardently upon giving. She was not even expecting a honeymoon; the idea hadn't occurred to her; and only when Mrs. Roberts arrived, full of plans, of which she did not intend to be thwarted, did the bride-elect realise that her attitude was strangely and wistfully unusual.

Mrs. Roberts was followed by the third housemaid carrying a tray. There was champagne in an ice pail, that the housekeeper carried herself.

"I've had the greatest difficulty," she began, "in making Barton let me bring this up myself, Miss May. He does hate a woman handling his wine, but as I told him: 'If you think I'm a stranger to champagne, Mr. Barton, after all these years when you and I have drunk healths and occasions in this house, you must have a very bad memory. Just put the tray down,' she said to the housemaid, 'and you may go.'"

She fussed about over the tray, and then made a move as if to depart herself.

"Can't you at least have some of the champagne?" Sonia begged.

"Thank you very much, Miss May," Mrs. Roberts said, and she produced a second glass from nowhere it seemed, or perhaps as if she had expected this. When it was filled she looked Sonia very solemnly. "This time to-morrow," she said, "you'll be Mr. Lady. This time to-morrow you won't be dining up here, of course. I know you're tired now, and I know you were kept up nearly all last night working, and that you've worked like a slave all day."

"I'm going to work much more," Sonia said, "when I'm married," and on the word "married" her voice seemed to trail away.

"You're frightened," said Mrs. Roberts quietly. "Don't be, although I'm sure I don't wonder. I can't understand the reasons for all this suddenness, and it's not my place to ask."

"It's because," Sonia began, and paused.

Or did the housekeeper share the dreadful

secret, or had it been given to her only for her safe keeping? "Sir Hugo has dangerous heart attacks," she said hesitatingly.

"Sir Hugo's heart attacks, Miss May," Mrs. Roberts said diplomatically, "has he told you anything about them?"

"Everything," said Sonia.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Roberts, reflecting that perhaps total confidence between them on this dreaded subject would be out of place on the eve of a wedding day. "Ah, well," she repeated, "then you and Barton and myself can understand how everything is."

"I understand," said Sonia a little shakily, "and I am glad if you and Barton understand, too. You feel like friends."

"God bless you," said Mrs. Roberts hurriedly, in a low voice, and then she lifted her glass and said cheerily and respectfully: "Well, here's happiness, Miss May, and here's hoping that everything will turn out much better than any of us could possibly expect. I won't say any more about that, because there are other things I've got to ask you, for instance, about your choice of rooms? Sir Hugo said you were to choose what rooms you liked. There's his mother's boudoir, that no lady has ever used since she died, with a beautiful bedroom and bath communicating, and just across the corridor on the same floor is Sir Hugo himself."

"Couldn't I keep this adorable flat?" Sonia cried in dismay.

The housekeeper paused, to volunteer presently:

"It would seem a little bit strange, Miss May."

"He could ring me up," said Sonia, indicating the newly-installed telephone, "any minute of the night he liked. You see he has just had that put in. Don't you think that is the reason?"

"God knows what this is all about," Mrs. Roberts thought to herself, but aloud she said persuasively:

"I don't think that is quite the reason, Miss May. I think it was just to give you an added convenience for the few more hours you'd be wanting this little flat."

"I'd better ask what Sir Hugo wishes," Sonia said, and at that the housekeeper, already amazed, felt that really amazement could go no further. She said very gently and tactfully:

"I should think there would be no doubt as to what Sir Hugo would like."

"You see, I don't know his likes and dislikes," the bride-elect explained.

"She knows nothing!" the housekeeper thought, "nothing!" Adding aloud:

"You had better be near him. I assure you that the rooms old Lady Dereham had are lovely, and, of course, we can change the furniture just as you like."

"I'll leave it to you," said Sonia, "I'm tired," and all at once she put her face in her hands. She wanted to shut away the new crowding life, almost to go back to the old. But courage returned; she looked up.

"It has been so nice—this little flat," she said through the open door to the housekeeper, who was collecting the things on a tray herself so that no more intrusions should be made by a third person. "So nice—and I've only had it just one day, and night." Through the open door Mrs. Roberts spoke back soothingly:

"The other rooms will be much nicer. They'll be lovely, you'll love them. Can I do anything more for you now, Miss May?"

"No, thank you," Sonia answered.

"You look lonely, Miss May." And again she thought as a kind nurse of a stubborn boy child: "It's wrong of him to do it like this. Wrong!"

"I am lonely," said Sonia. And then she shut and bolted the door, disregarding persuasive taps upon it for she was sobbing.

In two minutes she was in bed, still crying, but because tears are a marvellous narcotic for all over-wrought women, she slept the night through.



CHAPTER 7

AGAIN it was Mrs. Roberts who imposed upon herself the task of organising the bride's morning, instead of the third housemaid. She herself stood beside Sonia's bed with the early tea-tray. Her first words were firm:

"No work this morning, Miss May." Sonia said sleepily, her mind still bewildered by sleep.

"No work? . . . Why, am I late?" "You're to be as late as you like this morning," said Mrs. Roberts. "I've already seen Sir Hugo." She put the tray comfortably on the girl's knees. "That's a thing," she added inconsequently, "that I was very hurt about," and then seeing that Sonia hardly yet realised the immense importance of this dawn, she reminded her soothingly, "It's your wedding day, Miss May."

The girl flushed, started into remembrance of it all. She poured out tea with a hand that was not very steady, and sipping it tried to regain composure. "But that doesn't at all mean," she said quickly, "that I shan't work this morning!" She began tabulating in her mind conscientiously the details of yesterday's work. She had finished everything that there was to do, and this morning had expected to begin again with Hugo Dereham, taking his dictation.

OF course, it would be very strange . . . "You see," said Mrs. Roberts, "it's like this, Miss May. I don't often exceed my duty, I hope, but it isn't common fault for the bridegroom to see the bride on the day of the wedding, before the ceremony. Of course, Sir Hugo wouldn't listen to that, and so I had to persuade him. It is unlucky, Sir Hugo? I said, 'and I think perhaps Miss May is a young lady who would care about the old superstitions, and you mustn't make her even think about ill-luck.' That had a very great effect upon Sir Hugo, Miss May."

"Good heavens!" Sonia cried, "but it would never have occurred to me."

"Well, Sir Hugo gave in," said Mrs. Roberts hastily. "And you're better resting up here. You must want to write a long letter for your mother, I'm sure, and I only wish she was going to be with you; as it is, Sir Hugo's lawyer, who's coming round to see Sir Hugo this morning on business, will drive you to the registrar's office, and there Sir Hugo will meet you."

"It seems a fuss about nothing," Sonia marvelled.

"Don't call it nothing, my dear," the housekeeper implored.

"Anyway," Sonia said, her heart beating very fast, "if Sir Hugo is having an interview with his lawyer, he probably wouldn't be fit to work as well. I hope he has not got a lot of troublesome business?" she added; and she was quickly concerned about him, not as if she were just his secretary, but as if, already, she had greater duties.

At that moment the telephone rang. Sonia jumped out of bed, tumbled in her blue pyjamas, and ran to the sitting-room. Hugo Dereham's voice came over the wire.

"That you, Sonia?" It didn't seem so strange by now that he should be calling her Sonia. "We shan't do any work this morning. I'd meant to give you an hour's dictation, but old Robby was quite tearful and said, not only would it bring you bad luck, but that it was not comme il faut." She heard his sardonic chuckle. "I don't care if we are comme il faut," he said.

"Do you, Sonia? But, of course, I would not bring you bad luck." She thought the old mockery was in his voice again then, and she shivered a little as she stood here in this sun-warmed room, on the June morning of her wedding-day. "Anyway," he was continuing, "I worked you like a dog yesterday, and the night before, didn't I?"

"Not too hard," she said in a small clear voice, "and I can make up for this morning, afterwards." There was a silence that seemed very sudden at the other end. Then she thought she caught his voice muttering, "Make up afterwards?" But it was as if he were speaking to himself and not to her. She held the receiver attentively through the little silence.

"My lawyer's coming along in about an hour," she heard him say, then, "to make those arrangements I told you would be made and by the way, he will open a bank account for you. You'll be able to draw upon it to-day if you like."

"I only want it for one thing," she stammered huskily, and heard him reply:

"Oh, but you'll want it for a hundred things, my good child. Don't fool me, you and your one thing!" She hung up the receiver, sorry that her action might seem abrupt; but that mockery in his voice not only always distressed, but a little frightened her.

She imagined the two men downstairs soon, Dereham and some dry solicitor who knew all the family business like a book. It was rather horrible to her that they should be doing this; that it should be the preliminary—that it should be such an immediate and hurried preliminary—to the marriage ceremony; that it should follow so quickly on yesterday, when he had asked her to be his wife. It seemed too much like sale and payment.

She understood, though, her thoughts didn't take definite form, the delicacy and the gentleness, and the attempt at just that little of the usual beauty, which the housekeeper was trying to bring to this day.

Only that old woman concerned herself! No one else cared!

All the same, one must not weaken; one must not pretend that there ought to be glamour and romance in this business, even for a moment. It was an arrangement of necessity; and had she not promised her old babies in Lulham that she was going to rescue them capably from that plight for which they had only themselves to blame?

As if summoned by her thoughts of them, on her breakfast table, when the housemaid had laid it, and when she herself had bathed, and put a dressing gown over her pyjamas—it was the laziest morning!—was a letter from her father.

It was unusual for him to write letters at all, and she would never have expected him to write to her. She expected all his news and messages to come through her mother. But when she opened the envelope and spread out the letter beside her toast and honey, she realised at once why he had written to her himself.

HE was treating her already as a very clever and capable daughter indeed. This venture of hers must have impressed him, and he must already have begun to form some queer irrational belief in her abilities, like the simple peasant beliefs which he had in the Army and the Navy and the Post Office, and all those other, to him, immutable institutions. She said to herself helplessly, as she read: "I believe he thinks I am the Bank of England, funny darling. And that is my fault, with all my bonating!"

"Dear Sonia,—You have only been away from us for a few days. Mother has already written to you, I know, and she doesn't know that I am writing this, but I have had a most distressing communication, my child, and perhaps you were

right in what you said to us before you left."

"The mortgage people are what I think is called 'closing down' the mortgage, and our little home has to go unless I can find £500 in a week. Isn't it incredible, dear child? Of course, we have been behind with our payments; in fact, I don't think we have paid anything for more than a year. I seem to remember several very unpleasant letters coming which I burned without answering, for an unpleasant letter, to me, has the same bad influence as an unpleasant person in the house, and, of course, I didn't show them to your mother, for I like to keep the distressing side of life away from her."

"Now, Sonia dear, I want you to write to me at once and tell me if you see the faintest possibility of your being able somehow to borrow or otherwise get such an incredible sum in the next few days. I cannot think in the least how you will do it; at the same time if you could not possibly raise such a sum, dear, perhaps you could send me £30, and I might get them to reconsider the question of these back payments. Only, £500 would clear us altogether."

"I fear this letter would be considered rather vague by more business-like people, but I own to being very vague on these subjects. They don't interest me, and as you know I have no time for business. My own work claims me. All my love."

"YOUR FATHER."

"His own work!" she thought. That work which had never brought a penny into Lulham Cottage, that work which he would never commercialise or put upon any profitable basis! And she said to herself, with a profound amazement at the way the miracles were working, "Well, to-day I can wire to them, and though it couldn't possibly be £500, it might be £30." She thought of that bank account which the solicitor was opening for her that morning.

It was a very short morning; never had she known hours to fly so swiftly. Lunch was impossible for her; she could not eat any, although she guessed that Mrs. Roberts had prompted the unusually exquisite meal sent up to her.

Not even to please Mrs. Roberts, with her kind distressed eyes, her fat distressed voice, and her coaxing smile!

In the white frock, the many times washed white gloves, the carefully cleaned white suede slippers that had been her summer best for two years, and another of those linen hats which she and her mother had pieced together and stitched—though this time it was white, too—as she sat waiting with a feeling of faintness oppressing her, with nerves playing swift and menacing tricks, the third housemaid came up again with a small florist's box. She was very excited, but trying to be calm, and delighted to have snatched this low-some errand from Mrs. Roberts.

"Flowers, Miss!"

It was a shoulder knot of pale orchids from Dereham. His little note that accompanied them was laconically brief. "Hope you will wear these.—H.D."

"Thank you," she managed to smile.

"Can I help you put them on, Miss?" the housemaid quivered. The florist had arranged the pins, and the maid fastened the flowers to Sonia's shoulder with gasps of admiration. "Don't they look lovely?"

For a vague reason that she did not define, Sonia could not find them lovely; for the same incomprehensible reason she hated them. They were not what she wanted to wear. They seemed more like Ramonde Allett. But she agreed with the eager other girl.

Then the housemaid informed her, "And Mr. Follet is waiting downstairs for you, Miss."

"Mr. Follet?"

"He is the lawyer, Miss." Now quivering and delightedly the young housemaid

spoke! Just as in Lulham they all loved a wedding. "Except me," the bride thought.

Sonia went very softly out of her dear little flat with her head high and bright color flying a challenge to life on either cheek. The reasons for what she was about to do mixed strangely into confusion and chaos in her mind; to help Hugo Dereham; to help her parents. . . There was her father's letter thrust into her small handbag.

When she emerged from the lift, in the wide hall stood a man whom she had never seen, holding a silk hat in his hand, correctly black-coated and striped-trousered. He had a clever face, and must be, she thought, about fifty.

He was watching for the lift to descend; and now noted her every gesture and nuance, taking in impressions, deferential and charming as his bearing was.

"Miss May?"

"You're Mr. Follet?" she answered, very quickly.

"Yes, I'm to have the great honor of driving with you to the Registrar's. It is a great pleasure and honor."

Barton was at the front door, holding it open. There was a special smile in his eyes for her, and she smiled back with her lips. He was her friend, this servant. The lawyer, following her out, observed that, thinking, "Well, servants are pretty good judges, and she isn't what I expected. She isn't what any one would expect."

The Rolls was waiting, the chauffeur was holding open the door, curiously regarding her, through respectfully hiding the curiosity.

Follet looked at her keenly when, at their destination, he helped her out. She was white as paper. "Poor little thing," he thought, puzzled. "Stage fright!" he whispered gaily, but she would have none of it. "No!" she denied, from white lips. She was not going to be frightened.

SHE entered with the lawyer's hand under her elbow, guiding and even a little supporting her, and Dereham himself met them. He just gave one of his casual glances to Follet, from whom, anyway, he had parted so recently, and then he took Sonia's hand. He lifted it to his lips and kissed it in a gesture so perfect that all at once, although she could not have imagined him doing such a thing, she was quieted and reassured.

She saw that he looked at the orchids.

"Thank you for the flowers, Sir Hugo," she said, giving him his title without thinking.

"Sir Hugo!" the lawyer thought.

Dereham said:

"Oh, not a bit of it, Sonia. I supposed that, like all women, there was nothing you liked better than orchids, the luxury flower." Then with a queer rise of resentment she knew definitely why she had hated the orchids. It was because of the spirit in which they had been sent. Orchids in themselves were a mockery on that home-made white dress.

How quickly it was over, how unimpressingly! How drab that ceremony seemed! She did not realise that actually Dereham had done a little to bring a certain pleasant ceremony into this bare place for her sake, that he had ordered the roses to be put there, and that the red carpet on which she trod had been laid down at his command. She knew nothing of such places as this, and the roses and the carpet did not in the least atone to her for the spiritual lack of a holy place and organ music and choir boys' sweet, high singing, and all the love and the flutterings and good wishes and excitement, and the wedding bells, that in her very limited experience had been inevitable to weddings.

But the ring was on her finger, those necessary bare words had been uttered.

Mr. Follet was saying a few more: "My congratulations, Sir Hugo. All my felicitations to you, Lady Dereham."

They were driving away without him.

without any wedding favors, without any of the sweetness and the hope and the laughter that other people had.

"All right, Sonia?" Dereham asked, putting his hand over hers for a moment, and feeling how cold it was.

"Quite all right, Sir Hugo."

He interrupted swiftly.

"Sonia, I am Hugo."

She meant to laugh, but caught her breath, and just managed a strangled reply:

"I'm quite all right, Hugo."

"You're ice," he said, still feeling her hand.

"That is excitement," she assured him, looking out of the window away from him.

"Are you excited?" he asked.

"Shouldn't I be, Hugo?"

He had not heard that voice from her before. What did she mean? There was even a new touch of irony akin to his own in it. Ah, but she mustn't be ironic! She must remain just what she was. That thought flashed imperatively through his mind.

"I'm quite excited, too," he told her.

For a moment, had she known it, he was wistful and humble. She did not know.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"Home," he said.

"Home?"

"You have a home in Hilton Square, Sonia."

"Yes," she breathed, "isn't it strange?"

"To-morrow," he said, "or if not to-morrow, some day soon, I thought we could get away, and take a couple of days at Fennimore Honeymoon. Did you expect a honeymoon, little thing?"

She shook her head. She didn't cry. "You have let me expect so little of this great day, that it doesn't matter what we do or where we go." It was in her mind.

But, then, all that mattered was to help him, and she must not forget it.

"The doctors wouldn't let me have more than a couple of days out of their reach," he was adding.

"I should love to see Fennimore," she said, conventionally.

Then she asked him what was to her a very difficult question, and, to him, no more than the sort of thing he expected, although, certainly, not so crudely, so naively, and so soon. "What time do the banks close, Hugo?"

Without hesitating, he looked at the watch on his wrist.

"In half an hour."

"On the way home," she said steadily, seeming to herself as if she were re-reading that letter hidden in her bag, "can I stop at— whichever bank you have put my account in?"

He lifted the speaking-tube and gave an order to the chauffeur. She went on trying desperately to make her voice quite hard, because this was really a very hard thing to do.

"How—how much did you put in, please, Hugo?"

"To start with," he said abruptly, "£500."

"Thank you, it is very good of you."

"How much are you going to draw out to-day?" he asked.

"Five hundred pounds."

THE car drew up outside the bank, and the chauffeur got down and opened the door. He had to stand waiting.

"I stopped the car since you asked me, Sonia," Dereham's cold voice murmured in her ear, "but isn't it rather an inconvenient way of managing, to draw money out in cash when you have your cheque-book waiting for you on your writing-table at home?"

"Thank you; how stupid of me not to think of that!"

"All right." He turned to the chauffeur.

"Her Ladyship isn't getting out. Home."

They drove on again and came to Hilton Square, Barton was holding the door open

by the time the car stopped, and the house-keeper stood unobtrusively at the back of the hall. She had not summoned the other servants together, and grouped them as she would have liked to do, for she knew her master too well, and that he would hate any such demonstration, but she had her part to play, and wished to play it. She came forward saying:

"Her Ladyship didn't see her rooms before she left. I had better show them to you, my lady."

Dereham said suddenly:

"Oh, no, that will be my pleasure, Robby. You buzz off and sleep away this excitement."

Mrs. Roberts accorded this a little fat laugh, which expressed: "I know you, I know you." But Sonia looked on this new husband in wonder. "You buzz off." Had he really said that so affectionately, just like an impudent boy, to the fat house-keeper? It was a new glimpse she caught of him, with a boyish grin on his face. But in a second he was himself again, the man she had known during these last few days. Or was that himself? What was his real self? She wanted him mercifully to cease thus to bewilder her.

He put a hand on her arm and led her away masterfully to the lift. They were enclosed there in that tiny space for the first time together, as they shot up smoothly to the second floor.

"Now," he said imperturbably, "here we are." And he opened the door into one of the most lovely rooms, she thought, that she had ever seen. It was a sitting-room, and a definitely womanly room, not modern, neither prim nor old-fashioned. It was just right. The prevailing color was soft blue. Immense bowls of pink and cream roses had been beautifully disposed.

"It was my mother's sitting-room, or, as she called it then, 'boudoir,'" she heard her husband say curtly. "It hasn't been altered much, though I made a few rearrangements myself this morning."

She looked up at him.

"Did you?"

His steady eyes wavered a little before the frank amazement in hers. What did she think of him—this girl, not only as an employer, but as man and husband. Well, that part wouldn't very much matter after all. She needn't worry.

"Are you so surprised?" he smiled.

Because he had already hurt her to-day, she answered him with the truth in her quietest voice.

"Yes, it does surprise me."

"I think I might want to please anyone?" he finished.

She didn't answer.

"You can make any further alterations you want, of course," he remarked, "if it is worth while for so short a period."

He ignored her sudden shrinking, her shudder, and opened the further door, and she saw herself looking into a narrow lobby, an open door on the other side of which led into just the kind of bedroom that the sitting-room would have led her to expect. Dereham didn't follow her in when she stepped nervously over the threshold and looked about her, touching things here and there, just for their sheer beauty and texture, and when she came back again he was standing by her Queen Anne writing-desk of inlaid walnut wood.

"You see," he said, picked up the cheque-book, waved it, and put it down again.

She stood still.

"We shall be working this afternoon, shan't we . . . Hugo?"

"Yes," he said swiftly, keeping the incredulity out of his voice; letting her see that he accepted an afternoon's work as usual, as a natural sequence to the strange wedding.

She took off her hat and hung it in a nearby chair—just a natural impatient, rather weary gesture that she realised with a little shock, she would not have made two hours ago, when this new husband was only an employer. She mustn't

let new conditions make any difference! She bit her lip and said:

"You won't mind if I write a short note up here first . . . Hugo?"

"Not a bit," he answered in a voice of studied formality.

"I can write the cheque then, too," she said, raising her eyes and looking at him.

"Aren't you spending it on dressmakers?" She shook her head. Her voice was scarcely more than a murmur.

"No—all that—how could one?"

"Very easily."

"I want the money far too badly to waste," she said, "and it happens to be just the exact sum."

"What for?"

She answered slowly, supposing that he had the right to ask.

"For my father and mother. It is the amount that will pay the whole mortgage on the cottage where we've always lived."

His eyebrows drew down into a heavy line. Parents! Relations! He had actually been fool enough to forget all that! This new young wife no doubt brought with her many encumbrances of the kind. Already they were preying on her, were they?

"Do they know yet?" he inquired swiftly.

"They know nothing, Hugo; but, of course, I shall tell them now."

His eyebrows still drawn down in that heavy, straight line, his eyes intent, he went to the door and looked back at her.

"All that, of course, is just as you like, my dear Sonia," he said, formally. "The money is yours."

She was ruffling her fingers through her fair hair, and he asked gently:

"Headache?"

"No!" she said desperately. "No!"

When he had closed the door behind him, she threw herself into the period chair at that period desk. Her hands still clutched in the waves of her hair, her fingers wrenched and tangled it. She knew a dreadful storm of emotion which, however, she mustn't let break. What was the matter with her? What was wrong with all this? It was a plain situation, rather story bookish, even a little bit dramatic, but the reasons for it were of the utmost simplicity, and the conditions were all laid down and easy to comply with. Yet it took her most of the half hour she was allowing herself before she had controlled that strange storm that shook her. Then she picked up a pen and wrote for the first time on that crested paper, with which Mrs. Roberts or some one had already stocked the writing-table.

"Darlings—Here is a cheque for £500, and you will see that I have signed it Sonia Dereham. Sir Hugo and I were married this morning. You mustn't be disappointed that I didn't have the sort of wedding most other girls have, and I know what you'll think when you read this, and that is, that all your dreams naturally came true, and you'll say to yourselves, 'Sonia is wiser than she was. She knows now that what we told her about love is real.' However, my two dears, I haven't time to tell you any more just at this minute."

"I am going to enjoy working with Hugo at his book tremendously, all the more now that I am his wife."

"What matters most is that I can send you this incredible sum of money. It is incredible, isn't it? And mind you, don't lose the cheque or pay it to anyone else, or give it to charity. Be sure you clear the mortgage with it, and in future don't be so wicked about money, because money matters."

All my love."

AS she wrote "All my love," the phrase seemed to her empty. She felt as if they no longer had all her love, and they might feel it, too. But—no time for introspection!

She put her letter on the table in the hall, where Barton would see it, and found

Dereham, as she had surmised, walking up and down the library.

There was just one thing that was not quite usual about the afternoon, and that was Barton's fault, when he brought in tea for two at four-thirty.

What prompted her to look up and say to the servant crisply, "I'm going to the office very soon, Barton, and I have my tea there if you'll kindly take it in?" She did not know what put the words on her tongue, only that partly it was just a stubborn insistence, a silent insistence to Hugo that things would not be any different between them.

"Very good, my lady."

Then her husband said:

"Aren't you going to pour out my tea, my dear?"

"If you like."

"I should like it very much, indeed. Her Ladyship will change her mind and take tea here, Barton."

"Very good, Sir Hugo." She knew that Barton was pleased.

So they had tea together.

The house was very quiet.

"Nice not to have a crowd, isn't it?" he remarked, watching her. "I have told Barton we didn't want to be bothered with anyone to-day. I did make that concession to"—and he paused—"romance."

"Oh, why did you, Hugo? This isn't a real wedding," she said.

"Isn't it?" He looked at her steadily.

"The law counts this as a very real wedding, Sonia, so don't underestimate it."

"The law?" she repeated. "But you don't think of it like that, Hugo."

"Don't I?" He watched her. "How do I think of it then, Sonia?"

"It's just a matter of convenience to you."

He did not answer at all, and they drank a second cup of tea in a silence that was hard to bear, because it was impregnated with so many elusive and new emotions. She pined him passionately; she longed to help him passionately; she had sacrificed passionately; and she knew that somehow this passion about it all forced entry where only reason and logic need come in. It was difficult to guard oneself from the emotion. She was relieved when Dereham said:

"Well, shall we go on for a little while?" and for another hour they continued.

It was only when the dressing gong sounded, at seven-thirty, that back in her own small office she put her papers together in the same orderly fashion as usual, closed her typewriter, and went up to dress.

The third housemaid was in the blue bedroom, laying out that funny little Lulham frock, laying out the worn lined shoes, and trying to find silk underclothing.

"Mrs. Roberts said I was to ask you to allow me to help you to-night, my lady. Your own maid will be arriving to-morrow."

"My own maid?" Sonia thought furiously. "I am being treated as if I had no will of my own!" And she caught the girl's hand in hers.

"I'd rather have you," she said impulsively.

"Oh, you are sweet," the third housemaid cried, adding hastily, "My lady."

"Well, don't you think," said Sonia, "that as I've dressed myself always, I can do the same to-night?"

"Nothing faddy about her, and never will be," the third housemaid said afterwards in the servants' hall, but aloud she implored: "I can brush your hair, my lady. You might like my hair brushing. I have often brushed other girls' hair just for a treat."

"Very well; give me a treat," Sonia said, and sat down before the dressing table. Her only wedding day indulgence; the only touch of gala that marked the day!

Yet, after all, it was nice to have one's hair brushed for one, and this girl did it

sympathetically and rhythmically. Sonia could have shut her eyes and drifted off to sleep under the soothing process; in fact, her eyelids did close; and she was almost drifting away when the brushing stopped, because there was no time for more.

It was going to be rather a terrifying dinner.

The chef had done marvellously, and Barton had got up champagne. Mrs. Roberts herself had done the table decorations with a nice hand, but between this bride and bridegroom there was a barrier that each felt more strongly with the passing of each moment.

"Poor little girl," Dereham actually thought to himself.

BUT she was extraordinarily brave and assured. He found himself thinking, without any cynicism in his mind now, that indeed it took courage and assurance to carry this situation as she was carrying it.

The time came when, as on that other night, Barton left them with the glow of candle light in wine, and on blooming grapes and peaches; and the evening silently reached some sort of climax of significance.

"You're not unhappy, are you?" he asked, peeling her peach for her, while she watched him, quiescent, and liking him to do this small service for her.

"Not at all unhappy," she said. "I am tremendously happy—just for a minute," she added.

"And what makes the happiness, Sonia?"

"Oh," she said, and she looked about the room, "let me see . . . Those old picture frames in this lovely soft light. I cannot criticise the pictures, but I love the frames. I'm as simple and as ignorant as that, you see, Hugo. And the candle light makes me happy, and the color of the fruit, and this table polished till it's like a great black mirror, and the trees in the square, and my blue rooms; in fact, everything makes me happy for a moment."

"And what will make the unhappiness?" he said steadily.

"I would rather that this moment lasted, and I know it can't," she temporised.

She was wondering about other moments of course, poor little girl, wondering about the future, their immediate future, wondering what marriage meant even if it was only a matter of convenience. She was puzzled and tired, though not, Hugo guessed, afraid.

"I don't think I've put things quite plainly enough to you, Sonia," he said. "You're not feeling sufficiently reassured, and I want to tell you," he said, hardening his voice and his heart, "that you needn't have any fear that I shall encroach in any way upon your complete privacy. There will be no intrusions. I expect nothing from you as a wife. In the eyes of the world and the law we're married, but in our own eyes, Sonia, we shall be exactly as we were before." The light hardness of his voice robbed the next words of their tragedy.

"You will be a widow before you're ever really a wife."

Surely she had been hoping for this promise from him, this reassurance, this explaining and justification of their cold bargain? Surely, surely, she had wanted him to tell her exactly in clear words what he had just said? She recalled, in a passionate rush of memory, how that morning, when she had put on the white frock for her wedding, she had asked herself, "Just why am I agreeing to marry this man?"

And she recalled how she had answered herself, "It's because I pity him. It's because he is ill, and in no other way can I help him in just the way it is necessary for him to be helped."

"And then it is for mother and father too." Now in a great revelation she knew silently the real reason why she had married him. Because she loved him.



CHAPTER 8

SEE did not feel in the least like Lady Dereham. She felt still just like little Sonia May, until she went into the library next morning with pencil and pad, in one of her little linen frocks just as usual, to take dictation from her husband.

Dereham, after kissing her hand in the way he had done yesterday, showed her quietly the notice in that morning's "Times" among the marriages.

"On June 6, at the Baker Street Registrar's Office, Sonia May, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert May of Lulham, Devon, to Sir Hugo Dereham, 8th Baronet of Peninnock, Wales, and 14 Hilton Square, W."

"I think," he consulted her, "that is sufficient announcement for our friends."

"You know best," she answered.

"What a wife!" he said, with a little laugh. For a moment or two after she had sat down in her usual place and he had taken the swivel chair at his writing-table, he seemed as if he could not begin to work.

"This is rather a curious situation, isn't it?" he said. "Do you find it worrying?"

"No," she lied, "and I see nothing curious in a wife"—she continued to look him straight in the eyes—"helping her husband."

"It sounds idyllic," he answered, and then they plunged into such a welter of work as he had never given her before. His facts, his groupings, and his theories came from him more and more easily, as if his brain was working with new power. Without a pause and for two hours she did not so much as look up, then the telephone rang. He snatched up the receiver impatiently and said:

"Oh... good morning, Ramonde. Yes? Of course it is so. Congratulate me, won't you? I didn't credit you with reading the more serious newspapers, though why not? Of course, you look for all the doings of your friends; but hold on Ramonde, my wife would like to speak to you."

Sonia leaned back, her pencil dropped, clutching the arms of her chair.

"No, Hugo," she whispered.

"Yes," he said. He got up, and put his hands on either side of her waist and lifted her from the chair. "Go on, child, face it."

HIS eyes were on her straight slim back and mop of fair hair as she stood holding the receiver. She had a very proud carriage and it occurred to him that he had not noticed before how proud it was. The very white nape of her neck was slender, like the stalk of a pale rose. In a moment she was talking in a steady voice:

"Oh, thank you, Miss Allett, your good wishes are very kind. Yes, it was a very quiet affair... I suppose, Miss Allett, that my husband thought this was our business entirely." Behind her Dereham gave his very sardonic soft laugh. "It's so good of you to say you'll call for me in your car, but—and much as she wished to, resist it, she could not—"I have mine!" Again that soft sardonic laugh behind her, and she finished...

"Oh, of course I shall be delighted to go to your dressmaker if I think of buying any clothes. Thank you very much. I am busy taking dictation, so you will understand I cannot talk to you any more. Good-bye."

"That did quite well," said Dereham as she hung up, "and if I were you, child I would let Ramonde take you to her dressmaker. She sees a commission out of it, and God knows she must want money badly

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enough from the way she spends what she hasn't got, and never will have."

"I don't care about having any clothes, Hugo."

"But there are many reasons," he said briefly, "why you should buy them. I thought I had explained that."

"I didn't take you seriously. I could not. I thought you were just being hateful about yourself."

"And to you?"

"A little bit," she said. She picked up and dropped her pencil and the pad with hands that quivered a little. "Besides," she said, "you gave me five hundred pounds yesterday, and I spent it all on something else. One can't have everything at once."

He swivelled the chair round away from her and sat very still at the writing-table with his head on his hands.

"There's another five hundred pounds to your account this morning."

"That make a thousand," she gasped. The wishiness averted her. "Besides," she said, rather wildly, again defending herself from the responsibility of this awful expenditure, "I shan't have any time to wear the clothes, Hugo; I work all day."

"So you do," he said, a little muffled still not looking at her. "You work all day. We might readjust that."

"Let us begin again, Hugo."

"In a moment," he said, and picked up the telephone receiver, and dialled a number.

"That you again, Ramonde? Hugo speaking. What about calling and taking my wife out shopping at four this afternoon?"

"But, my dear Hugo, I am charmed," Ramonde's breathless, furious nearly unmanageable voice came back.

"You don't sound quite yourself," he said coolly. "I hope you'll feel better by then. Good-bye." As he hung up, he heard his young wife rebuking him.

"You should not have said that; you should not talk like that; after all, she is a woman, too."

"My dear child," he answered, "Ramonde Allet has stood up to far worse than that when it's suited her. I can assure you. However, as you suggest, let us begin again."

When at last they finished, she asked:

"I suppose we shall be lunching together, Hugo?"

"My dear!" he muttered as if in a comic denials.

"You mean we shall?"

He turned the chair round to face her.

"Sonia, my dear, I shall be really hurt, although I dare say it is difficult for you to imagine that my hide isn't too tough for such squeamishness. If you don't treat this house and everything in it is your own—the ox, the ass and the man-servant and the maid-servant, Sonia—"

"All except you," she said, in a final voice that was so unexpected that for a moment Hugo only stared, and then he reached out and patted her knee.

"I'm included, Sonia. I'm perhaps the ass. I will trust to your kind treatment of me."

But then just in her usual manner she got up and went to the door, and in his usual manner he rose and opened it for her.

He watched her going across the hall to an office where she shut herself in without a backward look.

She was very disturbing—this young wife, she would not waver, nor question, nor tempt nor cajole.

He looked forward inexplicably to luncheon.

It was at luncheon that Barton heard what he afterwards told Mrs. Roberts was the strangest conversation in his experience between bride and bridegroom.

"It was concerned entirely with Sir Hugo's work and her Ladyship was as eager as himself in fact, eager, Mrs. Roberts' eager."

But though to Barton and to Mrs. Roberts this was lamentable, and although to Dereham it grew more and more surprising, because it was nearly impossible for him to

believe that there could be a woman who was not scheming, not playing a part, to Sonia that was an hour of unmixed happiness, for he let her talk with him as if she had rights in the book, as if on her shoulders lay quite half the responsibility of getting the work through.

She loved that.

The Lulham telegram came as they lingered over coffee in the paved garden.

"Overjoyed all happiness darling to you and your dear husband not a bit surprised hope to see you both very soon love Mother and Father."

She handed this to her husband. He thought, but didn't say: "They have got the £500 cheque by now, and they don't even mention it, queer people." It was Sonia who exclaimed:

"They don't mention the five hundred!"

"Why worry, child? They have got it."

"How shall I know they have spent it in the right way as I have told them to, unless they tell me?"

"Why?" he asked cautiously. "What might they do with it?"

She assured him earnestly with a perplexed frown:

"They would break into it for anybody in need, who happened to turn up at the crucial moment."

"What do you want to do?" he asked.

"I would like to take a little time off to talk to them, Hugo."

A little time off... He murmured dryly:

"Where? Here?"

"Oh, not necessarily," she said quickly. She was too much for him, with her disclaimers.

"But this is the right horse for your parents to come to, Sonia," he said. "I shall write, or, better still, telegraph to them to-day, and ask them to spend to-morrow with us. In fact, I suppose I shall ask them to spend a day or two."

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N the midst of her astonishment she could yet say, with conviction and relief:

"They won't want to, Hugo. They will come up on the early train and go back the same day. To-morrow—why to-morrow just happens to be cheap excursion day from Lulham. That's fortunate! But they won't stay."

He had a sensation as if his jaw had dropped, although actually he kept his countenance.

"We'll see." He signed to Barton, who was apt to keep within call a good deal, and who had found some little job such as emptying an ash-tray, straightening a cushion, in the library. "Just bring me a telegraph form." He handed the filled-in form to Sonia.

"Delighted your kind telegram to my wife most pleased to see you any time to stay a few days if convenient to you what about to-morrow Hugo Dereham?"

"But Hugo we literally haven't time, even for mother and father!" And the wistfulness of it all smote her again poignantly as they sat here together, out in this lovely little formal garden, with the white butterfly flitting and the massed tree tops of the square giving the adventurous impression of a forest just on the other side of all the tall houses while all the time there was no adventure, no pleasure in any of it.

"We must make a little time for decency's sake, Sonia," he said. "I... at I had forgotten that"—he paused—"to a minimum extent one must conform with proper usage."

She said nervously:

"I think that is very sweet and kind of you, and now I will get back to work. But Hugo, you'll rest. You've got to rest this afternoon."

His surprise at her timid authority was more of a pleasure than an irritation, although he hated to be the object of any coercion, just as he always had hated it, right from babyhood.

"Are you telling me I must rest, Sonia?" She met a lurking smile in his inscrutable light eyes.

"I am telling you, Hugo. At least, there is one more thing a wife..." she stumbled over the word, "can be to you—one more thing than a mere secretary can be, I mean."

"And what is that?" he asked softly.

"Oh, a nurse." The answer smote him unconsciously hard, because she meant it implicitly, and she meant no more. He could not doubt it.

"Where am I going to rest?" he asked, pretending meekness.

"Your own room, if there is no telephone there."

"There is," he said, "but it is a portable telephone, like the one I had put upstairs for you."

"Then I shall come and see it is taken out of your reach." Again they were in the lift together, with reminiscences of that first time yesterday; but now they were not going up to her blue rooms, but into the room opposite. She went in quietly, and without any hesitation or embarrassment, and he did not guess what the utterly unprecedented effort cost her. She looked round, still daring, saw the telephone, pulled the plug out of the wall, and bore it away with her.

At the door she turned:

"Now, Hugo!"

He was standing watching her with the strangest expression on his face.

"All right," he said. "All right." There came that rare coqueting grin. "Burs off."

She felt herself stop trembling because that made her able to laugh, and she had no idea that he knew all about it. She waved "au revoir" gaily from the door, and went downstairs. She felt gay. It was extraordinary how light and happy her heart felt with all its knowledge of how it loved him; though it must lose him.

Ramonde Allett, let in by Barton, literally pounced in at four o'clock, went with her usual air of rights-in-this-house impatiently across the hall, and found the new Lady Dereham at her typewriter.

"My good girl!"

Sonia looked up. There was Ramonde in the same pale grey frock, that looked a little wearier every time of wearing, and the impudent little yellow hat pulled down over one eye, and her face a glitter of malice and excitement, which she tried, not too successfully, to conceal.

"Oh, Miss Allett," Sonia said, rising, preoccupied. "Let Barton give you some tea, while I straighten up here."

"Don't want any tea," Ramonde returned. "We can have that at Partner's. I've come to take you out. I see that the car hasn't come round yet. I'm leaving my old trap parked here, as I rather understood this morning that you would want to use yours."

How indelicately her voice implied: "Of course you would want to use all your toys and novelties, you little upstart!"

Sonia thought, her hands busy stacking her papers: "I shall go with her, and I shall ask her to help me, because of Hugo."

Without being authorised, Ramonde put a finger on the bell and kept it there till Barton appeared hurriedly.

"Her Ladyship," she drawled, "wants the car at once, Barton." The servant looked past her to Sonia.

"Very good, my lady."

"Do you want to fetch a hat, my dear?" said Ramonde running her eyes deliberately up and down Lady Dereham's linen frock, in deliberated assessment.

"I suppose one wears a hat."

"I don't really see that it will improve things, my dear. Why should you worry?" Her intonation explained: "With or without a hat you must see you are quite inadequately dressed." But she met this new bride's straight and haughty eyes—she would never have guessed the girl could look like that—and she tried to grace her remarks by adding: "Such a lot of women with hair as beautiful as yours are going about hatless everywhere nowadays."

"If she thinks I am going to take her word for it just like any ingenuë," Sonia thought spitefully, "she's mistaken"; and she herself rang the bell.

"Barton, ask—" she was about to ask for the third housemaid, but remembered that her own maid had arrived, and that her name was Mathilde. "Tell Mathilde to bring me a hat and some gloves." That was surely better! She led the way out across the hall into the drawing-room, where the Frenchwoman appeared almost instantly with the right, if sorry, hat, to match her mistress's frock, with the best gloves she had been able to find, with the raffia handbag, into which she had put a clean handkerchief, marvelling the while at the poverty of her ladyship's equipment.

"The car is here, my lady," Barton said. They sat side by side, driving through the summer streets; such pleasant streets for the rich, offering treasure and pleasure and beauty.

PARTNER'S was the first famous dress establishment that Sonia had ever either visited or imagined. She had had no idea that its exterior would be like the exterior of any wealthy private house, and that a uniformed man-servant would open the massive front door at which they must ring. Up wide stairs, treading on deep-piled carpets into the great salon, where Partner himself met them, they went, and now Ramonde's voice was smooth, caressing.

"I persuaded Lady Dereham to come to see you. She wants some clothes immediately."

The new Lady Dereham was aware that Partner had a shock of surprise as his experienced eyes rested upon her. He was the type of man she didn't know at all, sleek and slim, with rather a full lower jaw, eyes like sloes, and a full-lipped twitching mouth, and he knew more than any woman would ever know about women's clothes. He knew their meanings, their effects, their causes and results. To talk to him on this subject was like entering a statesmanlike discussion of the subtlest, most secret, and most strategic kind. She was plunged into a sea of extravagance, of which every iota seemed justified, because of its sheer beauty. Yet all the same she resisted the voice of the tempter, from Ramonde, and repeated her own ideas determinedly.

"Just a little plain suit, with just a little plain hat, and a little plain blouse; just two simple day frocks; just two evening gowns." Which seemed to her lavish beyond dreams, but at which Partner smiled.

"Lady Dereham is making a very modest choice."

Ramonde knew quite well that Partner was lifting a mental eyebrow at her.

"Well, you'd better have a real reveal in lingerie, then, darling. There are simply the dreamiest things here," although she had meant to take her victim to another house for that.

But Partner would not be satisfied with what he had already received, to the extent of providing Ramonde with even one good tweed frock for the autumn house parties. "The lingerie may touch her," she thought vexedly, "the little miser! Country girls of the middle class," she went on thinking, "are notoriously thrifty, notoriously knowing."

She had expected Sonia to acquire wisdom, only not so soon.

Partner took them himself to another of his salons where an exquisite woman presided. This woman again offered incredible loveliness, but again Ramonde had to listen to young Lady Dereham saying, "Three of the crepe-de-chine nightgowns, and three of the satin pyjama suits, and three of those sets and three of these are all I want."

"There isn't even so much as a chemise in it for me," Ramonde thought with mounting indignation.

"My sweet," she said again to Sonia, "why not save time, and really buy a supply that will last you a little while?"

"These will last long enough," Sonia smiled; and she thought, "If only Ramonde would not keep on saying these things! I can't bear it. I must go home and cry."

Ramonde Allett, of course, did not know what she knew.

Ramonde continued persistent and indefatigable.

Well then, if there was no more to be chosen at Partner's, there remained the question of shoes and stockings. There was simply only one place in London to buy these, that was the shop which Ramonde patronised herself. They went there, but made purchases only on the same modest scale. All the bride had to say again was very quietly and formally:

"These are all I want, Miss Allett."

"Ramonde, Sonia dear, Ramonde."

"If I may call you Ramonde, thank you. I assure you that I shan't have use for any more shoes and stockings than I have bought here."

"What does she mean?" Ramonde asked herself, and aloud she said scoffingly:

"Are you really going to bury yourself for life?"

Was it by design, or by accident that she used words which startled and hurt?

"For life," and "bury"...

"Ramonde," said Sonia, stonily, looking at her with a white face, "I'm going home."

"Oh, my dear, you're pale, and we didn't make Partner give us tea."

"Would her ladyship like a cup of tea?" an obsequious manager enquired.

But her ladyship would not.

"I'm dying for one," Ramonde remarked, as they got into the car again.

"You must let me give you some when we get home."

"Cocktail time then," said Ramonde, "and I shall simply die if I don't have a couple of Barton's best."

But she didn't go in again to the Hilton Square house that afternoon after all, because her common sense told her that she had better leave this thing alone for a little while, and she had been not a little shaky herself to-day after the blow of that announcement in "The Times" this morning. So when she got out of Sonia's car, she went straight to her own little shabby coupe, parked before the house, and, "Sonia," she protested, "you didn't really think I'd intrude on your honeymoon, dear—such as it is—did you?" She drove off.

Her driving was always rather metecris, rushing her swiftly forward to nowhere so very particular, her eyes staring forward, looking for nothing in particular, her whole body poised as if for impatient flight—to nowhere at all.

SONIA could come down to dinner in one of the new gowns that night, for Partner, with a faint shrug, and seeing that she meant at present to give no orders which would cause her any trouble, had actually let her have his models, which fitted her like a skin. She was not sorry, but glad, to find that a very disconcerted Francis Selwyn was dining with them, and so making a third. As she came into the long drawing-room Selwyn, who had telephoned his congratulations to his cousin only about two hours earlier, and had been asked to come in to dinner, regarded her both with pity and chagrin. She looked very beautiful, this young girl, and—quite as if born to the extravagance of the long oyster-colored frock, that fell to the tips of her toes. She wore three strings of pearls, because Dereham had sent them to her, by her maid, when she went up to dress, and in spite of the Frenchwoman's rapture and admiration, she did not yet guess that they were worth quite a fabulous sum; so she wore them easily and unconsciously, just because her husband wished it; she, herself, uncaring.

Light broke over her whole face as she

saw Francis Selwinn, and her step quickened a very little, involuntarily, because here was someone who loved Hugo too, and, moreover, who understood her own insufficiencies, who was an ally. Her hands were outstretched, and he took them both.

"Is this my cousin now, Hugo?" he said, laughing, although, all the way here, he had been groaning to himself that this was no laughing matter. "May I kiss her?"

"If she allows it," Dereham said. He had looked at this young wife's face when she discovered Selwinn to be with them. He had seen the blow and the relief, and inevitably he thought to himself, "Yes, Francis is just the fellow to take any woman's fancy. I have been cruel. . . . Only it will not be so very long." He had a habit of thinking forward very swiftly and directly, when his mind had leapt to any conclusion, however premature that conclusion might be, and now he began to think more or less carefully what Sonia's future might hold, when he was gone, when he could no longer see that sensitive face framed by the thick fair curls. Would the next man actually be Selwinn? Was his successor already standing here? A rush of utterly unreasonable anger and jealousy invaded his heart, and he was at pains to calm it. That way, the way of angry emotions piled one upon the other, meant, all the sooner, death. His mind cleared, and he heard Francis explaining to Sonia, after the most perfectly managed kiss had been given, that he was quite aware he ought not to be here at all on their first evening together. He apologised, earnestly, giving her hands a little squeeze before he let them go.

He had lunched at his club that day, then gone down to Ranelagh, and had met men and women who had stopped him to observe: "Remarkable piece of news, your cousin's marriage!" They had looked at him, either with a cynical sympathy and understanding, or in some cases a friendly derision. They knew what it would mean. Of course they did! It would mean children. The whole of Francis Selwinn's future prospects—so they had thought—had vanished. That he took it so cheerfully was a matter for their admiration. He had been reflecting, while he talked with them, that of course they didn't know poor old Hugo wouldn't be here much longer. They only saw Francis' future fortunes vanishing in one grand sweep.

He saw a little better than that, but it wasn't much better. He'd still have Fennimore, and the town house would pass to him, but there would be precious little family money to keep them on. Hugo Dereham's private fortune was what enabled him to live as he did, and that private fortune would now go, naturally, to this young girl who had come so quietly into his house only a few days before, and who was now his mistress.

Even so, one could not entirely discount the chances of a posthumous heir. It was impossible for Francis Selwinn not to calculate all hazards, however decently he might try to do so, while he sat talking neatly and wittily between his cousin and his wife at the dinner table, that nuptial evening.

Then presently, over the port, after Sonia left them, Dereham began to speak to him on the subject at both their hearts. "You're surprised, Francis, and you're hurt. I don't mean in your feelings. You're not a sentimental old woman. But in something a damned sight more important—your prospects. Of course, directly you saw your 'Times' this morning, you recollected how things would stand."

"Exactly," Selwinn nodded. Bleak-hearted, he could still be debonaire. "I'm lucky," Dereham said, still abruptly, "Don't you think so?"

"Yes," Selwinn answered more deliberately than usual, "you are, and if your wife were any other girl but the one she is, I would say that she is lucky too. As things are, she is to be pitied, Hugo. Pitied."

"Why?" said Dereham, carefully.

"Because she feels very deeply," Selwinn answered with unwonted seriousness. "She hasn't hardened off like the other women one knows."

"Well, before you say any more," said Dereham, not dropping that curt voice, "you had better understand, Francis, that it is entirely an arrangement of necessity. We are married, and she is called Lady Dereham, but I should be more of a brute than I am if I tried to take any advantage of that."

"My God!" Selwinn thought.

Dereham went on:

"It so happens that you found me a peculiarly perfect secretary to finish the only thing in the world that I most want to do before I get out of it. But I'm in a queer case—you know all about that; and my secretary has got to live in the house and work with me day or night under any conditions. I've been made fully aware that you cannot ask a beautiful thing like Sonia. . . . Just for a moment he stopped, his face softening on her name, so that Selwinn thought quickly to himself: "Poor old Hugo loves her."

DEREHAM went on, "I was saying, you cannot ask a beautiful thing like Sonia to make herself the subject of all kinds of unavowed gossip. I wouldn't have scandal touch her; it is so easy to see that it never has. And so I asked her to do this for me, and the conditions I made were not perhaps very generous." He paused again, and thought of the way he had explained to her how small a pittance he should leave her, and remorse took him again, not just the twinge that he knew before, when he saw how little she cared about it all, but deep whole-hearted remorse and even shame.

He looked searchingly at his cousin, and waited for what he might say.

"Well, old man," Selwinn said, at last, "I have heard of these quixotic arrangements."

"Quixotic on whose side?"

"Well, on both sides perhaps, Hugo."

"Go on."

"What am I to say?" said Selwinn. "That anyhow your widow won't be worse off, old man, than before she married you. And anyway she gains. . . . well, the protection that money can give, doesn't she?"

Still staring searchingly at Selwinn, Dereham suddenly thought to himself, "Yes, she shall gain the protection that money can give. It is a great protection. How dared I even think of treating her so? Can't I believe in the real beauty and sincerity of even one woman? She shall have all that I have to give her, at least."

"True, Francis," he said, "true."

His rare friendly smile broke over his face.

"And so you're not hipped at all, not a bit, old man? Good sportsman," he said, and then they got up and went to join a very lonely little lady, who was standing by the heavy scented lilies under the moonlight, in a paved garden, looking on this most important day of her life as if she found the world much too big for her.

That night, the first night of their marriage, their wedding night, again Sonia had to hold Dereham's head on her shoulder, and to help him over a second attack such as she had seen only three nights ago in the library. Through all the trembling terror, helping him, and interpreting any sign he could make to her, she was thankful that this attack was not so dreadful as the other one. Brandy was at hand—his medicine—and quickly she had poured out the relieving drops, and put her arm under his head, and the glass to his lips, and miraculously that savage pain was stilled. He whispered to her:

"Don't call Barton. This is just nothing. It's been a big day. Stay by me just a little while, that's all."

"The doctor?"

"Not till the morning," he whispered.

She knew him quite well enough to allow him his own directions.

As she stayed beside his bed, his hand held soothingly between both of hers, he wanted to talk a little as he grew easier.

"That was really nothing, Sonia."

"Won't it come back?"

"No, it won't come back, my dear. That medicine is a miracle of alleviation. Glad you heard me, though."

"I'd a feeling," she whispered back, "a feeling somehow that you might need me." "Poor bride!" he said, and then—she was leaning near him—his free hand went up cautiously and stroked her hair. "Rather strange—" he began, and stopped. The hand dropped again as if regretting its gesture.

"We shan't be able to work to-morrow, properly," he said, in a practical voice.

"I've still got som. left to do, Hugo."

"I'm sorry to slave-drive my own wife."

"Don't talk," she whispered.

He would talk just a little more.

"If I get a good day to-morrow, we could work late, Sonia."

She said:

"We will." She dared, then, to put up one of her hands and to smooth the hair back from his forehead. It was just the natural gesture of a nurse to an invalid, but very carefully he also raised his free hand again and held hers there.

"You're very nice," he said. "You're sweet."

She sat beside him while he slept, until dawn broke, and then because he still slept and his face was peaceful, all pain gone from it, she got up, and crept back to her own room to sleep too. Her complete dedication to his purpose didn't yet seem at all strange to her.

In the morning her mother's telegram lay upon her breakfast-tray. It was rather bewilderingly strange and lovely to awake to that flood of sunlight in the blue room, and, sitting up diaphanously night-clothed by Partner, to find, propped up against the fragile breakfast-service, that message from home. "We are coming to see you this morning but not to stay Mother and Father."

Just as she had known they would! She thought secretly that her husband was wonderful about that telegram, and it was only her desperate insistence on working that morning as usual, before the Mays arrived, that made him give way and allow her to work at all. She brought her pad and pencil to his bedside, relieved that he consented, on her urgent importunings, to stay there restfully for a while.

"Are you going to look after me?" he asked, smiling, and she answered seriously, "That is my job now, as well as the other job, I mean." He was not looking ill, and he assured her again that the attack had been very, very slight, that he felt no after effects, and that this rest was merely her wifely over-protection.

But at midday he would get up.

"I'm not a crook," he said as usual. "And I would hate your people to find much an unsatisfactory bridegroom. You haven't told them about my wretched state, have you?"

"I have not had time to tell them anything much, Hugo."

"No," he said sympathetically. "It has all been dreadfully quick work for you, poor child, hasn't it? But you must forgive me, Sonia, for being the kind of fellow who wants what he wants just when he wants it."

His eyes followed her to the door as she went out of that austere apartment.

"That's my wife," he kept remembering, like a refrain.

"Tell Barton," he called, just before the door shut, "that we have very important guests for luncheon."

She loved the way he said that, very kindly, as if he meant it, and also as if he meant to please her.

Dereham had joined her by the time the Mays came in. He did not know quite what

he expected to find in his wife's parents, but he was not prepared at all for the two small, slim, shy, elderly people who entered the room, hand in hand, like two children, just as they had been sitting side by side, in his big car, which had been sent to meet them.

THEY were extraordinarily shabby, and at the same time extraordinarily graceful and gracious. They wore their nondescript clothes as if clothes did not matter, and, indeed, on them clothes had no importance at all; and why they were half afraid of what they might find yet they came to it with a kind of benign dignity and courage, and delight, expecting to be pleased.

That was their most attractive asset—this expectation of receiving and giving pleasure.

"My God, they're adorable people!" Dereham thought as his wife ran to meet them, and he hovered watchfully in the background.

"Is this Sir Hugo?" said the very small lady, after she had embraced her daughter, and then they met in the middle of the room, and he held that remarkably small hand in his. It was encased in a thread glove. Her large and radiant eyes, extraordinarily radiant for a woman of her age, looked up at him from her elf's face.

"We're so delighted," she said simply, "to delight," and then her white-haired little husband held out a thin, fine hand, too, echoing, "So very delighted with it all."

"That's most kind of you," Dereham said, at a loss. "You might have been extremely angry with me." They laughed together at that, and even their laughter was alike. They had grown alike. It was impossible and even a little terrifying, if one dared to think of it, to imagine them ever separated.

"But, naturally," this little lady was continuing, in a voice that reminded one of quiet ripples of some little brook, "we expected Sonia to marry, didn't we, Gilly?"

"Of course we did," he affirmed. Just for one moment they stood considering him together, and the clarity of their vision seemed other-worldly.

"And we knew when she married," Mrs. May said then, "that it would all be happy and right, and so it is."

Barton came in then with his cocktail tray. He had mixed his mildest after he had seen the unusual guests, but they hesitated.

"I've never had one," Mrs. May said. Her hand was back in her husband's. It was all beautifully absurd.

"Take one, dearest," he encouraged her dreamily. "It's nice to have something new." With their free hands each took a cocktail and sipped.

"We don't see many new things," he added to his tall son-in-law. They were all seated, the May's side by side on a Chesterfield, Sonia on the big floor cushion near them, hugging her knees and looking entirely unsophisticated even in Partner's frock; Dereham in an easy-chair nearby. Sonia would not let him stand another minute, nor wait upon any one. Her eyes had signalled him that he must take care. Under the direction of those eyes, he relaxed to please her, and felt at once an alien peace but amusement too.

"You know," he said, "I was really quite disappointed when Sonia told me that you would not stay with us for a few days," and queerly enough he was now quite disappointed, for they came as a revelation to him, a reminder of things so naive and sweet, things that he had dropped behind him long ago, even before he had emerged from boyhood and looking at them he thought, "Yet they're real. They're just as real in their way as the rest of us. There is something else besides muck and greed in the world."

The little white-haired man was courteously disclaiming the possibility of their ever coming to stay.

"We should love to see you at our own little house in Devon, but my wife and I never stay anywhere except at home, do we, dearest?"

"Never," she explained firmly, if with a trifling anxiety as to what this son-in-law would think of their shroud habits. The great son-in-law was continuing, however unknown to them, to find in them new perfection. They were entirely unvariedly entirely unimpressed by wealth and prestige, entirely content. Wonderful people.

"We should love you to come to us," Mrs. May echoed her husband. "Though, of course, it is very tiny only three bedrooms Gilly and I have one, our little maid has another, and then Sonia had the third but Sonia's bed is very narrow, very narrow indeed. You'd be rather large," she apologized, measuring him with childish eyes.

"I should stay at some pub," Dereham said hastily. "I'm ever such a good son-in-law. I should never break in on such a family reunion as that. I should just sit round the corner, and ask you to parties." Again they gazed at him.

"You're better than I hoped," said Mrs. May, delightedly. "Better than I hoped! Isn't he, Gilly?"

He nodded.

"Yes," he said, "better than we could have hoped."

"He understands."

The next moment they had him confounded.

"Sonia," said her mother, "has such worldly ideas—we've always told her she was much too worldly, haven't we, Gilly?"

"We have."

"She hasn't always understood, have you, Sonia, dear? Sometimes she's thought us very silly, haven't you, Sonia darling? She couldn't understand—"

"Our secrets," said the white-haired dreamer.

"But now," said Mrs. May, "she will." Dereham looked very quickly at his wife but distinguished no heartache in her laughter.

"That was as it should be. She must never care."

It was as well, maybe, after all, that these two spinners of fairy tales were not going to stay long under that roof.

Yet, somehow, they lived their fairy tales, it seemed.

THAT luncheon was entirely contrary to any ideas which Dereham might have preconceived. The two charming people might be astoundingly unworldly, and yet, contradictorily enough, he saw that they would have been entirely at home under any conditions, and with any kind of people.

He began to wish that he could do things for them; that they had come with outstretched hands, expectant, so that he could reward them—for what?

For giving him Sonia?

It was only his hatred of sympathy and pity which made him adhere to his former resolution not to tell them any of the circumstances of that marriage, which had seemed to them so natural a thing. For at that table they all seemed back in the nursery, and confidences were in order. They would not have been dismayed if he confided in them, though perhaps it might have a little grieved them to know that this was not the love match of their radiant belief.

They would probably have cried: "It will all come right!"

They were ridiculous, yet real.

Then during a lull in that happy talk Gilbert May said, with dignity:

"We have already to thank you very much, Hugo—if I may call you Hugo—for letting your wife in." There were smiles all round the table now, except on Sonia's face.

"Come to our rescue with a very magnificent cheque."

"And we didn't thank you, at the time, yesterday," his wife added.

"There's nothing to thank me for," Dereham said. "It is Sonia's own money."

"We guessed that," Mrs. May murmured, and she smiled at him.

"It will be Sonia's own home," said her father, and now a touch of boyish pride informed him. "We shall settle it on her instantly, Hugo, so that you may be satisfied the money has not really—not really been lost to you."

"Father!" cried Sonia, delighted and astounded.

He raised a thin hand: "One of the little things you don't understand about us, my dear. We are foolish, perhaps, with our own money, but when it is a question of other people's, that is different. I assure you, Hugo, the cottage will be Sonia's—settled at once—I've asked all about that sort of thing already—to come to her at our death."

"Only we never want to die!" cried his wife urgently.

Even they could not be unaware of the dark little pause that fell. Then Dereham said:

"No, don't die!" And they smiled again. Sonia smiled—no heartache there!

"Wonderful people," he thought.

They were not even going to ask about settlements; they would not pry into a single detail, their delicacy was transcendent; they accepted any explanation vouchsafed of any miracle, with entire graciousness. Remarkable people!

"You didn't just give the money away, did you, father?" Sonia asked anxiously, and they reassured her in unison.

"And, Hugo," said the most incongruous of fathers-in-law, turning to him. "I've brought you my complete set of notes on that wonderful place of yours, Penilmore. I have been adding to them these last few days since Sonia has left us, and I hope you will find them useful. Please accept anything I can do." And he added shyly, "I left them in a parcel on the table in the hall."

Dereham remembered that it was a long while since he had met people who loved giving.

"I am grateful," he said. "They will be invaluable, but weren't you incorporating them in something of your own?"

"No, no," his father-in-law said vaguely. "I had no definite plan. I never have. But if I had one, I should ask you to take my notes instead."

They were not going to stay long, it seemed, but were catching a train back to Lulham at four o'clock. They continued to be the most modest of parents-in-law. They were delighted to be shown round the house after lunch but they didn't expect it and it was only as they left that tiny Mrs. May, her hand again in the hand of her small husband, made the single embarrassing remark of the whole day with the utmost simplicity:

"When there's a lovely baby, Hugo, there will be plenty of room for that. We can at least have baby," she spoke as if the baby were already a visible person, "to stay with us."

Hand in hand they went dreamily out. When the car had driven away, they left behind them a strange silence, and in their separate ways both husband and wife were hurt, and shocked, and thrilled, over that so simple, so homely, hope.

It was Sonia who spoke first:

"I'll take dad's notes and go through them, Hugo, and see exactly where they will fit in. I'll work on it till dinner."

She moved quickly to the door, and he thought: "She is always escaping me!" Always escaping from him! Always!

He stood quite still for a few minutes before he left the drawing-room, too, to shut himself into the library. He waited, in fact, until the door of that little office room at the back of the hall should have closed behind his wife.

In the library, he sat down at his writing-table, and picked up the telephone receiver.

"That you yourself, Follet?" he said when he had dialled the number and received a reply. "This is Dereham."

What comfortable suave voices lawyers had in which to discuss matters that were uncomfortable, and far from suave.

"Oh, yes, Sir Hugo. How are you? Lady Dereham well, I trust?"

"It is about Lady Dereham that I want to see you, Follet. Can you come straight along to my house?"

The lawyer could, and did.

"What do you think of the settlement I made, Follet?" Dereham said harshly. "Say what you like."

Prefacing his reply with a deprecating gesture:

"Very meagre," the lawyer answered. "Very meagre, indeed. You surprised me. May I suggest that it would have surprised most wives?"

"I believe my wife," said Dereham steadily, "to be entirely untroubled by all that sort of thing."

"Lady Dereham is a wonderful woman then."

"Yes, she is wonderful," said Dereham still harshly. In his mind he was still thinking unconsciously: "Always escaping me. Always." It was like a theme in his brain.

"At the time," the lawyer said, "I really thought, Sir Hugo, that she should have been represented. One did not know on first hearing of your intentions exactly what the case would turn out to be, but as soon as I met Lady Dereham I realised that she must be a young lady with background, and it seemed that there should be some one acting on her side. Has she parents?"

"They don't come into it," said Dereham in the same voice. "And they care even less than she does."

"Lady Dereham has, then, remarkable parents."

"Yes," Dereham agreed. "The parents are remarkable, too."

"You want to increase your wife's settlements, Sir Hugo?"

"Yes, Follet, I want to leave her every penny of my personal money, tied up very tightly upon herself."

"No re-marriage condition?" the lawyer asked.

FOR a minute Dereham sat quite silent, knowing that it was unreasonable in him to feel the anger he felt at the vision which that question conjured up. It was the vision of Sonia re-married, making a real marriage the second time; marrying Francis Selwinn. He saw it all clearly because he knew Selwinn, and the significance of that thankful look on a bride's face, when she had seen who was making the third at dinner last evening, multiplied itself a thousandfold in Dereham's thoughts. She was almost ready now to be in love with Selwinn, probably she was in love with him. He had the reputation for attracting women with devastating and magic swiftness, and he had already on certain occasions engaged her interest—one could guess about that!

"Well, she shall have him," Dereham thought as he sat there. "He could make her very happy if he wanted to, and who wouldn't? But he could make her very unhappy, too."

People spoke sometimes of the clear vision of the dying—perhaps that was what sharpened his sight now.

He did not know what to do for the best, save what he was now doing: to make her entirely desirable to Selwinn and yet to safeguard her in the way money can safeguard, should unhappiness ensue. His former hard mastery of situations was at fault, and not for a moment did he even glimpse the fact that he was jealous; that in a blaze of irrational jealousy he was doing this.

Follet, studying him carefully and unobtrusively, knew it: jealousy was a symp-

tom he recognised in his clients, easily and often. "He's as jealous as hell already. Of whom?"

Then Dereham answered:

"Certainly not; no re-marriage conditions. A woman should be free. I hate this hand-from-the-grave business."

"Good," Follet said. "Good. So do we. Very well, I am glad to prepare the settlement on these new and happier terms. And now how are you?"

"I'm feeling very well, thanks," Dereham answered. "A bit of an attack last night, but nothing like I've had before."

"The attacks are not more frequent, I hope?"

"No, they're decreasing; saving up for the Grand Siam." He smiled sardonically.

"I hope not; I hope not," Follet protested.

"Hopes are of no use to me, my dear chap," Dereham said briefly, and they shook hands and he was alone again, to think.

This lovely young wife of his. . . Why shouldn't they have a honeymoon of sorts; a barren affair, but still a day or two tinged with the romance that might have been?

It would be a slight rest for both of them. To-morrow he would take her out of London. He would take her to Fennimore.



CHAPTER 9

IT was at least like the promise of a honeymoon. There was the big rented house, built heavily of stone; windows of the west wing looking over mountains, windows of the north wing looking down into the river that rushed by. She had been glad to come, he thought, though she had said persistently, as if it were necessary to find a business-like reason for it:

"We shall be able to verify all sorts of things for the book, Hugo."

For the first time since he had begun that labor of pride and love, he nearly damned the book. Never had he so wanted to be entirely human. They had brought Barton with them beside the chauffeur in the car, but when the question of Sonia's maid had arisen she had simply laughed at it.

"You know, Hugo, I never had a lady's maid in my life till I married you."

There were caretakers in the house, a gardener and his wife who, with Barton, were enough staff for the two days which were all that they were going to spend at Fennimore.

Sonia herself had said, "You're not to be away from your doctor for any longer than that, Hugo, no matter how well you think you feel." And again, under her anxious orders, he had that subtle thrill of pleased humility which he had felt in the painful dawn after their wedding night, when she had ministered to him in his anguished sickness. All men liked the woman they loved to order them about! It gave them the most delicious amusement and gratification, almost more than when they in their turn took the role of commander. He knew the weakness, and smiled to himself dourly over it.

"It won't matter if I love her," he thought, "she will never know."

So they walked about the lovely desolate weed-strewn grounds, in only small chosen corners of which could the one gardener keep order, and talked impersonally.

Yet, even into this so impersonal talk and planning—"I expect you will do this, Hugo!" and "What do you think of changing that, Sonia?"—there crept the

bitter personal knowledge that this was all abortive in so far as he himself would never live to see the restoration.

BY and by, as they sat on the great grey wall of the natural moat made on the north side by the river, he forced himself to speak of Selwinn.

"You realise, Sonia, that Francis will have this place as well as the Hilton Square house? We are doing this for Francis."

"She will want him as a husband," he kept thinking. "Perhaps she wants him now."

They had dinner in the old banqueting hall: bare floor; tremendous oak table on trestles, which was six hundred years old; dilapidated skin rugs; rusty medieval lances on the grim walls between family portraits by the first portrait painters. The windows were uncurtained, and those small deep embrasured windows looked out over the river, with, beyond it, the twilight valley and the dimming hills.

He had wanted the sight of Sonia in this house, just because it was his, and so was she. Only, she was not truly his, and he himself had built between them the barricade.

She must be very glad of that barricade, poor little bride!

And he had brought her, also, because he wanted to imagine her here in the future.

He would have despised himself if he could not have faced that.

"With Selwinn? Yes, with Selwinn. Why don't I stand up to it?" he thought fiercely. "It is the inevitable." And then as Barton put before them the dish of mediocre peatines, which were all that the gardener could manage to grow in such glass as he still had at his disposal, and left them alone, Dereham knew that he would indeed stand up to the inevitable.

He would fight it all over again.

What was that Follet had asked him? He had asked him whether those diabolical attacks were more frequent, and Dereham had been able to answer truly. "No." But was Nature, in the devilish mood which she kept for men like him, not saving for that Grand Siam?

He began to think to himself very cautiously, because he feared to think too much, and yet with a more savage resolution than he had ever brought to bear upon anything, that he was a little better, and that he would be better still.

He began in that moment very fiercely to will himself to live.

All the next day, in the quiet and the peace, finding new treasure together, making hourly fresh discoveries about the old house, walking and talking and knowing an extraordinary new happiness in quiet hours when they didn't walk and hardly talked at all, with work put aside, Dereham held out to himself this promise of life. Life was intensely precious. It was not to be held lightly as he had held it hitherto; it was to be saved and guarded, and rejoiced in. He had a new vision of a tremendous future. He slept soundly and easily.

"I feel better, Barton," he said questioningly to Barton when he came down to breakfast on the second morning. And the servant replied with quiet confidence:

"You are better, Sir Hugo."

"I couldn't be really, you know," Dereham said, but Barton hazarded:

"There's strange things happen, sir, very strange things." Then at the sideboard serving his master, Barton hazarded further: "I must hope for her ladyship's sake as well as for yours, Sir Hugo, that we'll see a miracle, as no doubt the doctors will call it."

"For her ladyship's sake." He reflected that Barton knew nothing, but that only himself, and Sonia, and Francis Selwinn held the secret of that marriage. Life jangled in his mind again. "I ought to die," he said to himself rather grimly, "I practically promised to." And then he said:

to himself, trying to shake off all the hope and the illusion of the night before. "I am going to die. Next time Nature, a devil if ever there was one, will hold all the trump." They left Fennimore at midday for the long swift drive back to town.

HIS decisions on living, and his furies at dying, would not desert him. He had all the fighting instinct roused in him; and suddenly on one of these flashes of inspiration which come to the rescue of men in grave danger, he recalled, just as they drove into London, the name of a famous Italian doctor, who had set up practice in Harley Street only three months ago, with whom nearly every medico in London was in complete disagreement, and yet who had begun to cure what had been diagnosed as incurable in many cases. He was under the suspicion of charlatanism. He had been openly called a quack. But he was young, he was new, he was uncanonically accurate in all his findings so far, and London was beginning seriously to notice him. "I'll go to-day," Dereham thought, as soon as he woke the next morning in his own austere bedroom in Hilton Square.

They had arrived home at midnight: had champagne and sandwiches in the library, and this time it had been he who said to her:

"Now go to bed and sleep late, my dear. Just for once you take my husbandly orders." She had laughed very tremulously.

He did not know how these ordinary smiling words had thrilled her, but in the morning he could still remember the tremolo in that laugh. He rang the bell and sent a message to her through her maid, that that morning also they would not work.

Three idle days, two at Fennimore and now another!

He himself was down early. He had a secret pleasure in breakfasting alone this morning, both for the reason that she had obeyed him, and had put off again becoming the competent little machine which seemed to be her aim, and because of the anticipations of going to see this new doctor.

He had told Barton to ring him up an hour before, and the hard-working practical Italian medico, setting apparently no value on professional humbug, had answered as readily as would any poorer general practitioner that he would be delighted to see Sir Hugo Dereham at noon.

Dereham did another thing before he left the house that morning—which he did without seeing Sonia—and that was to telephone to Selwyn.

"Come to lunch, Francis, won't you?"

"Like to, old man," Francis' voice answered with alacrity.

Dereham was not deliberately sure of just why he wanted Selwyn in the house when he should return from the doctor, but he did want him, because there was still the business of Selwyn and Sonia. He had to see them together again. There would be a tremendous lot to be deliberated—yes, and arranged if . . .

He did not want to see Sonia before he left; he would find them together, talking, by and by. They would enjoy their half-hour together before luncheon, before they were interrupted.

He allayed in some part that primeval jealousy that would rise as soon as he thought of these things by insisting to himself that he would concentrate on nothing but the Harley Street adventure. For now it had become an adventure, a great, if not altogether a happy one. He buried himself in his club until it was time to go.

The Italian said, a professional smile somewhere in the dark opaqueness of his eyes:

"I'm very happy to tell you, Sir Hugo, that your previous diagnosis was emphatically wrong, and I shall not add, in my

opinion, I repeat definitely that it was emphatically wrong."

Dereham sat quite still.

It had been a long consultation, with a new heart test by electro-cardiograph.

"You would be told," the Italian went on, "that you were suffering from malarial valvular disease of the heart. You've had, we will admit, most of the signs. Shortness of breath, severe pain on exertion, alarming attacks, and you have suffered a good deal in the past from malaria, I gather. All those facts are very evident. But it is the muscle of your heart which is damaged, not the valves, and under the treatment and the rest you have had, the muscle is recovering. With more rest and no more malaria, with better health all round, Sir Hugo, you will recover entirely within the next few months."

So he was out again in the street, where the sunshine was dazzling where everything dazzled, in a way extraordinarily exhilarating and new. So might a man escape from prison! It was revealed to him with absolute certainty that the doctor was right; that this was the true diagnosis; that life was his. He signalled a taxi-cab and gave the Hilton Square address.

He was very late for luncheon, but Sonia and Francis had waited for him. They were sitting under a sun umbrella in the paved garden, drinking cocktails; Francis enjoying Barton's best and stiffest concoction; Sonia with something charmingly pretty but non-alcoholic which already the butler delighted to invent for her. She looked lovelier than ever. Those two days' rest had imposed a bloom and freshness even upon her own young bloom and freshness; she looked a happy girl as she smiled up into Selwyn's eyes.

Dereham stood for just a moment on the threshold of the library before he went out to join them. What were they talking about so engrossedly, so secretly, so happily? The word "secretly" stupid as it was, flashed into his mind, and if the emotion that took him at the sight of them had been less heady, he would have known it to be the stupidity that it was. But almost immediately he caught the word Fennimore, and then: "Terrible task . . . restoration . . . a life work . . ."

That was Selwyn speaking.

So they were already discussing together the future of the old house, and of their mutual fortunes?

"Hallo," said Dereham from the threshold of the windows, and they turned to see him.

His wife's face quietened. It was as if the light went out of it; as if she were recalled by his mere appearance to the expediency of the unattractive present. Oh, he knew, he knew! And then Barton was following him out, with a cocktail for him. He tossed it straight down.

"Hugo," said his wife quickly, "should you? You ought to take such care of your digestion."

"Digestion," he echoed scornfully. "What does digestion matter?"

"But it matters a lot."

"Oh, no," he said, "a man with a short time before him should do anything he damn well pleases, my dear."

"But you have a reason," she began.

"A reason for discipline," he finished for her. "You keep me at it, don't you . . . dear? Doesn't she keep me at it, Francis?"

This was quite a new mood to her. He had a reason for discipline, and he had enforced it upon himself obediently because of the stringent need for economising strength, and for forcing opportunities for that work he had been so set on finishing within a given time. He put his empty glass down upon the garden table.

"Francis," he said casually. "I've a little something to say to Sonia, in private. You don't mind? . . . A minute only—it's not of such importance to her that it need take

long. But, if you'll buzz off—just a minute."

Selwyn always agreed; never quarrelled; never disputed nor struggled. "Without any kind of contention over anything," Dereham thought, "he's going to have it all."

He was going to have Sonia.

He was agreeing: "Why, of course. Rather! I'll go and mix one of my own."

He had left them. Just so, he went through the world, mixing the blend of life he wanted with other people's things. . . . Dereham threw away the paltry sentiment, and turned to his wife.

"Discipline?" he repeated.

She looked at him, wide-eyed.

"All that's over," he said, laughing, and yet in his laughter there was not much mirth. "Over," he repeated. "I've just been to that new Italian fellow who has set all the London doctors by the ears. His wife's lips parted. She gasped because her heart was beating so terrifically, but it seemed as if he did not notice how eagerly her eyes were fixed upon him. He was explaining very carefully, prefacing the explanation with an apology:

"Sorry to be late for lunch." Her little involuntary gesture put that aside. He went on: "But as a matter of fact I spent nearly two hours with this doctor fellow. I've had a new test—electro-cardiograph process or something of the sort. I have got a new verdict."

"Please, Hugo?" she said, recovering her breath.

Why did he wait before telling her all? Why did he look at her so? She whispered, "That's his hope?"

"Bags of hope," Dereham laughed. "It is the heart muscle, not the valves. I have been feeling better. I think it's you, my dear." He made the words into an unkindness. "This rest and the care I am having," he explained, "ensures recovery, if I have got any sense. And a man who has thought he was in my fix can raise a hell of a lot of sense to meet the doctors half-way."

She began: "Oh, Hugo!" and put her fingers against her mouth. Words that she must not utter were quivering on it and had to be kept back by physical force. Her knees were weak, her bones were like water, and she sank into one of the chairs at the little table under the sun umbrella.

He was going to live! To live!

He had said that his news would not be very important to her.

Her head was bent, so that her husband could not see her face, and a heavy curl of hair fell across it. Under the trembling curl she looked up and saw Selwyn lounging about just inside the window of the library.

"Francis!" she called. It was an overwrought cry.

"Don't tell him now," Dereham forbade her quickly and savagely.

"Not . . ."

"No," he said.

Selwyn reached them, sharply observant, outwardly careless, as ever.

"All over?"

"All over," Dereham said, smiling.

"That's his wickedest smile," Selwyn thought to himself.

And he moved just slightly so as almost to cover Sonia. There had been some sort of unpleasantness? He was wide awake to it, and to the fact of her emotion. Old Hugo was such a funny fellow, and she had married him, of course, just for the normal woman's reasons of aversion—not that there isn't be a romantic pity mingled—and betting on her early escape, a rich widow. But Hugo himself had made the bargain, and need not, Selwyn said to himself, play the little girl up like this.

But regardless of Selwyn's quick attempt to cover her, which Hugo had noted and interpreted instantly, Sonia was betraying herself with no idea that there was more than one interpretation to put upon her gesture; in fact, she had no ideas at all

at this overwhelming moment save one. She could have fainted with joy, but must not. She put her hands over her face to hide it, and rose, and stood quite still for a moment.

Selwyn touched her on the arm, only because her husband didn't move. It was a difficult moment even for his tact, and he had no idea of the nature of the trouble between them.

Hugo was jealous? "That would be damn funny," Selwyn thought, "and it might serve him right."

"Bride! bride!" said he, affecting a coaxing astonishment.

Sonia dropped her hands and looked at him; tears were running down her cheeks; they stared at each other. "Hugo was just saying something very, very important!" she stormed. Her voice roused them both like a challenge; though Selwyn remained without enlightenment.

There was a handkerchief tucked into her sleeve, and she found it and in another moment she had wiped her tears away. Her face was left clear and tense. She smiled uncertainly, and then she walked past them both through the library, through the hall into the dining-room, where Barton was holding open the door. The two men followed her.



CHAPTER 10

SHE wanted to tell Selwyn all that had happened out there in the garden, in that brief moment while he left them. After all, he had been her friend since, so brief a while ago, she had come adventuring into this new world of new people, among whom only he seemed kind and easy and wise. But there would be no opportunity until she could see him quite alone. And as he looked from one to the other, during that luncheon, and forced the conversation along carefully and agreeably and amusingly, as he had done on the strange occasion of the dinner on their wedding evening, Selwyn thought: "Better not stay very long, perhaps. Dear little bride must fight it out alone."

Such heart as he had felt tenderly for her.

It was one of their usual simple lunches, exquisite but short, thank God! Three courses only, including the savory, and as the butler handed that, Selwyn said:

"I'm playing polo this afternoon; unusual luxury for me, but a man has fallen out, and I am riding his ponies. I suppose you don't feel inclined to drive down and see the game?"

Sonia answered quickly, crumbling her toast:

"Oh, no, I've had a long time idle and there's a great deal to do for Hugo." Into the strange mixture of joy and fear in her mind weaved ultra sensitive, almost childish thoughts, of how she must more than ever go on working, working, fulfilling the task for which alone he had married her; that less than ever now must she assume his and rights; she would not say, as no doubt he expected her to do.

"Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful for us both," and then he would think how false that was; or "Then, Hugo, there's just all the time in the world! We can relax now, can't we?" That would be just what he would be expecting her to do!

Then she heard his voice retracting her answer to Selwyn.

"Jolly good idea, Francis, we'll drive you down, and take you back. We can easily wait till you've changed. Sonia has actually never been to Hurlingham yet, and why should she or I work this grand after-

noon? That book may be an occupation for my dotage yet." He laughed, his eyes shone, but not with amusement. "That might still be an old man's job."

"Hope it will," Selwyn duly answered. One could not very well sit here and prophesy: "Next season I shall be playing all right again on your money, Hugo. Dead men's shoes."

HOW quiet the bride was. What had they said to each other out there in the garden, when Hugo had asked him so peremptorily to leave them? And how more and more lovely she was! He was thinking of her just those thoughts with which Dereham credited him, but he thought them tenderly with a degree of seriousness which could surprise even himself.

"The car in half an hour, I suppose?" Dereham said.

"Not a minute later, old man. You can be ready, Sonia?"

"I'll be ready," she said. Except for her assent to his invitation, those were the first words that she had spoken at the luncheon table.

"Wear something nice," Dereham said: "I don't believe you shopped half-lavishly enough the other day."

Again he cursed himself for the trend of his thoughts. She had been thinking, he surmised: "There is no reason to buy many gay clothes. I'll save the money. A best egg—for he hasn't dealt too generously with me; he has been mean." And perhaps because women were strange, cold, cruel creatures when they liked, her thoughts might have turned to black: black furs framing her fair face, and fair hair.

She rose and left them.

She came down again half an hour later in the more expensive of the two day frocks she had bought at Partner's. The color was blue, neither dark nor light; matching her eyes exactly. The hat matched, too, and she was exquisitely gloved and shod. She preceded them, still with hardly more than a vague smile by way of further comment, out to the car.

All the afternoon she sat beside her husband, or strolled with him about the grounds, or had tea and strawberries with him, in a blur of exquisite and painful emotions all covered by that cloak of quietness under which she hid herself.

She could think one thing and one thing only. "How he must regret, how he must want to be rid of me!" She faced people's curiosity, smiling, answering, holding her head up, declaring to her husband, in reply to his repeated questions, that she was enjoying it all.

That indefinable nuance was in his voice again, that note of unkindness which had so troubled her in him at first, but which for the last two weeks had seemed to be lulled away. She could not wonder. For how he must be regretting!

Selwyn joined them again, changed into the light-colored tropical tweed in which he had lunched with them. His tailor was his best ally. He was healthy and glowing with pleasure and exercise. His eyes went straight to Sonia. She was too pale! What was the matter with her? She should have been enjoying it all, silly child. He must already begin to see whether he couldn't perhaps lighten her life a little, because he would like to know exactly how she thought of him.

"Enjoy the strawberries, Sonia?" he asked.

"They're the best I've ever had," she assured him. She had seen without seeing, heard without hearing, eaten without tasting, yet she must hold up her head.

"Ramonde's over there," he said, "with the Murray crew. You remember the Murrays?" he appealed openly to her. "They were at the Country Club that night we went down and swam, just before Hugo put the chains of slavery upon you?"

He laughed. But things looked grim, and

why on earth did Hugo watch his young wife so closely to-day?

"I'd like to see Miss Allett," Sonia said, but merely because she had nothing else to say. She wanted to meet no one, do nothing.

They went over and talked for a while with Ramonde and her friends, who were still lingering over tea and strawberries.

Ramonde simply threw herself at Dereham, though even to herself she could not have said why, save that he happened to be the most affluent and best-looking man near her. There was no other reason left to her, for he had married this little country girl, who had been so much cleverer than all the women in London put together; who looked so little and young and innocent in that blue gown, but who had beaten them all.

Still, Ramonde flung herself at Hugo Dereham that afternoon, and deliberately forcing herself to play up to her, Dereham responded. She had never known him to be responsive to her perfectly open enticements before, and an unholy joy seized her.

One never knew. There were divorce courts; rich people unlocked prison gates easily.

Selwyn's manner towards Sonia was very, very protective; people noticed it.

Sonia thought to herself when they were in their car again driving home, "All the time he has really wanted her; he pretended he didn't. He even deceived me. He would never let her see, because he thought he was going to die. But it was Ramonde whom he really wanted for a wife."

"You'll drop me?" Francis was suggesting.

So seldom since her marriage three weeks ago had she spoken as Lady Dereham, but she issued an invitation now.

"No, Mr. Selwyn, I—you must come in with us, because I want to talk to you. The car can wait and take you to your flat afterwards."

He was amazed, and pleased too, though he hid his pleasure.

"Thank you, Sonia. That O.K. Hugo?"

"O.K. for me," Dereham answered in an American drawl.

It was seven o'clock when they stopped in Hilton Square.

They went all together into the drawing-room, Selwyn not quite sure of the situation. About this house, since he had arrived that morning, before lunch, there had hung an air of mystery; there was a new motive.

He suggested that they should come with him that evening to a theatre.

"Dine at my club," he urged. "Ladies' annexe is just open. We've had to give way like all the rest. Dinner will be fairly good. We could make it by a quarter to eight, if her ladyship will hurry."

BARTON had come in with his tray and gone out again.

"Shall I cancel dinner here, Hugo?" Sonia asked, and still she had that little air of being Lady Dereham in her own house. Her husband looked at her in a deliberate way.

"No," he said, "there is something I too want to say to you this evening, Sonia. A little talk, of a certain importance. Dine with us, instead, Francis; don't bother to dress. Dine dirty, and go on dirty to some show if you want to. Another cocktail?"

"Yes," Selwyn said to both suggestions. Old Hugo was, by the look of it, finding married life a bit trisome—even with this sweet and generous-hearted little girl.

She was sweet and generous-hearted, thank heaven. Because—no use fighting it—the best thing for all concerned, when poor old Hugo died, and since he was to inherit Fennimore and this home too, would be for them to marry.

People would even expect it. He would be very, very careful with her if she would be very, very lenient with him.

"Thanks very much," he added.

Sonia went slowly to the door, murmuring about something comfortable, although between the sort of trim frock she was wearing and a full evening gown she possessed nothing as yet.

But as if miraculously consequent upon those murmured words, when she reached her room, she found the French maid in raptures over certain exotic garments which she was taking from a box with Partner's name scrawled across it, in a golden replica of his own signature.

She explained that some things had been sent for her ladyship just to look at.

The maid followed her into the bedroom with the frail and shimmering suit over her arm. It was in the softest Persian colors, modelled on the lines of the dress of an eighteenth century Persian boy, adapted by Paris, and adaptation and translation had been carried out with such genius that a little English girl could be ravishingly suited with it.

She did not share in the maid's raptures when she had put it on, but sat looking at herself strangely and quietly in the mirror.

What a different Sonia! What a languorous little creature! And she did not even think now of what would Latham say if it could see her. Instead, she thought, "What would Ramonde say?"

The eyes that looked back at her, from the glass, were the eyes of a woman, not a girl; awake, quick, jealous and passionate. She turned away suddenly from those eyes and without another word to the maid, went down. She had only taken twenty minutes over that dressing, that transformation, and Dereham, who had gone up to change, had not yet returned to the drawing-room, although it was close upon their usual time for dinner.

Selwyn stood there alone, on the flower-banked hearth, deep in thought; so deep in thought that his cocktail glass was forgotten, and he had not even lighted a cigarette. He did not so much as notice her quiet entry until she was standing near him. Then he turned absently, and his eyes awoke to an amazed, a new and ardent admiration.

For in his resilient mind—ruefully as he would come to marital chains—she seemed already his, and her loveliness delighted him.

It had been a queer talk that he had had with Hugo, during the first few minutes after she had left them alone.

"I hope, Francis," Hugo had said, abruptly, "that you have really considered seriously how things stand?"

"Don't be morbid, old fellow," Selwyn protested.

"There is nothing particularly morbid about the truth," said Dereham, and he watched him. "You've known what the doctors' verdict on me has been, ever since I came back to England. We've talked about it enough. You know Fennimore will come to you and this house, too; although there isn't enough money in the family estate to keep them up, without the personal fortune that I shall leave behind me." He spoke very deliberately. "That, of course, will go where you would expect it to go."

"Of course, old man."

"Well, where is that?" Dereham had pursued.

"To your wife," Selwyn had answered, properly.

Indeed, he would have been shocked had he known of the first settlement.

"Had you been thinking of all these things, Francis?"

"I never gave 'em a thought, dear fellow, unless you insisted," Selwyn lied.

It had been a proper and decent lie to tell; so he considered, but then left quite alone in the drawing-room he had begun to ponder on exactly what Hugo meant. He answered his own

question to himself. There seemed little doubt of what Hugo had been hinting at. "Executive turn of mind, damned executive," Selwyn had thought ruefully to himself, but rather pleasantly, too.

He had been going to say—and had only postponed it: "You and Sonia had better get married presently; join forces."

To find Sonia suddenly standing beside him like that, looking beautiful as a dream, as Selwyn said to himself, was somehow a direct articulation of what had been as yet only half uttered.

No man's heart could help warming towards her.

So far he had resisted marrying for money, not merely through principle, not merely because of his own liking for freedom—one must forgo something—but because, usually, the possible bride who would go with the money had always been definitely untempting to him.

He said aloud what he was thinking, because she would not guess its exact significance:

"Sonia, you are perfection." And he thought with a faint sigh, "Yes. Even as a wife."

"This is a very extravagant affair, Francis," she said seriously, her eyes wide, and lifting her arms the better to display the slim, yet flowing lines of that suit.

"Boah!" he answered, "spend money, my dear, spend, spend, spend. There couldn't possibly be a wretched cause than yourself."

Her arms dropped to her sides again.

"I wanted to ask you something, Francis," she said. It was the first time she had used his Christian name. "And that is, what do people think of my marriage?"

"They think all wrong, my dear, of course." His eyes caressed her. "Sit down, Sonia." He drew her to a big couch near, so placed that when they seated themselves their backs were towards the door. "They don't imagine how awfully lucky old Hugo is, to have a girl like yourself beside him, to cheer up such time as he has got left."

"Oh, Francis," she said, "did you know that, too?"

"That Hugo is to die? Yes, my dear, and when you married him, I knew that he had told you. Try not to feel so deeply, dear," he added rather breathlessly. And then, "You'll be a rich woman, you know. Hugo will provide for you very generously, as he ought."

"No!" she denied quickly. It was very strange sitting there with him, her only friend and confidant, and not to be able to tell him what she wished her husband had told him, that now it was to be life and not death. "No," she said very quietly, "I wouldn't have married Hugo if I'd thought that. It would have seemed too horrible to me."

"Horrible?" he echoed.

She nodded.

"He told me exactly what he would leave me, Francis, £900, and £150 a year. It was far too much. I don't want anything—not anything—but I suppose men"—she chose her words—"men are proud about these things."

He heard her with unmixed astonishment.

So she didn't know of old Hugo's arrangements, which he must certainly have made, judging by the way he spoke just now!

He thought over that, realising that he would have to readjust even more thoroughly his first quite excusable ideas of her. By some hundredth chance she was really the sweet simple thing she appeared to be; really the brave bride of whom people had suggested in his hearing. "That little country wench has been clever!"

Just for a moment he reflected on the possibility that she was trying to find out from him if her position could not be amended, but wholeheartedly he repudiated the thought. She had wanted just what she said—"a talk." She must be very

lonely, indeed, to approach him. Lonely—and wanting most naturally to alleviate that loneliness.

His laughing eyes were serious; humble, sentimental with the emotion which was the nearest to love that he ever achieved.

"Was that all you wanted to talk to me about, Sonia?"

"Yes."

He put out a hand and covered her two hands, and held them.

"Dear, I want you to consider me your friend to come to in all trouble; come and tell me if anyone annoys you, or, if old Hugo worries you. I might even be able to help you with him."

"I need no one between Hugo and me, Francis."

"You're right," he said soothingly. "You're loyal! But, Sonia, if people knew what you have just been telling me to be the facts, they would think of you more as a little victim than an avaricious young woman, you know." He knew now far more about her future fortunes than did she. "You make me want to help you, dear Sonia," he said very softly. "Do you know that you have made me love you?"

She had no time even to be disappointed in him, much less to reply, for she was conscious, without turning her head, of her own husband's presence.

Dereham had not meant to open the door so silently, nor to surprise them, nor to play the silly part of eavesdropper, but the door had opened without sound, and then he had stepped over the threshold on to one of the Persian rugs, spread on the parquet floor, so that his footfalls were muffled. There they were, sitting absorbed in each other, rapt, and he had heard Selwyn's vibrant low voice telling Sonia that he loved her.

He showed no sign of having overheard, but came round the chesterfield and stood surveying his wife.

"Gay plumage," he said. He had never seen her look as she looked now in this cleverest of all Partner's creations, which lent her such allure and sophistication. He thought, "It won't take her long to learn! She's a woman like the rest."

"I have been very extravagant," she said, looking up at him.

"I don't mind," he answered. "Make hay while the sun shines."

And then he was bitterly ashamed of that, for he saw her face. "I'm sorry," he said. "A bad joke; not a joke at all, is it? Well, Francis, feeling stiff?"

"Not a bit. I had a hot bath as soon as I came off the ground."

"You had two good ponies," said Dereham.

She sat mute and beautiful between the two men, who could make such ordinary talk when—so she felt—such immense and vital affairs were in the melting-pot. She knew Dereham would live; Selwyn didn't. Selwyn loved her; her husband didn't. Selwyn thought marriage had made her a rich woman; personally she was still poor and always would be.

What a relief it was that the mere routine of such an impeccably managed household could ease this strain by the simple announcement of dinner!

There was still something that Hugo wanted to say to her. That would be after Selwyn had gone. She knew as she took her place at the head of the table just why she had seized upon the extravagant creation she was wearing, as soon as she saw it in her maid's hands. She had broken through all the principles she had set herself, and put it on to gain courage. For he was stranger than ever to her now, this big dark husband, with his searchlight eyes.

They talked polo all through that short dinner—the two men—but because there was so much expectancy in the air a pause must come, which heralded the break up of the trio.

Selwyn said no less suavely because he said it suddenly:

"I won't wait for coffee, Sonia. If you and Hugo will let me off, because I really am going to a vulgar show to-night, I think, with a man on leave, if I can get him. Though if you'd honored us, we should have exchanged it for a different sort of thing."

He kissed her hand when he bent over it for, after all, poor old Hugo had practically given him a hint of how he would like things to happen, and there could now be no question of jealousy, for the queer chap did not love his wife at all. It was strange that a man could not love her, however temporarily.

"Well, good-bye, Hugo," he said, straightening up, very debonair, "see you again soon!" Barton held open the door for him.

AGAIN Dereham and Sonia were intimately alone at the dinner-table. Yet to-night it was all different. Her husband was going to deal in truth to-night. Dare she deal in truth? No, she would never tell him how she loved him; she would leave his life as untroubled as she came into it. And then? She was too inexperienced to see ahead, although such big experiences had come to her in a very little time.

He was speaking.

"What happened this morning has altered things for you and me, Sonia."

"Yes," she assented softly.

"We cannot go on now," he said. "You know it and I know it, isn't that so?"

She assented softly again, sitting very still in the high-backed chair, her hands on her arms.

From his end of the table, Dereham could look at her as much as he liked in the soft candle light, and she would never know how hungry he was.

"Aren't you rather long way off to talk?" she ventured, and he answered harshly.

"So."

There seemed to be an immeasurable distance between them, but his voice could measure it.

"You will divorce me, if you please, Sonia," he said.

She gasped.

"I don't understand—"

"About divorce?" he said. "It is, luckily, so simple to understand, Follet can explain to you if you'd rather."

He saw her shake her head, her fair hair lashed against the dark chair-back.

"No, Hugo, you. If you please."

"Sure?"

"There is no reason," she said, much as she had said it to Selwyn, "for any one to come between you and me, Hugo."

He started.

"You mean—no reason for any one else to explain matters, Sonia?"

"That is what I mean," she said faintly.

She meant so much more; she meant a thousand things, and she felt as if irresolutely that she would never now be able to explain to him one of them.

"The procedure," he said, immediately sitting back again, "is that I leave you—apparently, for some one else; you will divorce me; the case will go through unopposed. Six months after it is heard, you will be free. That is simple, isn't it? Could anything be more delightfully arranged? You will be free again."

"What is freedom for?" Although she whispered the words, they came clearly to him over the table.

"Usually," he said shortly, "as in this case, it is so that people can marry again where they will be happier."

"There is no reason to lose any time," he continued.

She agreed in the same little voice.

"I expect you're thinking—" he began and paused, "about the financial side."

Again she shook her head, and the candle-light on her hair was the flicker of an aureole.

"It is no use being reticent about all that," he said. "A wife divorcing a wealthy husband gets good alimony."

"Alimony?" she repeated.

"You know what that is, don't you?"

Again that shake of the head was disconcerting.

It was well-nigh incredible, too.

"Alimony is the income that the law allows a wife whose husband has deserted her. He has to pay it. It is proportional."

Sonia cried out:

"Oh, how dare you!"

"I don't understand you, Sonia," he said. "There's no need for heroics. It's the law—generally expected."

"Not by me," she whispered, and again her whisper came clearly down the table.

"If," he said perky, "you're thinking that I have injured you enough already, by marrying you in such conditions, you're probably quite right. I guaranteed to die, didn't I? Now that I am going to live, all that I can do for you, as I see it, is to make amends as decently as I can. You must try not to feel too resentfully about"—his lip curled—"my change of plan."

She knew what he meant by change of plan. He was speaking of the renewal of life that Italian doctor had promised him.

She cried out inarticulately against the brutality of the thought, which could take her own reactions so much for granted.

The mellow room became to her an amphitheatre of sordid suspicions and accusations.

He went on, as if unheeding.

"Life is sweet; at least it is to most of us," he was thinking to himself. "Although it doesn't seem so very great to me at the moment." He said in a hard voice. "Both you and I are going to find life damned good, Sonia, in our ways."

They had to be separate ways. His with Ramonde, and hers—?

She was only sure about Selwyn.

She did not want him.

"Well, Sonia," said Dereham, "it is settled then? You won't need to go and see Follet; he will come to see you. There is no need for any delay; he can come to-morrow morning. I shall leave the house to-night."

"Leave your own house, Hugo?" she repeated, watching him with immense eyes.

"Why?"

He sighed.

"You haven't understood. It is simply part of a form of procedure, and the sooner we get it all over the better. Follet will explain. There'll be no awkwardness; no pain."

"No pain?" she cried out.

"You must get over your vanities, Sonia," he said. "I advise you."

"Vanities?"

"It is just vanity. A woman does feel like that at first."

"I'll leave the house, I go."

He half rose.

was bitter, you must forget that if you will. Yesterday, before I had been to this Italian fellow, Follet came here and took my instructions to change your settlements. I was leaving you every penny I had personally, after my death."

"I should not have taken it."

"Sonia," he almost stammered, "why?"

"Why? There is only one thing in life worth having," she said. "One thing only."

She repeated it very slowly.

"You're very definite," he said huskily.

"A month ago you couldn't have made up your mind like that, could you, Sonia?"

She agreed in that very quiet voice.

"No, I have learned a lot since then."

HE sat there staring at his wife across the table. She was not looking back at him. Her eyelids drooped, and now her restless hands were still.

He had never had this heartache for a woman before; never suffered just this uncontrollable fury.

There was the kind of silence between them that might have fallen after a man and his wife had quarrelled bitterly and desperately, not that he knew that kind of silence, for he had never had a wife. That thought flamed up in him, "I have never had a wife." And he thought that perhaps in the future, when all these readjustments were made, he would seek for some true marriage, such as very occasionally one heard people speaking of, almost with bated breath.

He kept his eyes on Sonia. This might have been a true marriage if only her thoughts had not strayed from him to another man. He tried to force himself to think about her only protectively. She did not know Selwyn yet, poor girl. She did not realise Selwyn himself; nor that he would not dream of making sacrifices for any woman alive, however desperately he might be attracted to her. He would not marry her unless she came to him with a well-filled purse.

Time enough to explain that to her by and by! If Selwyn cared enough in his fashion, she might be allowed to assimilate that gently so that it would not hurt too much, and then Follet would do the rest.

"After to-night," he thought, "I shall never see her again. When I leave her to-night it will be for the last time. I could never have made her love me," he thought, "I haven't given her a chance."

The telephone bell rang faintly far off. Barton was at the door.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Sir Hugo."

Dereham did not even demand "Who is it?" He did not care. He stayed there deeply preoccupied and impatient with any interruption of his black thoughts.

"Put the call through."

Still his wife sat quite still with downcast eyes. He rose and picked up the telephone installed near the door. Sonia was listening and seeing with an extra sense. She seemed to hear the last fragment of sound either from inside or outside the house. The minutest sound was magnified to an intense importance, and she was strung up to react passionately to all. Suddenly her husband's voice came definitely into all those hundreds of fragments of little sounds. As soon as she heard him say, "Oh you, Ramonde?" she sprang up, ran past him on noiseless feet into the hall. It should indeed be she who would go! She saw Barton coming forward quickly, and she had no words for him. No kind of parleying should delay her, and she was out of the house with the front door slammed behind her, with the summer night breeze on her face.

It was incidental that a disengaged taxicab was crawling by, having set down a fare at a neighboring house. She was in it, an address automatically on her lips—the address of the Ladies' Residential Club at the end of the next street. She thought that no one she had ever known had passed through an hour of life more passionate.

than she now experienced. Yet how could she know? She could only guess at things, guess, and guess, and guess!

She had no money with her.

Lingering consciousness of the dignity of being Lady Dereham, of owing Hugo perhaps just a little in the way of keeping up appearances, sent her fingers tapping the glass, and the driver slowed up.

"I'll ask Francis," she thought feverishly. "Francis will help." Just as feverishly as she thought, she spoke.

"Drive to No. 20 Belringer Mews."

"They all live in mews," she thought hysterically, as the taxi-cab quickened pace again. "All" meant Ramonde Allett and Francis Selwyn, because, as a matter of fact, they comprised most of her world outside Dereham. That occurred to her, though she tried not to think as she sped along. But thoughts would come, and by the time she reached Selwyn's door she felt mad with the sheer hectic muddle of them.

Supposing he wasn't in? She only feared that after she had dismissed the cab and knocked at his door. Her fear was for the moment justified, but a woman's head looked out of an opposite window.

"Mr. Selwyn is out at the moment, miss, but if you're a friend of his I'm sure you could go in and wait for him."

"I can't get in," Sonia said, uncaring of the effect she made.

"I clean for him," the woman at the window said, "and cook his breakfast. I've a key." She came down from her own rooms over a garage and unlocked the front door. She switched on a light as if entirely familiar with the workings of this small abode, closed the door and went away.

Sonia ran up narrow stairs, found an open door, and stumbled into a room, lighted by the moonlight. She knocked against a sort of divan, and sank down on it, only to remember that Selwyn had been going out to a theatre with a friend. But she said to herself, uncaring, "I shall wait."

Then just as if more miracles could happen on this day of devastating miracles, she heard through the open window Selwyn come singing softly a snatch of song, into the mews. His voice was unmistakable. It was even very dear to her in that moment, his voice and the way it had of humming snatches of inconsequential song. He would be here, in a minute, with her.

He ran upstairs straight into the room where she sat, switched on a light and saw her there upon the divan.

His astonishment was quickly overlaid by his surprised gratification.

"Sonia," he said, "but my dear! He gave a quick look at the open window—had she no caution, silly little girl?—and switched off the light, turned on a softer lamp in a corner, and pulled the curtains across the window. He put his hat down and came over and sat on the divan beside her.

He thought this poor little Lady Dereham of the so short reign was a lovely child, and he had no doubt but that, whatever quibbles he had on his own selfish account, she was for him. No hurry. There were ways and ways of achieving satisfactory results, Francis thought, as he laid an arm that seemed to her—in spite of his previous love declaration—to be brotherly, round Sonia's shoulder.

"I DIDN'T go to a show, after all," he said tenderly, giving her time for recovery of all her wits, because there was no doubt but that this talk between them must come to some lucidity. "The man I was looking for hadn't expected me. So I rushed home"—he paused a moment and his eyes rested on the telephone in a corner. He wished to get up and muffle the bell of that confounded instrument—"and here were you. What did you come to tell me, little Sonia?"

He put his hand under her chin and turned her face full to his.

"I want a little money, Francis," she said.

"Money!" he repeated. "Money, Sonia, money!"

"Five pounds," she repeated. "Less would do, I expect."

"You've surely some in your bank, dear?"

"That is Hugo's!"

"Oh, Sonia!" he said. And he settled her more comfortably beside him on the couch. She rested against him flatteringly without knowing that she flattered. She was too concentrated on other things to think of Francis. "Oh, Sonia! And the five pounds would be mine? And you wouldn't mind taking it from me?"

"I don't think so."

"You darling!" He checked himself. "It's yours, of course, dear little Sonia. But tell me what has happened. What brought you here?"

"Hugo wants me to divorce him at once. So I have left him."

"My God!" Selwyn said. She was too preoccupied to worry over the tensing of all his thoughts. She said:

"You see, Hugo is going to live."

"To live?"

He pulled himself sharply together, saying to himself, "I'm glad! Glad! damned glad!" and remembering with a disconcerting clarity the host of his unpaid bills and commitments.

"Sonia," he managed to say, "then he couldn't ask better than to live with you." And directly he had said that a rush of sentimentalism that had helped him over awkward movements before helped him to pictorialise the situation now. "So you are lost to me, little Sonia? Lost for good. I'll never have you now."

She was not listening and he saw it. She did not want picturesque phrases of lamentation, sacrificial love making, nor goddess-worship of the you-are-beyond-my-reach kind, so avidly swallowed by ninety women out of a hundred.

What did she want?

He knew in a heady moment what he wanted. He wanted Sonia, here and now. Perhaps for always. If there were a divorce they might marry. . . . If there were not a divorce they might love. Madness, and incredible. But true. . . . And he heard her crying desperately:

"Hugo wants Ramonde."

Selwyn caught her in his arms.

Then he awakened to what lay in those two arms, and in his shining eyes, and on his amorous mouth. In a second she was startled and unbelieving that, now, without warning, a man was going to make love to her as she had never been made love to before, as all those far-off fade-outs of girls in far-off fade-out Lullam dreamed some lover would do some day; only some lover never did. And she cried, terrified:

"No, Francis, no! No! No!"

But he said, "Yes, yes, I love you. I adore you. If Hugo doesn't want you, I do. You must love me, my sweetheart, or you wouldn't be here, asking for . . . five pounds! You and your five pounds! Oh, you sweet!"

"No, Francis, no!" she cried, and struggled desperately.

If Selwyn had really felt those struggles he would have let her go, but now he was holding her too fiercely. He did not feel them. She was gossamer in his arms, a butterfly fluttering.

"Yes!" he almost shouted, but it was in a whisper, "Yes! Yes!"

He lifted her on tiptoe—she had no balance now—and kissed her. He awakened her. She put her arms round him and clung. He kissed her and adored her in words ecstatically all together. He saw her eyes were closed. He saw her incredibly beautiful. Ecstasy filled him. His fierceness turned more tender, his arms more soft.

And suddenly she was out of them, tears on her flushed cheeks. . . .

"Sonia," he said softly, "come back, and shut your eyes again."

"I shut my eyes so that I could think you were Hugo," she wailed.

"Sweetheart?" Francis stammered.

"I love Hugo," she wailed. "I don't want you, Francis. How could you think so? Just to imagine it was Hugo—I shut my eyes."

And her husband came very quietly into the room.

He was very white, with a curious little smile on his mouth, and his hands, which had clenched hard in the last minute, could not relax at once.

"Open your eyes, Sonia," he said, and came straight towards her, as if he did not see Selwyn at all. "Open your eyes, and don't shut them again."

SELWYN was a good loser and a perfect technician over a matter of tight corners. All his friends said that. He was dressing quickly in his eight-foot-by-ten box called a bedroom, timing all his movements so as not to lose a moment.

He had just walked gracefully out, leaving the field clear.

No hard words. No bones broken.

Technique.

He had only felt what happened behind him as he closed his bedroom door without so much as a backward glance at them.

Eye-opener for old Hugo and served him right. Always dished cynical and sentimental whose women were concerned.

Eye-opener for little Sonia. The darling. The sweet.

"I'd have done it and stuck by it, and thought myself lucky," Francis said to himself as he took a clean handkerchief of the finest weave—the best was almost good enough for him—from a drawer, and dashed a little lavender water on it.

"Eye-opener for me," he added thoughtfully.

He could not stay there in his bedroom for ever, and they were still murmuring in an unmistakable fashion, those two, Sonia had laughed a little in the way a girl does when she might just as well cry for sheer happiness. He shuffled his feet about, banged a drawer shut, allowed half a minute, and went in.

The moment of entry, he had thought as he dressed, might be faintly awkward, because if Hugo had heard one thing, he had probably heard more, and Sonia. . . . Sonia would not quite have forgotten yet.

It was queer, what little things sometimes saved a difficulty. He had barely glanced at them with his most reassuring, understanding and apologetic smile, when his telephone rang, so he could turn to pick up the receiver.

"Hello . . . hello! Oh, yes, Ramonde. I know I said half an hour. . . . but I was detained, old girl, when I got home. Dressed now. With you in a brace of shakes. . . . Country Club? Grand!"

Now he could turn round safely. He settled his tie and gave a pull at his white waistcoat.

"Er—rang up Ramonde when I couldn't get the chap I was after. Er—I'd forgotten she was waiting. I must be off. You'll excuse me. No hurry for you two?"

So he came over to the couch where they sat now, and kissed Sonia's hand, very warmly shook Hugo's, and went out.

"I think Francis is wonderful!" said Sonia in a little hush as they listened for his final departure. And then she laughed for the first time, mischievously, like a woman of the world.

"There's only one wonder in the world to me to-night," said Dereham. "So if he's really gone, come here."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.